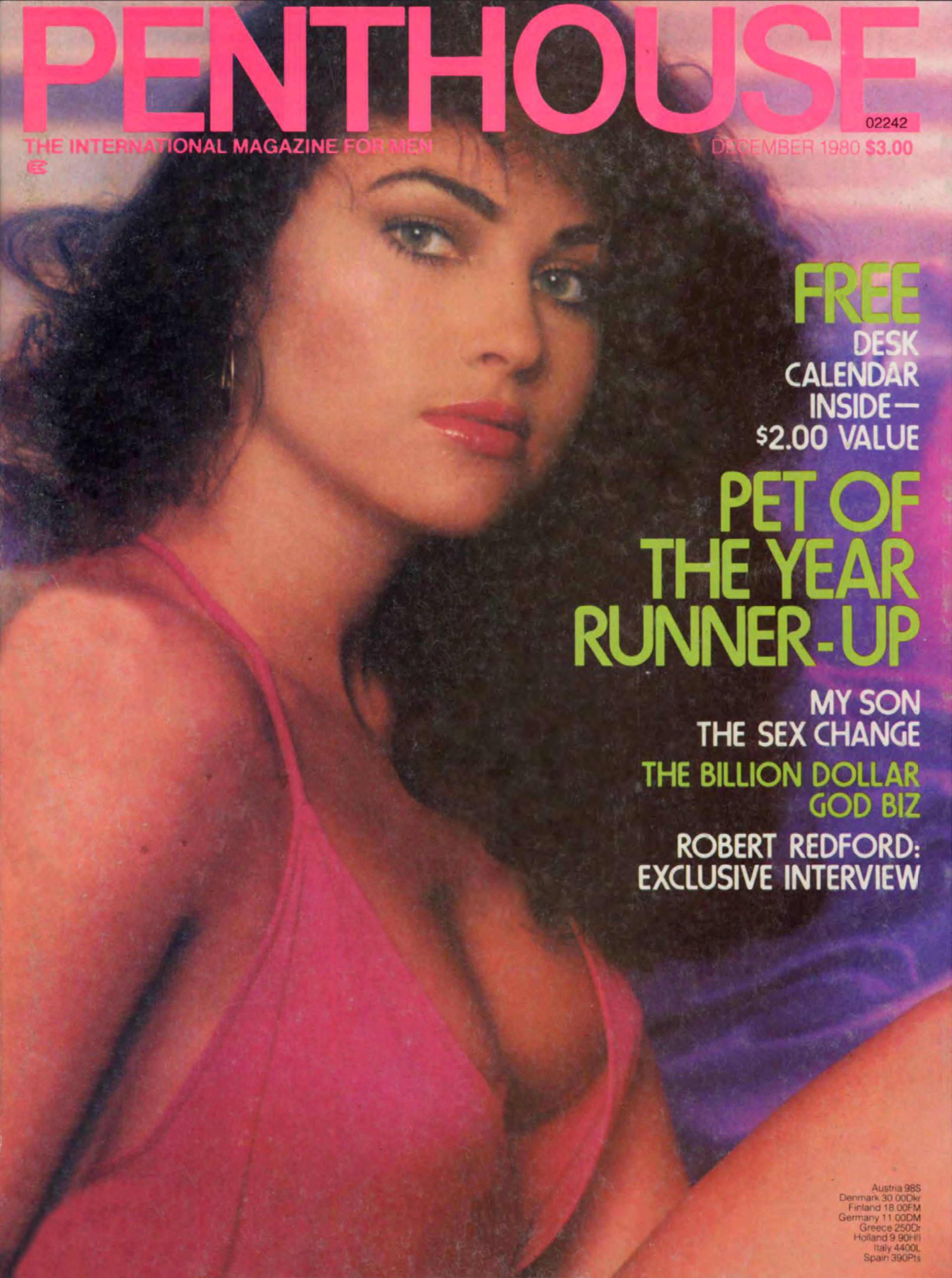


PENTHOUSE

02242
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
DECEMBER 1980 $3.00

FREE
DESK
CALENDAR
INSIDE—
$2.00 VALUE

PET OF
THE YEAR
RUNNER-UP

MY SON
THE SEX CHANGE

THE BILLION DOLLAR
GOD BIZ

ROBERT REDFORD:
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

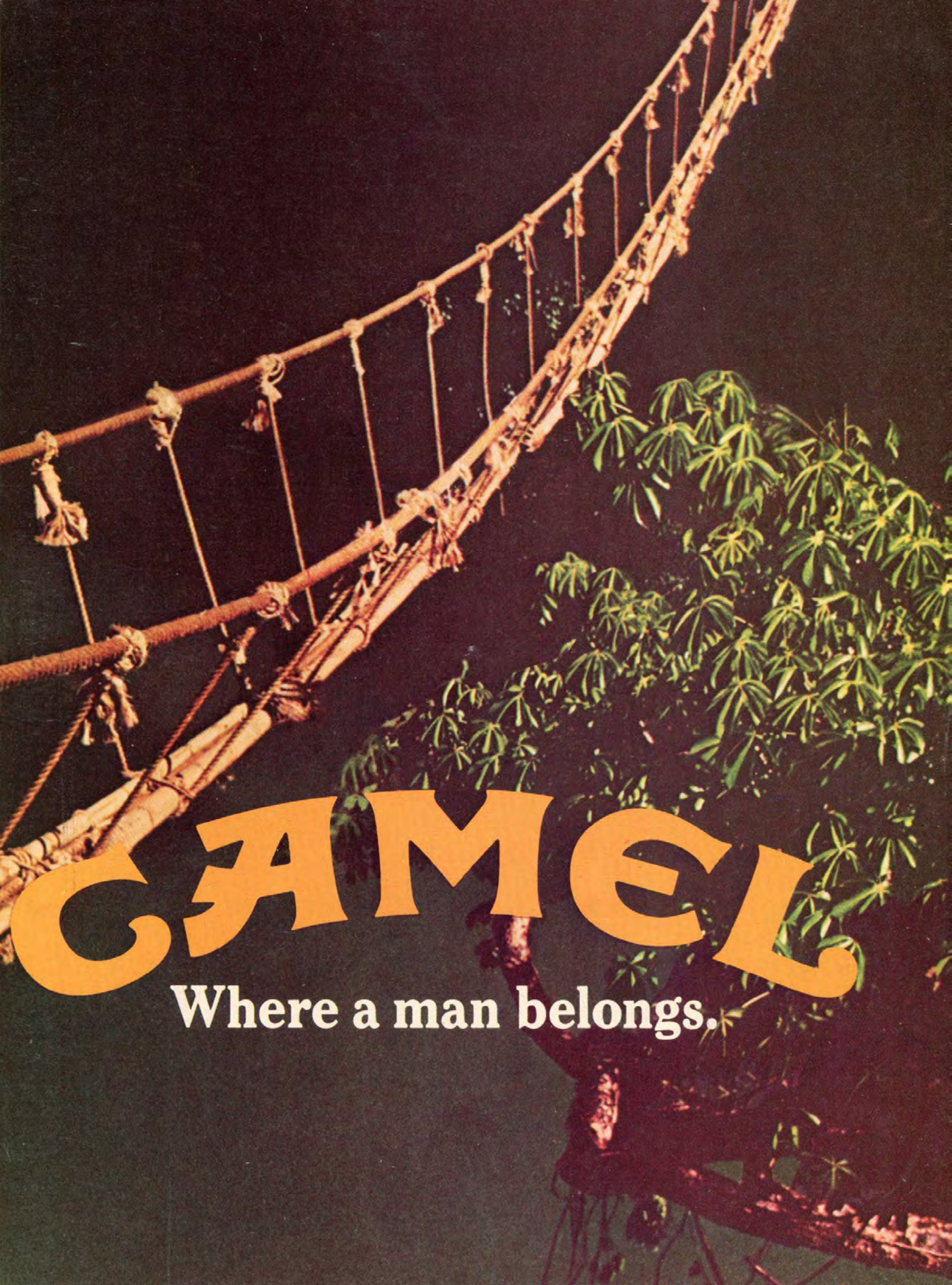
Austria 98S
Denmark 30.00Dkr
Finland 18.00FM
Germany 11.00DM
Greece 250Dr
Holland 9.90Hfl
Italy 4400L
Spain 390Pts

© 1980 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20
FILTER CIGARETTES
Camel
lights
LOW TAR · CAMEL QUALITY
Camel lights
9 mg tar.
Camel Lights.
Low tar. Camel taste.


CAMEL
Where a man belongs.

LYNCHBURG
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE

38 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352

JACK DANIEL'S
FIELD TESTER CAP

This is a comfortable sportsman's billed cap. Black mesh (air cooled) and adjustable to any size head, with an official "Jack Daniel's Field Tester" patch on the front. Guaranteed to shade your eyes and start a lot of conversations. My **$5.25** price includes postage and handling.

OLD-TIME RIVERBOAT
PLAYING CARDS

Both of these decks are prettier than a painting, and so is the antique tin card case. Each card is a bit larger and thicker than normal—like those used on riverboats in the 1890's. There's a black and a green deck—both with an antique gold "distillery design." The face cards are reproduced from 100-year-old artwork. So it's a real unusual set of cards for the serious player. Twin deck in antique case: **$8.50.** Postage included.

Jack Daniel's
WHISKEY

JACK DANIEL'S
SQUARE GLASS SET

Mr. Jack Daniel was the originator of the square bottle for his whiskey and always wanted to have a matching square glass. Well, here it is! This hefty square glass (each weighs 14 ounces) is the perfect companion to a bottle of Mr. Jack's finest. The inside is rounded to make drinking a pleasure and the original design is fired on for good looks and durability. My **$15.00** price for a set of 4 glasses (8 oz. capacity) includes postage.

SPECIAL: ALL THREE ITEMS FOR ONLY $25.00

Send check, money order, or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.

(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax.)
For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items, send $1.00 to above address.

PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/December 1980

Worldwide sales: **5,350,000***

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: JAMES GOODE
ART DIRECTOR: JOE BROOKS

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: KATHY KEETON
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER (INT'L): FRANCO ROSSELLINI
SECRETARY-TREASURER: ANTHONY J. GUCCIONE
SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT: MARIANNE HOWATSON
CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER: BENSON SAKS

EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT: IRWIN E. BILLMAN

CONTENTS

			PAGE
COVER	Ava Monet	Photo by Earl Miller	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		8
FORUM	Correspondence		10
FEEDBACK	Opinion		52
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	58
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager	67
SCENES		Jay Perry	68
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	70
WORDS		Gay Haubner	71
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer	73
HOSTAGES FOR THE CHASE MANHATTAN	Article	L. J. Davis	76
PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP	Pictorial	Bob Guccione	84
STOLEN ART	Article	Robert Stephen Spitz	94
PENTHOUSE 1981 DESK CALENDAR			97
THE GOD BIZ	Article	James A. Haught	102
FRENCH KISS	Pet of the Month	Photos by Earl Miller	109
THE SELLING OF AMERICA	Essay	Rep. John Conyers, Jr.	130
THE WORLD'S SIK-EST CHRISTMAS FEATURE	Satire	Oliver Christianson	132
ROBERT REDFORD	Interview	Dan Yakir/Jeffrey Wells	138
ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT	Service	Richard Trout	142
PAST LIVES THERAPY	Article	Craig R. Waters	146
SOME LIKE IT HOT	Pictorial	Photos by Pat Hill	176
THE LORDS OF DISCIPLINE	Fiction	Pat Conroy	192
TENNIS MOTHER	Fiction	Catherine Hiller	195
WHAT IS YOUR SEXUAL IQ?	Quiz	Frank Donegan	199
NIGHTS IN BLACK SATIN	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	204
A CORDIAL INVITATION	Service	Michael VerMeulen	212
THE LOTUS POSITION	Service	Wade Hoyt	238
GROOM AT THE TOP	Service		240
OH! WICKED WANDA	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	242

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 00902020), U.S. Volume 12. Number 4. © Copyright 1980 by Penthouse International, Ltd. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Printed in the U.S.A. Distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181, and distributed by SM Distribution Ltd., 16/18 Trinity Gardens, London SW9. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Controlled circulation postage paid at Des Moines, Iowa. Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to Penthouse Magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication and republication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$26.00 one year; Canada—$32.00 one year; and elsewhere—$32 one year. Single copies $2.50 in U.S. and AFO ($3.00 December and January issues), $2.75 in Canada. Address changes, etc., should be mailed to Penthouse, P.O. Box 903, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address, Tel. (516) 420-1894.

Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301; *Midwest:* Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse International Ltd., 1707 H St. NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. *West Coast:* Penthouse International Ltd., 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, California 90024; *U.K.:* Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH, Tel. 01-262-0331—Telex 919865. Penthouse and the Penthouse key and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York.

*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

ANOTHER TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCE FROM SHARP.

THE PHANTOM DISPLAY.

10 22 9-15
TO CHICAGO_FLIGHT NO. 411

NOW YOUR MESSAGE OR CALCULATION CAN BE LONGER THAN THE DISPLAY WINDOW.

Sharp has eliminated a basic limitation of hand-held calculators, allowing you to display a message or calculation that is longer than the display itself. It's Sharp's newest technology and it's called the rolling writer. The message simply rolls across the display as you enter more and more words and numbers. Any characters that roll off the display go into the memory and can be recalled any time at the touch of a key.

Sharp has also made it easier to read the display. Most alphanumeric calculators display poorly shaped numbers and letters; for example, B's look like 8's. Our unique dot-matrix display works with tiny dots so it's able to actually shape all the twists and turns of letters, numbers and symbols. In other words, it's easy to read.

You can get our rolling writer dot-matrix display in scientific and financial calculators (EL-5100, EL-5101, EL-5102); in our planning computer (EL-6200, shown below) which reminds you of 37 appointments; in our incredible EL-7000 pocket typewriter/calculator, and others. Sharp has the widest range of calculators in the world. Basics, desk-top and hand-held printers, Sensor Touch,™ clock calculators, wafer-thin calculators, every calculator imaginable.

All of which is possible because of the Sharp edge. We design and manufacture our own chips, and the chip is the brain of a calculator. So we can innovate instead of imitate *and* control the quality while we're doing it.

Buy a Sharp calculator and you can get the edge on things, too.

SHARP
EL-6200
10 22 9-15
TO CHICAGO_
MODE
CFM
YEAR
MTH
DATE
CL
TIME
CE
HOUR
AM
PM
ALM
MTHY
T.SET
DALY
M/RD
WRT
READ
DELETE
SHFT
SPACE

THE SHARP EDGE

SHARP®

Sharp Electronics Corp., 10 Keystone Place, Paramus, N.J. 07652

This Holiday Season, Give A Masterpiece.

WILD TURKEY
101 PROOF
Austin Nichols
EST. 1855
WILD TURKEY
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Austin, Nichols Distilling Company, LAWRENCEBURG, KENTUCKY
101 PROOF
8
YEARS OLD

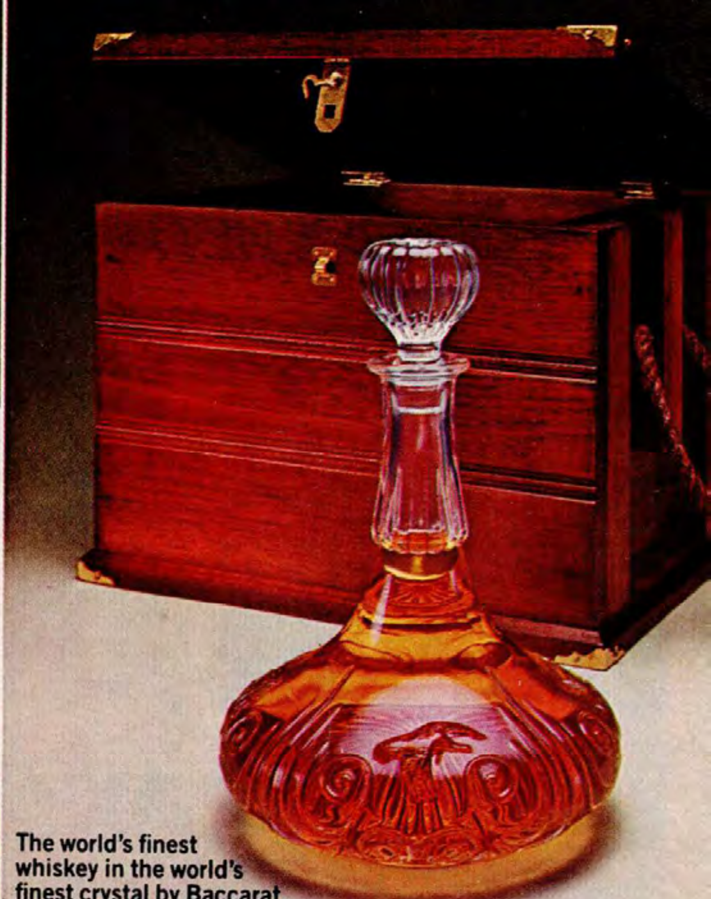
Your friends will enjoy a toast of "Turkey" for the holiday celebration. At 101-Proof, Wild Turkey® is a recognized masterpiece – America's finest native whiskey. You'll find it dressed for the holidays in an elegant gift carton.

To send a gift of Wild Turkey call toll-free: 800-327-0243. (two bottle minimum)
Void where prohibited by law.

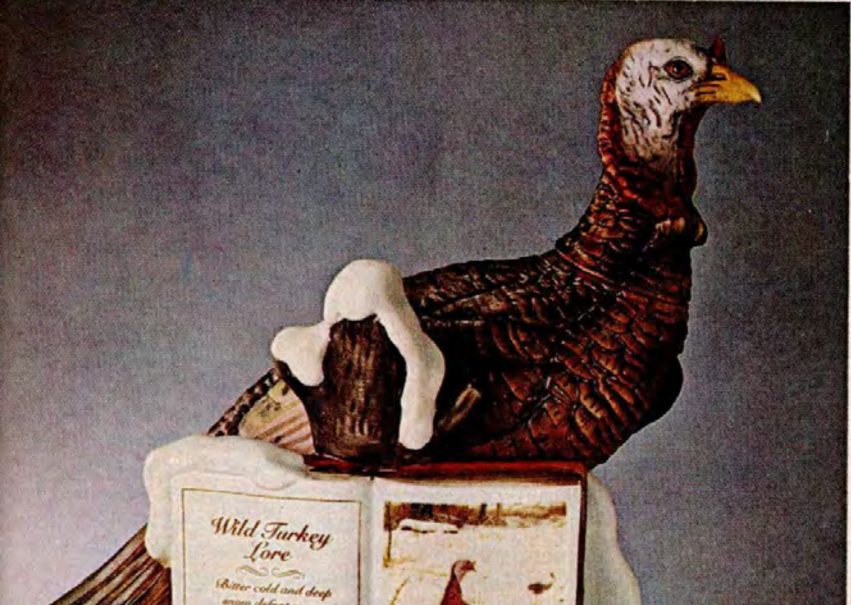
© 1980 AUSTIN. NICHOLS DISTILLING CO.
LAWRENCEBURG. KENTUCKY

Austin Nichols
WILD TURKEY
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
86.8 PROOF
WILD TURKEY
86.8 PROOF

Another before-dinner treat for those who prefer America's finest whiskey at a lower proof—86.8-Proof Wild Turkey. It's also packaged ready for giving, in a striking holiday carton.



The world's finest whiskey in the world's finest crystal by Baccarat.
This decanter masterpiece—containing 101-Proof Wild Turkey—comes in a "Captain's chest" of hand-hewn wood with a hand-rubbed finish. Inspired by early American decanters, it's a true family heirloom. About $250.* (For further information, call toll-free 800-228-5000. Nebraska residents call 800-642-8777.) *Price may vary by state.


Wild Turkey Lore
Bitter cold and deep snow defeat many forest animals. But not the Wild Turkey. This exceptional bird can survive long periods of severe winter weather without food.
WILD TURKEY

For collectors of Americana (and connoisseurs of Wild Turkey), America's great native bird is commemorated in this limited-edition ceramic decanter filled with 101-Proof Wild Turkey. It's a handsome "conversation piece" and an ideal holiday gift. Beautifully boxed.

WILD TURKEY LIQUEUR
Austin Nichols
WILD TURKEY LIQUEUR
BOURBON LIQUEUR
WILD TURKEY LIQUEUR

After dinner, savor the "Sippin' Sweet Cream" taste of Wild Turkey Liqueur. Of the world's great liqueurs, only one is made in America—Wild Turkey Liqueur. Now you can serve Turkey after dinner too! Elegantly gift-packaged. 80 Proof.

ROBERT STEPHEN SPITZ

Pat Hill

L. J. DAVIS

John Muth

JAMES A. HAUGHT

REVILO

PAT CONROY

Mark Morrow

HOUSECALL

Two months ago, in October, we published the first half of **L. J. Davis**'s investigative profile of the chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, David Rockefeller. Rockefeller, as readers of this magazine are well aware, is not simply a powerful banker–his influence over domestic and international politics is unmatched by that of any other single individual outside of government, because a large number of policymakers in government are former employees or close associates of the Rockefeller family. However, even Davis, a longtime observer of the American banking scene, was shocked when he researched Rockefeller's frantic attempts to bail out the Chase Manhattan Bank during the 1970s. In "Hostages for the Chase Manhattan" (page 76) Davis explains how Rockefeller's banking practices affect us today.

The oil price rise of 1973, writes Davis, "was a disaster for the consumer and a tragedy of incalculable magnitude for the underdeveloped countries of the world, but it was quite a nice windfall for a handful of banks, including the Chase." Rockefeller's old friend, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, according to testimony before the United States Congress, saw to it that the price of oil did not go down–even though Saudi Arabia was eager at that point to reduce prices or at least to hold them steady. Furthermore, in researching Rockefeller's activities in late 1979, when the Chase was still in desperate trouble, Davis discovered that the meddling of Rockefeller and Kissinger in getting the shah of Iran admitted to the United States for medical treatment resulted in the seizure of our hostages in Tehran and also gave the Chase an excuse to hold on to millions of Iranian dollars and save itself from default. "Whether he had planned it or not," writes Davis, "Rockefeller got his incident.... It has been a massacre, and it isn't over yet."

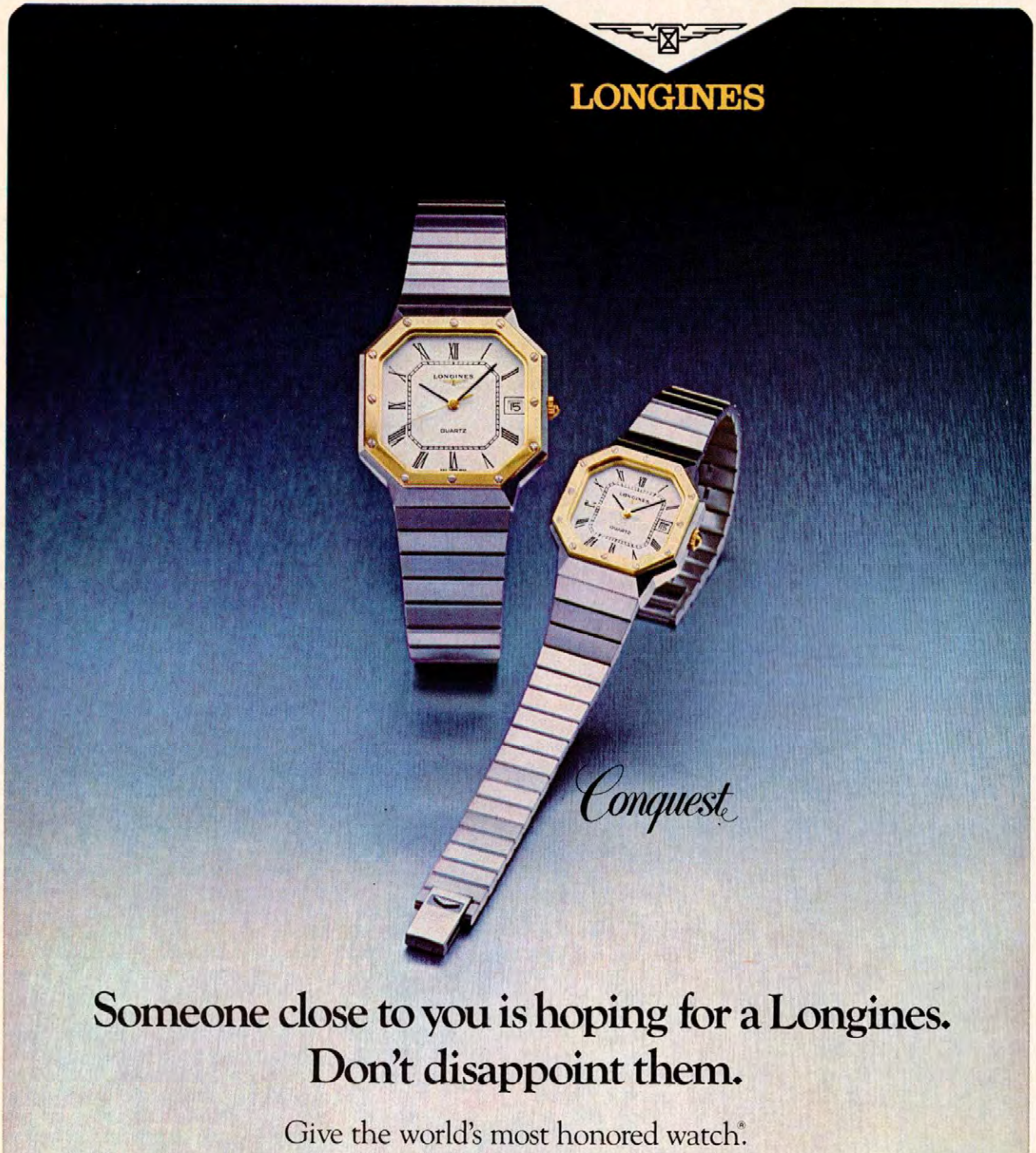
The emergence of born-again evangelists from the southern backwoods to the center of American political power (all three major presidential candidates claim that they have been "born again") has been called "the single most important cultural force in American life." But, according to prizewinning *Charleston Gazette* reporter **James A. Haught**, the billion-dollar gospel industry has spawned a new generation of fast-talking, con-artist preachers who use the constitutional guarantee of freedom of religion to make a fast buck. "While the born-again bandwagon gathered momentum through the 1970s," Haught writes in "The God Biz" (page 102), "gospel scams and abuses surfaced with increasing frequency. In the past two years, they've become an epidemic." And, unlike victims of other hustles and sting operations, gospel victims "rarely realize that they're victims. They usually stay devoted to their preacher and view all accusations against him as tricks of the devil." "The God Biz" is the first article in a series on evangelism.

Michigan Congressman **John Conyers, Jr.**, a leading member of the House of Representatives, exposes another growing scandal in "The Selling of America," our "Advise and Dissent" this month (page 130). "Foreign purchases of American farmland, banks, industries, and real estate are accelerating rapidly," writes Representative Conyers, "and each new acquisition seems bigger and bolder than the last." Most other countries protect their resources, but the United States is allowing itself to be plundered. In an important essay Conyers calls for new legislation to remedy this situation.

Craig R. Waters's "Past-Lives Therapy" (page 146) is a report on one of the latest psychological fads, curing neurotics by conjuring up memories of their previous existences centuries earlier. If this sounds weird, says Waters, it produces surprising results. "Depending on one's preconceptions, it thrusts one either into memories of a former lifetime or into an elaborate and strangely logical fantasy. The experience–whatever it is–is fascinating." Serious researchers are investigating whether the cause of one woman's frigidity is that she was raped hundreds of years ago, or whether a man is a transsexual because he was a woman in a past life. In the meantime, even traditional psychologists admit that past-lives therapy can have therapeutic value, because these stories, like dreams, are symbolic clues to a person's well-being.

Our fiction this month is a hair-raising excerpt from **Pat Conroy**'s new book, *The Lords of Discipline* (page 192), which is published by Houghton Mifflin Company. When Will McLean entered the freshman class at the Carolina Military Institute, he knew it was going to be rough; after all, the institute promised to make men of boys. But he was not prepared for Hell Night–the most sadistic of college initiations–nor did he realize that Hell Night was but the beginning of an entire year of physical and psychological torture. Conroy, the author of *Conrack* and *The Great Santini*, draws on his own personal experiences to paint a vivid picture of hell on earth.

Our special Christmas issue is overflowing with more holiday pleasures than we can mention in this brief space. Among them are an interview with superstar **Robert Redford**, who has just directed his first movie (page 138); **Robert Stephen Spitz**'s investigation into the $50 million art theft "industry" (page 94); a new look at Christmas (page 132) by cartoonist **Revilo** (Christmas will never be the same again!); plus a free 1981 pullout calendar, featuring 12 of our most beautiful centerfold Pets. And, of course, a supergenerous assortment of brand-new Christmas lovelies to guarantee you a holiday season full of warmth and cheer. ⚲



Someone close to you is hoping for a Longines. Don't disappoint them.

Give the world's most honored watch®.
Have your jeweler show you
the sophisticated new Conquest™ watches
from our Quartz International Collection.
Very Swiss. Very thin. Very Longines.

LONGINES
WITTNAUER
Time can be beautiful

For your free color brochure, write the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, New Rochelle, New York 10802.

PENTHOUSE®
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION
Bob Guccione *(chairman and president)*
Irwin E. Billman *(executive vice-president)*
Kathy Keeton *(senior vice-president)*
Anthony J. Guccione *(secretary-treasurer)*
Marianne Howatson *(senior vice-president)*

EDITORIAL
Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; *Editorial Director:* James Goode; *Managing Editor:* Heidi Handman; *Senior Editors:* Peter Bloch, Robert Hofler; *National Affairs Editor:* William R. Corson; *Fiction Editor:* Kathryn Green; *Fashion Editor:* Ed Emmerling; *Humor Editor:* Bill Lee; *Service Editor:* Gwenn Lewis Norman; *Associate Editors:* Gay Haubner, Laurie Lister, Kay Shaw; *Senior Copy Editor:* Michael Schrader; *Associate Copy Editor:* David Grambs; *Editorial Assistants:* Jayne Gassman, Andrea Goldsmith, Nancy Meade, Rachel Paine; Lynette Wesley; *Research Editor:* Jennifer Williams; *Contributing Editors:* James Dale Davidson, Tom Eyen, Douglas Gasner, Roger Greenspun, Xaviera Hollander, Craig S. Karpel, William Neely, Robert Palmer, Emily Prager, David Rorvik, Robert Sherrill, Marilyn Stasio, Ben Stein, Nick Tosches, Ernest Volkman; *West Coast Editor:* Toni Biggs

ART
VP/Art Director: Joe Brooks; *Associate Art Director:* Claire Victor; *Assistant Art Director:* Amy Seissler; *Designers:* Julio Vega, Tony Gonda; *Staff Photographers:* Earl Miller, Stan Malinowski, Pat Hill, John Copeland; *Associate Staff Photographer:* John Muth; *Photo Editor:* Hildegard Kron; *Ass't. Photo Editor:* Lisa Shapiro

ADMINISTRATIVE
Associate Publisher, Kathy Keeton; *VP/Advertising Director*, Marianne Howatson; *VP/Administrative Services*, Jeri Winston; *VP/Production Director*, John Evans; *VP/Associate Advertising Director*, Jay Remer; *Southern Advertising Director*, Peter Goldsmith; *West Coast Advertising Director:* John Romain; *Advertising Administration Manager*, Leslie Krell Moses; *Midwest Advertising Manager*, Norman Kamikow; *Controller*, Marc Bendesky; *Director of Marketing and Distribution/Publications:* George Colesworthy; *Newsstand Sales Director*, Robert Castardi; *National Sales Operations Manager*, Richard Fogel; *National Marketing Manager*, Ralph Perricelli; *Advertising Production Director*, Toni Wagner; *Public Relations Director*, Rich Jachetti; *Editorial Production Manager*, Michael Weinglass; *Director of Research and Marketing Services*, Carole Rossant; *Sales Promotion Manager*, Beverly Greiper; *Pet Promotion Director*, Marietta Ciriello; *Foreign Editions Manager*, Suzanne Locatelli

ADVERTISING OFFICES
New York (Kathy Keeton): Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. *Midwest:* Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466. *Detroit* (C. L. Meyers): 950 E. Maple, Suite 204, Birmingham, Mich. Tel. (313) 646-3646. *South* (Peter Goldsmith): Penthouse Intl., Ltd., 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C., Tel. (202) 298-6050. *West Coast* (John Romain): Penthouse Intl., Ltd., 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. *U.K. & Europe* (Eleanor Graham): Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley Street, London W1H 7DH, England, Tel. 01-262-0331, Telex no. 919865

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831. *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England, Tel. 01-385-6181, Telex no. 919865

Penthouse Publications Ltd.
(U.K. & European editions)
Directors: Bob Guccione *(Chairman)*,
Alan Root *(Managing)*
Executive Editor: Neville Player; *Art Director:* Sue Howe; *Managing Editor:* Harriet Blaney; *Contributing Editors:* Kingsley Amis, Stirling Moss, Frederick Mullally, Graham Stark. *Advertising Director:* Eleanor Graham; *Director of Public Relations:* Molly McKellar; *Accounts Director:* J. Herbing

BUREAUS:
Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. *Berlin:* Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. *Rio de Janeiro:* Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. *Budapest:* Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. *Zagreb:* Cedomir Komljenovic. Strebrnjak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia

DECEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Thank God for green eyes

Well, I never thought I would be writing you guys a letter. Like most readers, I've had my doubts about "Forum." The standard joke was that "Forum" was written by the same guys who write the "Letters" in *National Lampoon*. However, after last night I have no more doubts.

Having just moved to the central California coast from San Diego, I was looking forward to starting a new semester. However, I was not looking forward to not knowing anyone. My first class was music appreciation. When I arrived, I was a little surprised to see it so full. In fact, there were only two vacant seats in the class. I sat in one and put my motorcycle helmet in the other. About five minutes later I heard a voice say, "Is that seat taken?" I looked up and damn near creamed my jeans. Not more than a foot away was a gorgeous blonde, with nice, full tits and a body that would more than do justice to your fine magazine. Anyway, Nancy sat down, and we started talking. Conversation went from school to parents, drugs, and the like. When class was over, we both had a free hour, so I suggested a cup of coffee. She agreed, and we started walking over to the dining area. I am nuts about blondes, and Nancy even had blonde *eyelashes!* I was going nuts while I was trying to imagine what her pussy looked like.

Maybe I should pause to describe myself. I'm five feet ten inches, weigh 160 pounds, and have dark brown hair and green eyes. Actually, I'm fairly average-looking. One thing the girls all say, however, is that my eyes are a turn-on, so I guess they are my best feature. I'm saying all this to show that I don't have a huge, muscular body like some of the men I've read of in "Forum."

Nancy and I sat and rapped about everything. When the conversation switched to sex, I found out that she had only had one boyfriend, and when they finally fucked and Nancy lost her cherry, the dude dropped her. She impressed me as open and honest, so I asked her what she did when she got horny. She smiled and asked me what I did. 'Nuff said, right? Anyway, Nancy jumped up and said she had to go to class. When she stood up, she knocked a book off the table. I bent down to get it and collided with those luscious tits as I came back up, for Nancy had bent over me. My view afforded me a great look at her tits, and I was happy to see that she made no effort to move. We just laughed, and she split. As she walked away, I got real horny watching her, as the sunlight coming through the doors gave me a great view of her legs through her dress.

Soon school was over, and I was headed for the parking lot when I noticed Nancy at the pay telephone. I asked her if anything was wrong, and she said her car was fucked up. Being the gallant gentleman that I am, I offered her a lift on my bike, which she accepted. When she got on, her dress crept up to her thighs, and the sight of that gave me an instant hard-on. I caught Nancy looking at it, but she didn't say anything.

When we got to her apartment, she invited me up for a joint and some lines. While I rolled a joint, Nancy went to the bathroom. When she came out, we did the coke and lit the joint. Man, was I high! When we finished the joint, Nancy leaned against me and thanked me for the ride. I responded by putting my arm around her and kissing the back of her neck. She quickly turned around and gave me a deep French kiss, while one hand rested on my crotch. I cupped one of her tits with one hand and unzipped the dress with the other. I could feel her nipple harden under my touch. I quickly undressed and led Nancy back to the bedroom. We fell on her bed in an embrace. I kissed and nibbled her tits till they were at full attention. I was a little surprised to see that they remained perfectly upright and firm, with those delicious quarter-sized nipples all erect. Nancy was moaning from the workout I was giving her and begging me to fuck her, but I had a few other ideas in mind, first.

When I was through with her tits, I slowly kissed my way down her flat tummy to her panties. They were soaked, and there was a huge, dark stain on the blue silk. I jokingly said that she didn't get to the head in time. She said between gasps that it had been that way ever since she was on my bike. I kissed and licked the edge of her panties and slowly pulled them off. By now, Nancy was a wildcat. I blew on her soft pussy, very happy to see soft, blonde pussy hair. It was the same color as wheat, and was she wet! She said, "My God, are you going to put your *tongue* in there?" I guess her last boyfriend, when he got past the grope sessions, didn't do a whole lot with her besides fucking her once. I smiled and shot my tongue deep inside, sucking on the lips. Nancy arched her back and screamed with pleasure when I nibbled her clit. She came in waves, and suddenly I flipped her over

The man knows all there is about fancy footwork. Listen:

"When you dress up, your boots have got to dress up with you. That's when you step up to the Baron Collection.

"Just one look at those rich, smooth leathers and you'll know that Nobody Puts Leather Together Like Dingo."

dingo®

Acme Boot Co., Inc., P.O. Box 749, Clarksville, Tenn. 37040. A subsidiary of Northwest Industries, Inc. Or call toll-free 800-251-1382. (except in Tenn.).

Come to where the flavor is.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79

Marlboro Country.
Marlboro
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
100's
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

and went to work on her ass hole, watching that puckered little hole contract as I ran my tongue from her pussy right up her crack. She was almost delirious, having climaxed five or six times. I rolled her back over, and slowly entered her. I'm no John C. Holmes, but my six and one-half inches seemed like enough. One thing, when I'm high, I can fuck forever, and it seemed like it. For an underfucked chick like Nancy, I thought, she sure was enjoying herself. After about 15 minutes, I could tell she was starting to come, so I started to really pump. Just as I started to shoot, Nancy started bucking and damn near threw me off the bed. Then she grabbed my ass and pulled me in even farther until we were both spent. I lay down on top of her, and we kissed, then fell asleep, my prick still in her.

This morning was even better. Nancy's learning how to give head, and I am one patient teacher! One thing, though. I asked her what it was that attracted her to me. She said my eyes really turned her on. Thank God for green eyes!—*Name and address withheld*

A big load in Syracuse

I am a 20-year-old college sophomore currently attending a big university. I recently had an experience during finals week at school that I think your readers will find stimulating.

It was 4:00 in the morning as I was pulling one of my usual all-nighters, cramming for my accounting final, which I was to have at 10:00 A.M. that Monday morning. At this point I was starting to see things and shake like a leaf, so I decided to take a break and do my laundry. Knowing how everyone here does his or her laundry right before summer vacation, I figured I would beat the rush, as I thought no one else would be insane enough to be doing laundry at 4:00 in the morning!

I put down my books, got my dirty clothes together, grabbed the detergent, and headed for the elevator. I took the elevator down to the basement and made my way to the laundry room. Upon entering, I was very surprised to hear one of the washers going and wondered who else was doing their wash. As I put my sack of clothes on top of the washer, my curiosity was quickly answered as a gorgeous freshman coed named Linda (not her real name) entered the room, wearing a pair of cutoffs that were tight enough to outline her every line and a T-shirt that conformed to her fantastic body.

I had seen Linda around the dorm, and we always seemed aware of each other, but that was the extent of our relationship (although I would have loved to have asked her out). After saying "Hi," Linda went over to her washer and saw that her wash was not finished, so she came over to me and started some small talk, mentioning how she didn't expect anyone else to be doing laundry! I muttered something about how surprised I was, too, but as she was talking, all I could feel was the blood rushing down to my throbbing cock. I couldn't help seeing how beautiful Linda was with her hypnotic blue eyes and perfectly formed 36-24-36-inch body.

As our conversation continued (as did my hard-on), I found her to be an intelligent and interesting person as well as incredibly gorgeous. I suggested that we both take a break by getting high, and she smiled approvingly. With that, I told Linda that I'd be right back and ran back up to my room to get a joint, being careful not to awaken my roommate. I hurried back down and saw that Linda was still there with a coy smile on her face. As we lit the joint, I was mesmerized by Linda's now erect nipples.

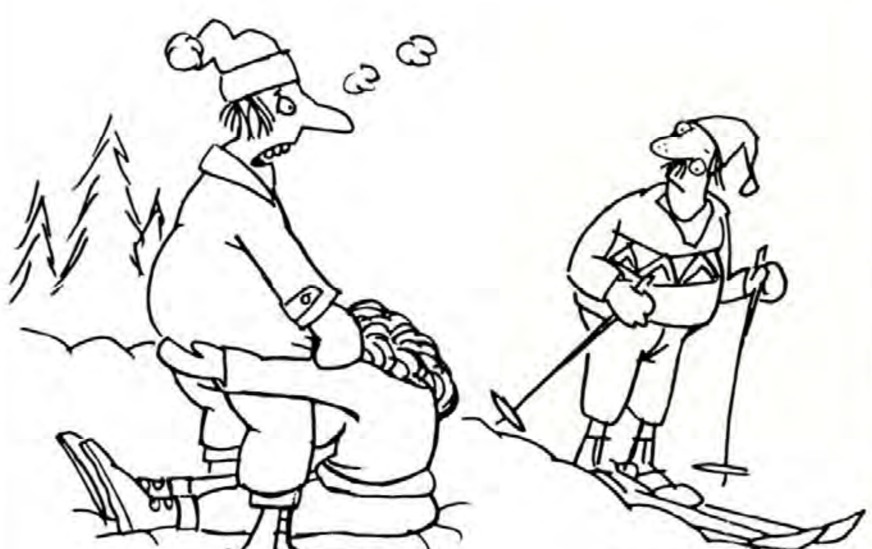
It didn't take long for the grass to take effect, as we were both tired from studying. At this point, I was about to rip the seams of my pants as my cock strained to struggle free. I saw Linda stare at my obvious bulge and caught her eye as she looked up. Her blue eyes had to be the most beautiful I had ever seen, as I was frozen by her sensuous gaze. She licked her lips slowly, and I needed no further encouragement as I pulled her close to me and planted my lips on her sexy, moist lips. Our tongues met and darted in and out as we French-kissed for what seemed like hours. Allowing my hands to roam, I felt the firmness of her breasts and the warm wetness of her pussy. Linda moaned slightly and began massaging my cock through the fabric as she whispered, "Baby, I want you."

I took Linda by the hand and led her to the side of the machines, where we would be unseen (hopefully) if someone was to come in. Using my bag of laundry (I had yet to load it in the washer) as a cushion, I laid Linda down and kissed her tenderly. I slowly pulled her T-shirt over her to reveal the most gorgeous set of tits I had seen. I kissed and sucked on her erect nipples as she moaned and writhed with pleasure.

Linda reached down and rubbed my prick as she slowly undid my zipper and exposed my hot, swollen dick to the cool air. She flicked her wet tongue over the full length of my cock as I moaned with delight. She continued teasing me by stopping as I was about to come. Not being able to stand it any more, I begged Linda to suck me till I came. Hearing my plea, my dream goddess began sucking me at a furious pace. Linda was giving me the blowjob of my life, and the warmth of her mouth and the skill of her tongue were too much for me to take. I felt all my muscles tighten as I came with such a tremendous force that I screamed with ecstasy.

Wanting to return the pleasure, I pulled down her shorts to reveal her hot, swollen, dripping-wet pussy. I brought myself closer to Linda's love nest to taste her sweetness. I buried my tongue in her fragrant cunt as she pleaded, "Oh, God, don't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

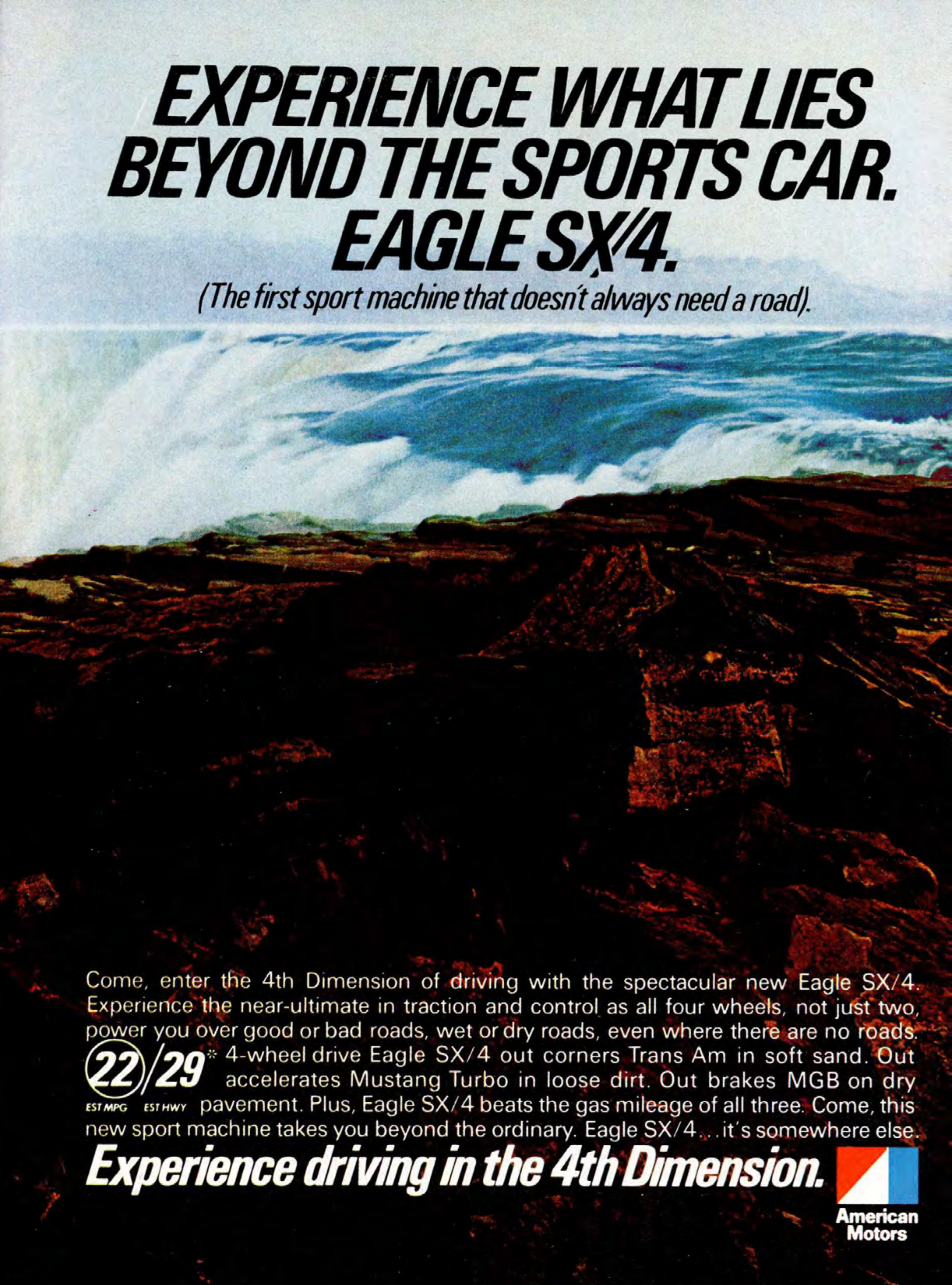


"Would you report a skiing accident? The young lady's tongue is stuck to my metal zipper."

Premium. Imported.
IMPORTED
BLACK VELVET
BLACK VELVET
The Velvet Season

BLACK VELVET® BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, 80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY © 1979 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

*Use these figures for comparison. Your mileage may vary due to speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Calif. figures lower.



EXPERIENCE WHAT LIES BEYOND THE SPORTS CAR. EAGLE SX/4.

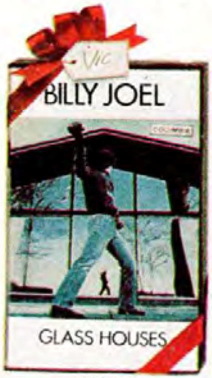
(The first sport machine that doesn't always need a road).

Come, enter the 4th Dimension of driving with the spectacular new Eagle SX/4. Experience the near-ultimate in traction and control as all four wheels, not just two, power you over good or bad roads, wet or dry roads, even where there are no roads. (22)/29* EST MPG EST HWY 4-wheel drive Eagle SX/4 out corners Trans Am in soft sand. Out accelerates Mustang Turbo in loose dirt. Out brakes MGB on dry pavement. Plus, Eagle SX/4 beats the gas mileage of all three. Come, this new sport machine takes you beyond the ordinary. Eagle SX/4... it's somewhere else.

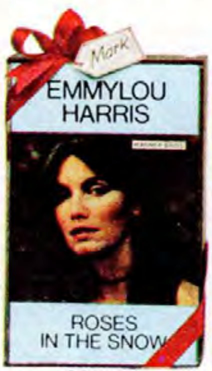
Experience driving in the 4th Dimension.

American Motors

13 CHRISTMAS PRESENTS



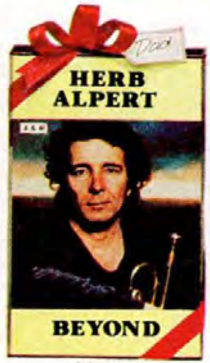
301515



302869★

THE BLUES BROTHERS
ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK RECORDING

303743



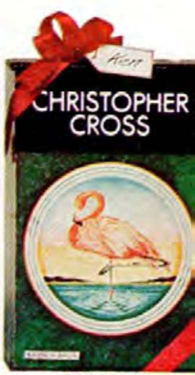
304220

Peter
THE CHARLIE DANIELS BAND
FULL MOON

304196★

Lynn
Linda Ronstadt
"mad love"

302042



301473★

304188★	COLUMBIA	CHICAGO XIV
304329★	MCA	DON WILLIAMS I Believe In You
303800★	MOTOWN	DIANA ROSS DIANA
303446★	CASABLANCA	Original Motion Picture Soundtrack VILLAGE PEOPLE Can't Stop the Music
284364★	COLUMBIA	MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR WITH COLUMBIA SYMP ORCH —WHITE CHRISTMAS
302950	CAPITOL	ANNE MURRAY Somebody's Waiting
304311★	POLYDOR	Atlanta Rhythm Section The Boys From Doraville
303685★	ARISTA	AVERAGE WHITE BAND SHINE
302026	COLUMBIA	RAVEL: BOLERO Bernstein, N.Y. Phil.
295188★	[illegible]	LOU RAWLS Let Lou Be Good To You
301952★	COLUMBIA	LACY J. DALTON
295162	JET	Electric Light Orchestra DISCOVERY
301697	POLYDOR	ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK AMERICAN GIGOLO
295139★	MCA	THE BEST OF DON WILLIAMS VOL. II
298356★	EPIC	CHEAP TRICK DREAM POLICE
295105★	ATLANTIC	The Muppet Movie ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
301614★	WARNER BROTHERS	Gordon Lightfoot Dream Street Rose
295147★	CAPITOL	Minnie Ripperton MINNIE
301572★	WARNER BROTHERS	Marshall Tucker Band TENTH
295097	ATLANTIC	ABBA VOULEZ-VOUS
301564★	WARNER BROTHERS	DEBBY BOONE Love Has No Reason
295071★	WARNER BROTHERS	MARSHALL TUCKER BAND - RUNNING LIKE THE WIND
298257★	CAPITOL	Little River Band First Under The Wire
295063★	ELEKTRA	JERRY LEE LEWIS
298240★	EPIC	MOLLY HATCHET Flirtin' With Disaster
295014	COLUMBIA	JAMES TAYLOR FLAG
301523	COLUMBIA	JOURNEY DEPARTURE
294769★	ELEKTRA	JUDY COLLINS LIVING
301465★	STAR	FREDDY FENDER Together We Drifted Apart
294843★	WARNER BROTHERS	ZZ TOP The Best Of ZZ Top
301432★	MCA	The Oak Ridge Boys TOGETHER
294397	CAPRICORN	ALLMAN BROTHERS Enlightened Rogues

274779★	LONDON	Luciano Pavarotti O HOLY NIGHT
304063★	ELEKTRA	ROBBIE DUPREE
304212★	ELEKTRA	QUEEN THE GAME
304139★	COLUMBIA	EDDIE MONEY Playing For Keeps
301366	A&M	CHUCK MANGIONE FUN AND GAMES
302976★	ARISTA	GRATEFUL DEAD GO TO HEAVEN
302059★	MOTOWN	Grover Washington, Jr. SKYLARKIN'
301416★	COLUMBIA	JANIE FRICKE FROM THE HEART
292243★	ASYLUM	JACKSON BROWNE THE PRETENDER
301408★	WARNER BROTHERS	BELLAMY BROTHERS YOU CAN GET CRAZY
291302★	WARNER BROTHERS	JAMES TAYLOR'S GREATEST HITS
301390★	EPIC	Johnny Rodriguez Through My Eyes
291278★	WARNER BROTHERS	The Doobie Brothers Best Of The Doobies
301317★	WARNER BROTHERS	CON HUNLEY I Don't Want To Lose You
291211★	WARNER BROTHERS	Nicolette Larson NICOLETTE
301184★	COLUMBIA	JANE OLIVOR The Best Side of Goodbye
291195	ASYLUM	LINDA RONSTADT Living In The U.S.A.
301176★	OVATION	THE KENDALLS Heart Of the Matter
291179★	ELEKTRA	QUEEN JAZZ
301168★	POLYDOR	ROY AYERS No Stranger To Love
291146★	ATLANTIC	CHIC C'EST CHIC
301143	CAPITOL	ANNE MURRAY A Country Collection
291138★	WARNER BROTHERS	STEVE MARTIN A Wild And Crazy Guy
301119★	CASABLANCA	LIPPS, INC. MOUTH TO MOUTH
294744★	EPIC	Charlie Daniels Band Million Mile Reflection

304279★	MERCURY	STATLER BROTHERS 10TH ANNIVERSARY
304345★	WARNER BROTHERS	AL JARREAU THIS TIME
303966★	WARNER BROTHERS	SEALS & CROFTS THE LONGEST ROAD
303461	COLUMBIA	FREDDY HUBBARD SKAGLY
303438★	EPIC	TED NUGENT SCREAM DREAM
302125★	INFINITY	RUPERT HOLMES Partners In Crime
302802★	MCA	MEL TILLIS AND THE STATESIDERS M-M-MEL LIVE
291203	WARNER BROTHERS	The Doobie Brothers Minute By Minute
300962★	MERCURY	THE BEST OF THE STATLER BROTHERS RIDES AGAIN, VOL. II
291021	A&M	SUPERTRAMP Breakfast In America
300947★	COLUMBIA	ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK The Electric Horseman
290874	COLUMBIA	RAY CONNIFF PLAYS THE BEE GEES AND OTHER GREAT HITS
300921★	SESAME STREET	Sesame Street 10th Anniversary Album
290775★	LAURIE	DION sings The Hits Of The 50's & 60's
300590	ATLANTIC	ABBA GREATEST HITS, VOL. 2
290270★	ARISTA	Don't Cry Out Loud Melissa Manchester
300525★	ELEKTRA	THE BEST OF EDDIE RABBITT
290205	LONDON	RIMSKY-KORSAKOV, SCHEHERAZADE THE CLEVELAND ORCH.
300335★	COLUMBIA	BROADWAY MAGIC: THE BEST OF THE GREAT BROADWAY MUSICALS
290171	CAPITOL	Steve Miller Band Greatest Hits '74-'78
300293★	MCA	DON WILLIAMS PORTRAIT
290155★	CAPRICORN	THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND GREATEST HITS
300285	COLUMBIA	JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL'S GREATEST HITS VOL. II
290031★	MCA	JOHN CONLEE Rose Colored Glasses
300277★	COLUMBIA TAPPAN ZEE	Bob James & Earl Klugh ONE ON ONE

304386★	CHRYSALIS	PAT BENATAR Crimes Of Passion
304337★	MCA	JOHN CONLEE Friday Night Blues
303891★	TABU	THE S.O.S. BAND S.O.S.
303479	LONDON	TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 5 Mehta, Conducting, L.A. Phil.
303420★	ELEKTRA	JERRY LEE LEWIS When Two Worlds Collide
302539★	20th CENTURY	STEPHANIE MILLS SWEET SENSATION
299248	CASABLANCA	Captain & Tennille MAKE YOUR MOVE
300137★	ELEKTRA	Sérgio Mendes & Brasil '88 MAGIC LADY
302968★	COLUMBIA	WILLIE NELSON PRETTY PAPER
300095	JET	Electric Light Orch. ELO's Greatest Hits
288639★	EPIC	BOBBY VINTON Autumn Memories
300111★	EPIC	JOHNNY PAYCHECK EVERYBODY'S GOT A FAMILY—MEET MINE
288472	ARISTA	AL STEWART Time Passages
300087★	COLUMBIA	AEROSMITH Night In The Ruts
289546★	MCA	MOODS Barbara Mandrell
300079	[illegible]	DAN FOGELBERG PHOENIX
288951★	COLUMBIA	LARRY GATLIN'S GREATEST HITS
300061★	ATLANTIC	CHIC'S GREATEST HITS
288332	COLUMBIA	BILLY JOEL 52ND STREET
300046★	COLUMBIA	WILLIE NELSON SINGS KRISTOFFERSON
287292	A&M	STYX Pieces Of Eight
300038	LONDON	PAVAROTTI O SOLE MIO/FAVORITE NEAPOLITAN SONGS
288431★	EPIC	Johnny Paycheck Armed And Crazy
299693★	EPIC	GEORGE DUKE Master of the Game
287003★	ASYLUM	EAGLES 1971-1975 Their Greatest Hits
299578★	LAURIE	VARIOUS ARTISTS COLLECTOR'S RECORDS OF THE 50'S & 60'S—VOL. IV
286971★	WARNER BROTHERS	STEVE MARTIN LET'S GET SMALL
299552★	NEMPEROR	STEVE FORBERT JACKRABBIT SLIM
286930★	WARNER BROTHERS	GEORGE BENSON BREEZIN
299545★	ATLANTIC	Emerson, Lake & Palmer IN CONCERT
286914★	WARNER BROTHERS	FLEETWOOD MAC RUMOURS
286884★	ASYLUM	JACKSON BROWNE Running On Empty

205674★	POLYDOR	ARTHUR FIEDLER Christmas Festival
304246★	COLUMBIA TAPPAN ZEE	BOB JAMES "H"
304253★	ELEKTRA	EDDIE RABBITT HORIZON
303537★	MERCURY	PETER GABRIEL
302588★	COLUMBIA	HERBIE HANCOCK MONSTER
302877★	MCA	ELTON JOHN GREATEST HITS
302786★	MCA	CONWAY TWITTY CROSS WINDS
302620★	ATLANTIC	GENESIS DUKE
299263	CAPITOL	ANNE MURRAY I'll Always Love You
286948★	ASYLUM	THE EAGLES Hotel California
299222★	EPIC	GEORGE JONES My Very Special Guests
286740	ASYLUM	LINDA RONSTADT'S GREATEST HITS
299172	COLUMBIA	BOB DYLAN Slow Train Coming
286682★	ATLANTIC	ABBA Abba's Greatest Hits
298869★	WARNER BROTHERS	MAUREEN McGOVERN
286666★	ELEKTRA	CARLY SIMON Boys In The Trees
298778★	WARNER BROTHERS	ZZ TOP DEGUELLO
285122★	CAPITOL	ANNE MURRAY LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY
298745★	WARNER BROTHERS	DONNA FARGO JUST FOR YOU
285866	EPIC	BOSTON Don't Look Back
298737★	WARNER BROTHERS	NICOLETTE LARSON IN THE NICK OF TIME
273912★	COLUMBIA	Kris Kristofferson SONGS OF KRISTOFFERSON
298620	ARISTA	BARRY MANILOW ONE VOICE
274043★	COLUMBIA	(ORIGINAL CAST) ANNIE
301507★	COLUMBIA	ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS GET HAPPY!!
274738★	MCA	LORETTA LYNN Coal Miner's Daughter
298604	A&M	STYX CORNERSTONE
274811★	A&M	RITA COOLIDGE Anytime...Anywhere
298570	CHRYSALIS	BLONDIE EAT TO THE BEAT
274993	A&M	CARPENTERS PASSAGE
298562	CHRYSALIS	JETHRO TULL STORMWATCH
279281	COLUMBIA	Paul Simon- Greatest Hits, Etc.

SELECTIONS WITH TWO NUMBERS ARE 2-RECORD SETS OR DOUBLE-LENGTH TAPES, AND COUNT AS TWO SELECTIONS—WRITE EACH NUMBER IN A SEPARATE BOX

303453 303454	LONDON	PAVAROTTI'S GREATEST HITS
302315★ 302316	EPIC	REO SPEEDWAGON A Decade Of Rock And Roll 1970-1980
298752 298753	WARNER BROTHERS	FLEETWOOD MAC TUSK
274969 274960	ARISTA	BARRY MANILOW LIVE
295113★ 295114	CASABLANCA	DONNA SUMMER BAD GIRLS
290189★ 290180	COLUMBIA	WILLIE NELSON and FAMILY—LIVE
303677★ 303678	ARISTA	THE KINKS One For The Road
299198 299199	CASABLANCA	DONNA SUMMER ON THE RADIO GREATEST HITS VOLS. 1 & 2
295170★ 295171	COLUMBIA	WILLIE NELSON & LEON RUSSELL ONE FOR THE ROAD
288670 288671	ARISTA	BARRY MANILOW GREATEST HITS
279869—279860	JET	ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA OUT OF THE BLUE
232603-232604★	BUDDAH	DICK CLARK 20 YEARS OF ROCK 'N ROLL

★ Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes

13 RECORDS OR TAPES–1¢

if you join the Columbia Record & Tape Club and agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next 3 years

plus shipping and handling

FOR ONE PENNY.

Anne
BETTE MIDLER
THE ROSE
The Original Soundtrack Recording
Joe
Neil Diamond
September Morn
Paul
PETE TOWNSHEND
EMPTY GLASS
Mom
NO NIGHT SO LONG
DIONNE
Joan
EAGLES
THE LONG RUN
Rich
JACKSON BROWNE
HOLD OUT

300707★ 300681 303123★ 304261★ 298596 304204★

304360 ★	COLUMBIA	WILLIE NELSON AND RAY PRICE SAN ANTONIO ROSE
304238 ★	WARNER BROTHERS	Craig Mirijanian A PERFECT FIT
303750 ★	MOTOWN	COMMODORES HEROES
303578 ★	EPIC	MICKEY GILLEY That's All That Matters To Me
302455 ★	WARNER BROTHERS	AMBROSIA ONE EIGHTY
298455 ★	WARNER BROTHERS	THE BELLAMY BROTHERS THE TWO AND ONLY
292805 ★	COLUMBIA	JANIE FRICKE LOVE NOTES
302240 ★	TK	K.C. & The Sunshine Band GREATEST HITS
292904	CAPITOL	ANNE MURRAY New Kind of Feeling
298380 ★	COLUMBIA	SANTANA MARATHON
292185	COLUMBIA	JOHNNY MATHIS The Best Days Of My Life

304378 ★	ARISTA	Allman Brothers Band Reach For The Sky
303628 ★	CAPITOL	HELEN REDDY • TAKE WHAT YOU FIND
303594 ★	COLUMBIA	LARRY GATLIN THE PILGRIM
303404 ★	CASABLANCA	KISS UNMASKED
302067	CASABLANCA	MUSIC FROM THE ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK ALL THAT JAZZ
303016 ★	MCA	MERRY CHRISTMAS- FELIZ NAVIDAD From FREDDY FENDER
297473	ATLANTIC	FOREIGNER HEAD GAMES
293654 ★	OVATION	THE KENDALLS Just Like Real People
297440 ★	ARISTA	JENNIFER WARNES Shot Through the Heart
288555 ★	EPIC	JOHNNY PAYCHECK GREATEST HITS
297409 ★	ASYLUM	JACKSON BROWNE Late For the Sky

Make the coming Holiday Season the merriest ever by taking advantage of this great offer from the Columbia Record & Tape Club. Just look at this exciting selection of new hits and all-time favorites...each one will make an ideal gift for anyone on your Christmas list...or a welcome addition to your own collection! By joining now, you may have any 13 of these records or tapes—all 13 for only 1¢, plus shipping and handling.

To receive your 13 albums, just mail the application, with your check or money order for $1.86 as payment (that's 1¢ for your first 13 selections, plus $1.85 to cover shipping and handling). In exchange, you agree to buy 9 more tapes or records (at regular Club prices) in the next three years.

How the Club operates: every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternates from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month or the Special Selection from the hundreds offered, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, simply fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified.

You will always have at least 10 days to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having had at least 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The tapes and records you order will be mailed and billed at regular Club prices, which currently are $7.98 and $8.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple-unit sets and Double Selections may be somewhat higher.)

After completing your enrollment agreement, you may cancel your membership at any time. If you decide to continue, you'll be eligible for our generous, money-saving bonus plan—a plan which enables you to enjoy great savings on all future purchases! And if you are not satisfied for any reason, just return your introductory shipment within 10 days for a prompt and full refund. Your membership will be cancelled and you will owe nothing. So you risk absolutely nothing by sending in your application today!

If the application is missing, please write to Columbia Record & Tape Club Dept. 2LE/L1, Terre Haute, Ind. 47811

Columbia House
1400 North Fruitridge Avenue
Terre Haute, Indiana 47811

SINCE 1955, THE MOST MUSIC A LITTLE MONEY CAN BUY!

302935 ★	MERCURY	STATLER BROTHERS CHRISTMAS CARD
303552 ★	COLUMBIA	JOHNNY MATHIS Different Kinda Different
304212 ★	ELEKTRA	QUEEN THE GAME
303180 ★	WARNER BROTHERS	CHIC COREA TAP STEP
302281 ★	MCA	THE VERY BEST OF LORETTA LYNN & CONWAY TWITTY
297036	MIDSONG	BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA ARTHUR FIEDLER COND. SATURDAY NIGHT FIEDLER
293944 ★	WARNER BROTHERS	VAN HALEN Van Halen II
297218 ★	COLUMBIA	JOHNNY CASH SILVER
292763 ★	[illegible]	LIBERACE THE BEST OF THE CLASSICS
297085 ★	EPIC	TAMMY WYNETTE JUST TAMMY
292326 ★	EPIC	CHEAP TRICK AT BUDOKAN
297044 ★	ELEKTRA	EDDIE RABBITT LOVELINE
298224 ★	MCA	Conway Twitty · Loretta Lynn HONKY TONK HEROES
292151	COLUMBIA	NEIL DIAMOND YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS
298042 ★	CHRYSALIS	PAT BENATAR In The Heat Of The Night
292821 ★	COLUMBIA	LYNN ANDERSON OUTLAW IS JUST A STATE OF MIND
297887 ★	WARNER BROTHERS	STEVE MARTIN Comedy Is Not Pretty
291914	REPRISE	Frank Sinatra's Greatest Hits
297705 ★	COLUMBIA	MOE BANDY & JOE STAMPLEY JUST GOOD OL' BOYS
291856	ELEKTRA	THE BEST OF CARLY SIMON
297671	COLUMBIA	JOHNNY MATHIS MATHIS MAGIC
291468 ★	ELEKTRA	COLORS OF THE DAY THE BEST OF JUDY COLLINS
297655 ★	COLUMBIA	CRYSTAL GAYLE Miss the Mississippi
291435 ★	ATLANTIC	LED ZEPPELIN
297556 ★	COLUMBIA	RAY CONNIFF I WILL SURVIVE
291500 ★	ELEKTRA	BEST OF THE DOORS
297549 ★	COLUMBIA	LARRY GATLIN & THE GATLIN BROTHERS STRAIGHT AHEAD
291427 ★	ELEKTRA	THE BEST OF BREAD
297531 ★	MCA	Barbara Mandrell Just For The Record
291773 ★	WARNER BROTHERS	The Best Of Peter, Paul And Mary
297499	ATLANTIC	CHIC RISQUE'
298612	A&M	HERB ALPERT RISE
291815 ★	WARNER BROTHERS	PROFILE BEST OF EMMYLOU HARRIS
275743	COLUMBIA	BARBRA STREISAND Streisand Superman
272179 ★	A&M	HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS Greatest Hits Vol. II

304394 ★	WARNER BROTHERS	GEORGE BENSON Give Me The Night
303560	EPIC	GEORGE JONES AND JOHNNY PAYCHECK DOUBLE TROUBLE
303313 ★	ATLANTIC	CHIC REAL PEOPLE
293670 ★	MCA	OAK RIDGE BOYS HAVE ARRIVED
302398	WARNER BROTHERS	VAN HALEN Women And Children First
293647 ★	COLUMBIA	ANDRE KOSTELANETZ PLAYS THE THEME FROM SUPERMAN
296756 ★	CAPITOL	BILLY "Crash" CRADDOCK LAUGHING AND CRYING, LIVING AND DYING
293514 ★	COLUMBIA	JOURNEY EVOLUTION
296632 ★	CASABLANCA	ROBIN WILLIAMS Reality...What a Concept
292987	EPIC	Engelbert Humperdinck This Moment In Time
296327	ELEKTRA	CARS CANDY-O
293027 ★	MCA	TANYA TUCKER TNT
239525	COLUMBIA	Barbra Streisand The Way We Were
256578	ARISTA	TONY ORLANDO & DAWN GREATEST HITS
275818 ★	ARISTA	Melissa Manchester SINGIN'...
260638	COLUMBIA	CHICAGO IX CHICAGO'S GREATEST HITS
275933 ★	A&M	STYX The Grand Illusion
260737	CAPITOL	HELEN REDDY'S GREATEST HITS
276428	COLUMBIA	JAMES TAYLOR JT
263400 ★	COLUMBIA	BOZ SCAGGS SILK DEGREES
277954	MCA	STEELY DAN AJA
265447 ★	COLUMBIA	BILLY JOEL TURNSTILES
278648	A&M	Captain & Tennille's Greatest Hits
269209 ★	EPIC	BOSTON More Than A Feeling
278671 ★	MCA	LYNYRD SKYNYRD GIMME BACK MY BULLETS
269605	COLUMBIA	LOGGINS & MESSINA BEST OF FRIENDS
279133 ★	EPIC	MEAT LOAF BAT OUT OF HELL
270660 ★	ARISTA	Saturday Night Live ORIGINAL TV CAST
279299	COLUMBIA	NEIL DIAMOND I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT
270835	EPIC	Engelbert Humperdinck AFTER THE LOVIN'
284638	CAPITOL	HELEN REDDY WE'LL SING IN THE SUNSHINE
271809	LIFESONG	JIM CROCE Time In A Bottle
284562 ★	A&M	QUINCY JONES SOUNDS...AND STUFF LIKE THAT!!
272104	EPIC	TOM JONES SAY YOU'LL STAY UNTIL TOMORROW
284554	A&M	RITA COOLIDGE LOVE ME AGAIN

303818 ★	WARNER BROTHERS	CARLY SIMON COME UPSTAIRS
303776 ★	WARNER BROTHERS	BLACK SABBATH HEAVEN AND HELL
303586 ★	COLUMBIA	WITH LOVE, MARTY ROBBINS
301549	COLUMBIA	BOZ SCAGGS MIDDLE MAN
294355 ★	MERCURY	STATLER BROS. THE ORIGINALS
296012 ★	SESAME STREET	SESAME DISCO VARIOUS ARTISTS
293951 ★	WARNER BROTHERS	Rickie Lee Jones
295915 ★	POLYDOR	Atlanta Rhythm Section UNDERDOG
293696 ★	COLUMBIA	ART GARFUNKEL Fate For Breakfast
295899 ★	EPIC	TED NUGENT STATE OF SHOCK
293829	CASABLANCA	Village People GO WEST
295253	ARISTA	DIONNE WARWICK DIONNE
256560	A&M	CAT STEVENS GREATEST HITS
277491 ★	COLUMBIA	BILLY JOEL THE STRANGER
256255 ★	COLUMBIA	A CHORUS LINE Original Broadway Cast
285080 ★	CAPITOL	NAT KING COLE Love Is Here To Stay
256099	A&M	THE CAPTAIN & TENNILLE Love Will Keep Us Together
284984	COLUMBIA	JOHNNY MATHIS & DENIECE WILLIAMS • THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR
252445 ★	CAPITOL	THE LETTERMEN All Time Greatest Hits
284257 ★	A&M	PABLO CRUISE WORLDS AWAY
249813		BURT BACHARACH'S GREATEST HITS
284141 ★	COLUMBIA	JANE OLIVOR STAY THE NIGHT
246868	LIFESONG	JIM CROCE PHOTOGRAPHS & MEMORIES HIS GREATEST HITS
281097 ★	LONDON	CAT STEVENS CAT'S CRADLE
236885		CARPENTERS The Singles 1969-1973
279430	COLUMBIA	BOZ SCAGGS Down Two, Then Left
219477	COLUMBIA	SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS
281568	COLUMBIA	JOHNNY MATHIS YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE
218917 ★	RSO	ORIGINAL CAST GREASE
282228	ARISTA	Barry Manilow EVEN NOW
207324	ARISTA	Original Broadway Cast GODSPELL
279265 ★	A&M	CHUCK MANGIONE FEELS SO GOOD
187088	COLUMBIA	BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS
283739	EPIC	Engelbert Humperdinck LAST OF THE ROMANTICS
110262 ★	MERCURY	THE PLATTERS Encore of Golden Hits

★ Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes

604/S81

no more low tar hot air!

Not after you've found the refreshing taste sensation only a KOOL can deliver. Extra Low 'Tar' KOOL SUPER LIGHTS goes way beyond ordinary low 'tars' that deliver little more than hot air! It's the coolest low 'tar' of them all! No need to look further...C'mon Up to Extra Low 'Tar' KOOL SUPER LIGHTS!

the coolest taste around

c'mo

© 1980 B&W T Co.

20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
KOOL
SUPER LIGHTS
up!
KOOL
Filter Kings
KOOL
Milds

Long famous for coolness in smoking.

Original KOOL Low 'Tar' KOOL

Super Lights Kings, 7 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Are your records really clean?
vac ⊙ rec®, the sure way.

There are plenty of record cleaning products around, but none of them can match the Vac-O-Rec system. Vac-O-Rec rotates the record past a metalized, mylar brush which discharges static electricity. This in turn loosens the dust. Then, separate super soft mohair brushes gently reach into the grooves to loosen and effectively remove micro dust. Finally, all dust and dirt is vacuum cleaned away.

The result—a really clean record free of dirt and surface noise. Vac-O-Rec is UL and CSA listed.

Don't put up with noise, or risk damage to your priceless records. See Robins Vac-O-Rec at your dealer. Manufactured in U.S.A. by Robins Industries Corp., Commack, N.Y. 11725.

ROBINS

Pat #3654660

stop." I began to nibble on Linda's clit, which drove her into a frenzy.

I was ready for her beautiful pussy now as I told her to plant her hot, juicy cunt on my rock-hard prick. All of a sudden, we heard voices coming from behind us! Taking a quick glance back, I noticed a guy and girl in the dim light and heard them giggling. I thought I was about to die! Linda and I stayed low, hiding our faces and hoping that these people would get the hell out. When I heard them leave (still giggling), I looked up to make sure the coast was clear. Then, before you could say "cunnilingus," Linda and I grabbed our clothes and my dirty laundry and ran upstairs in world record time!

We laughed about the incident later, as she was so embarrassed that she waited until the next day to pick up her laundry and put it in the dryer! We'll both be staying in the same dorm next fall, so I hope we can repeat our laundry room adventures!—*Name and address withheld.*

A good paint job

I read your letters every month, but until this summer I had never thought I would have reason to write. I am an average 18-year-old guy who until now has had a normal sex life for my age—lots of making out with girls and, of course, jerking myself off while reading some of your letters.

This summer I put a notice in a local store, advertising that I would like to do yard work and painting. Things were slow until I got a call from a lady who said she was divorced and needed to have some parts of her house painted. I went over, and she showed me what she wanted painted—the front porch, outside windows, several closets, and her daughter's bedroom. I said it woud take about three weeks to do, and she was going to pay me each Saturday. She also said that I had to do her daughter's bedroom first. Her daughter was 24 and had recently broken up with her boyfriend and would be coming home in two or three weeks.

Well, the first two and one-half weeks went along without event—until the daughter came home. I had never seen such a beautiful girl. She must have been a 38-25-36, with long blonde hair and a very sexy body. Her mother introduced us and said that Meg would be paying me for the last week, as she would be away on Saturday. Well, needless to say, Meg became my fantasy while jerking off at home. I could just imagine those beautiful, tanned tits and wet cunt as I would beat my meat in my bedroom.

My last Saturday was the hottest day of the summer. All I had to do was some touching up on the front porch, and I would be finished. It was so hot that day that I was wearing just a very small pair of cutoff pants—they were loose-fitting and were about the only thing I would wear in the heat.

Just as I was finishing on the porch, Meg walked out in the scantiest bikini I had ever seen. Her huge tits were bursting out, and I was getting very excited thinking of my fantasies. As she was talking, I could hear my heart pounding and noticed she was staring at my crotch. I looked down and saw that my shorts were low and the tip of my now hard penis was in clear view.

Before I could say a word, she said that before she would "pay" me for my efforts, she wanted to show me a spot I'd missed in her room. Not knowing what she had in mind, I followed her into her room. She said that you could see the spot from her bed. She asked me to lie down and look. As I did, she sat down on the bed and pointed to the wall. With her tits in my face she stroked the part of my dick that was now exposed and then reached down to unzip my pants. At this point I could not believe what was happening. As she pulled my shorts down, my pulsing six-and-one-half-inch penis stuck almost straight up and was pulsing with my now rapid heartbeat. She grabbed some hand lotion from the bedside table and applied it to my excited penis. The excitement I felt as she stroked my rod was greater than any I had produced myself, and I could only squirm and moan with pleasure.

As her strokes got faster, I started thrusting into her hand. With her other hand she was raising and lowering my balls in time with her strokes. My mind was racing, and I felt more pleasure than I had felt in three years of self-abuse. As I was trembling with excitement, she made a fist around the top of my dick so that just the tip was exposed. She then rubbed the tip with the palm of her other hand, and I screamed out as my penis got harder and longer than it had ever been and my balls tightened up into my body. I had never felt such intense pleasure before, and my back was arched, and every muscle in my body was rigid. When I could stand it no more, she vigorously pumped my cock with both hands and I had the most intense orgasm of my life! My load shot all over my chest and onto my face, and I tasted my own come for the first time.

As I sank down onto the bed, I now noticed that Meg's nipples were very erect and the crotch of her bikini was soaking wet. I reached up and released her bulging tits, and as she climbed on the bed, she pulled off her now drenched pants. We then went into kissing and rubbing that made me realize my teenage sex with other girls had been so limited. I sucked on her nipples, and my face was lost between her tits. My hand was down and exploring my first cunt with excitement. I probed every hot spot until I hit a spot that drove her crazy. As I rubbed her clit, she moaned and had several orgasms. She could take it no more and turned me on my back and slowly mounted my rock-hard cock. As she lowered herself onto my virgin cock, the feeling of my penis slipping into her wet pussy was wilder than my best fantasy while jerking off. We began thrusting and

WHEN SOMEONE GIVES YOU CUTTY SARK, BE GENEROUS AND GIVE A LITTLE BACK.
CUTTY SARK
750 ml (25.4 fl.oz.)
CUTTY SARK
750 ml (25.4 fl.oz.)
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD LONDON
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland under British Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORP., N.Y., N.Y.

moaning, and the pleasure was great. She started to moan in another orgasm, and as her cunt tightened around my member, I shot my load and thrust my penis into her as far as it would go. My young cock stayed as hard as ever, and we had several more rounds before we stopped and were worn out.

Though I was finished with the original painting job, Meg convinced her mother that more of the house should be painted. I have had many more lessons from Meg and don't think I will get the same pleasure from masturbation alone again.—*Name and address withheld*

Let the judging begin

I would like to tell you about an experience I had recently. I am a junior in a small, midwestern college. I was getting it on quite frequently with a young nymph who belonged to a special sorority. When I say "special," I mean special. These girls are known for having wild orgies and sex contests. Anyway, one day she called me up and invited me to a party the sorority was having. I said fine, that I would be over at eight. I arrived about 15 minutes early, so I wasn't surprised to see no one. Cindy, my girl friend, was wearing a see-through blouse, and I couldn't keep my eyes off her luscious melons. My cock was growing harder by the minute, and she could sense it. She grabbed my fully hardened rod and rubbed it through my pants. My ten-and-one-half-inch dong was bursting through my zipper.

Then Cindy shouted out, "He's ready, girls." Then seven beautifully naked girls came streaming into the room. They pulled me from the couch and pushed me into a room they called the Judgment Room. I was then stripped naked, and my huge prick stood at attention. The president of the sorority then told me why I was there. She said I was selected for their annual stud contest, and I was being judged tonight. I started rubbing my hard cock and said, "Let the judging begin." She said that to win this contest, you must pass some rigid tests. I said, "I'm willing and ready." She said to lie on the padded floor and masturbate myself to orgasm in less than ten minutes.

All the girls circled around me as I grabbed my rod and started jacking it. My hand was a blur, and my prick started to ache, and I could feel my semen rising from my balls. I started shaking as the girls cheered me on, and I shot my wad so hard it hit a lovely blonde right on her beautiful tit. I had passed the first test. My cock remained hard as the girls prepared for the next test. Lee, head of the sorority, told one of the girls to lie on the floor and spread. Lee told me I had ten minutes to bring her to orgasm. I immediately fell between her legs and started to lick her wet snatch. I continued to eat her for about five minutes. She moaned with pleasure. I knew she was ready to come, so I rammed my long, hard cock into her hot cunt. After the fifth stroke, she went wild and came in an uncontrollable frenzy. Lee said, "Very good. I think you're winning so far."

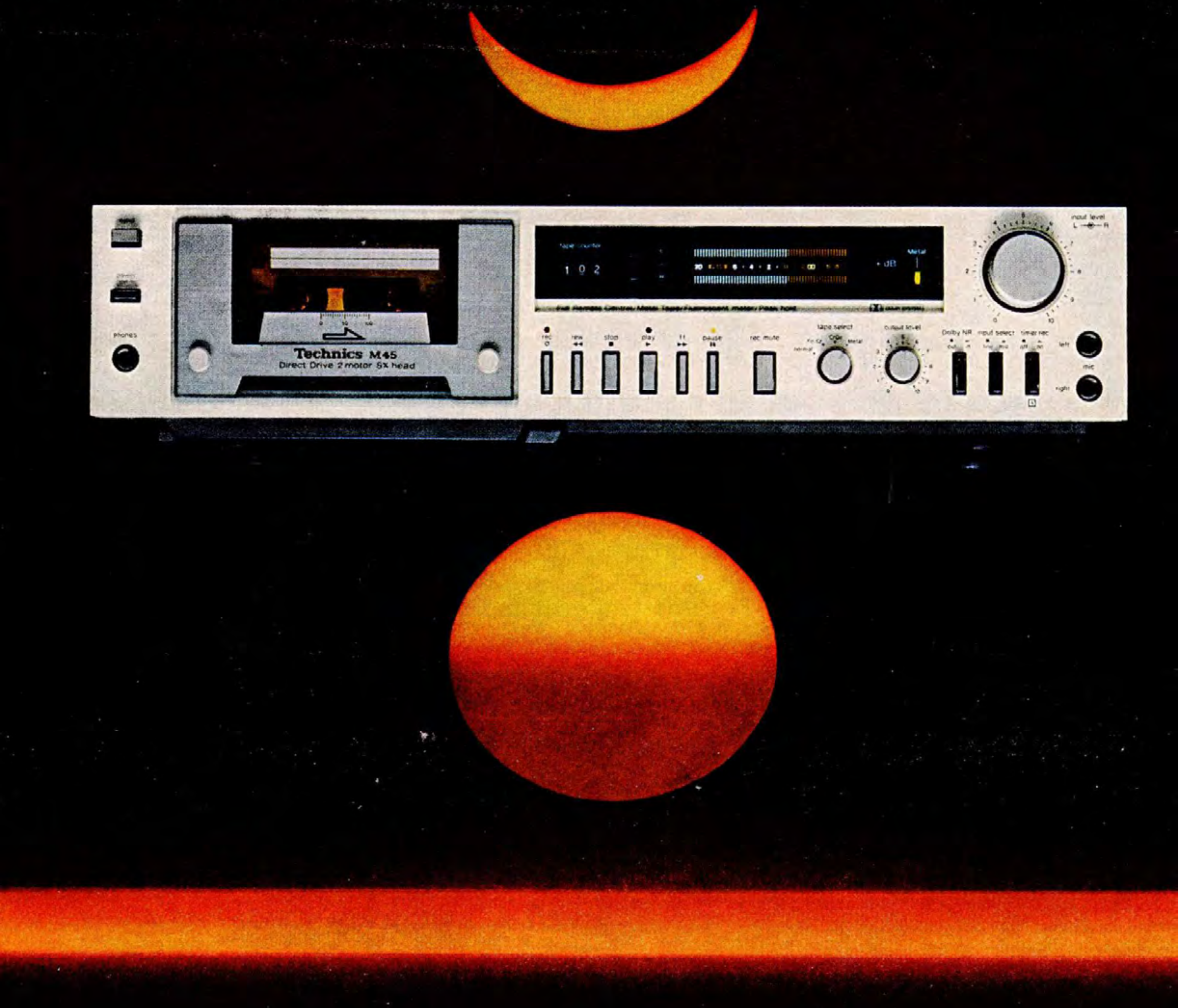
For the next test I was strapped down on all fours. I said to myself, "What next?" I watched as all the girls lined up at the closet. They each started to put something on around their waists. They were each wearing strap-on dildos. They were each at least 12 inches long. I knew my virgin ass was in for a gangbang. I said, "What the hell, it might be fun." Lee instructed one of the girls to rub some baby oil into my ass. I felt a hand back there and said, "What do I have to do this time?" "Nothing!" said Lee. "Me and the girls are seeing if we like your ass." I also felt something at my tight bung hole. I screamed when someone plunged into my ass hole. The pain was immense for the first five minutes. Then the pain turned to pleasure. I gasped when the dildo was moved deeper into my anus. I said to the girl riding my ass, "How much is up my ass?" She said, "About ten inches." I then asked, "How much hole do I have left?" She said, "I don't know, but I'm going to find out."

After that I felt the dildo sliding in farther and farther. Then the girl said that she had run out of dildo. She couldn't believe it. She said, "He took all of it with no trouble at all." She started stroking the huge thing in and out of my ass. I was meeting her thrust with a thrust of my own. She fell off, and another girl jumped on. I started having orgasm after orgasm. Each time they were longer and more intense. I couldn't believe the number of times I came in a two-hour period. It must have been about ten times. Every girl fucked me in that period, and I wasn't ready to stop when they did. I couldn't believe how anal sex caused so many really fantastic multiple orgasms. I'm hooked on anal sex, and since I won the contest, the girls give it to me anytime I want it.—*Name and address withheld.*

"You're sure you've got the right book?"

The best birthday present

It was my twenty-first birthday, and I wanted it to be really different from all my others. None of the others ever seemed to turn out very well. I had no idea at the time that I was trying to think of what to do, just what was in store for me. It was a Saturday. I got up early, 'cause it was a beautiful day. I made some breakfast, then went down to the pool for a few hours. As I walked back into my apartment, the phone was ringing. It was Laurie (she lives downstairs). She asked me if I was dressed. I told her I had just come back from the pool. I still had my bikini on. She said, "Well, that's good enough. I have someone I want you to meet." Before I had a chance to say another word, she had hung up. I couldn't imagine who in the world she was talking about. Then here she comes walking through the door.


Technics M45
Direct Drive 2 motor SX head
phones
tape counter
1 0 2
Metal
rec
rew
stop
play
ff
pause
rec mute
tape select
output level
Dolby NR
input select
timer rec
input level
left
mic
right

This Technics direct-drive tape deck records with the accuracy that made our turntables famous.

Everyone knows what Technics direct drive does for performance and accuracy in our turntables. That's why 73 of the top 100 radio stations that use turntables use Technics direct drive. Now, for only $330 (Technics suggested retail price), you can record your cassettes with the accuracy of Technics direct drive.

That says a lot about the RS-M45. So do its FG-servo DC direct-drive capstan motor, 0.035% wow and flutter, and the world's only cassette deck with a limited three-year warranty on the motor. (Limited two-year warranty on deck: parts & labor—with carry-in service & proof of purchase. See the warranty card for details.)

Equally impressive are the RS-M45's solenoid controls. They not only make switching from one mode to another simple and accurate, they also put minimal strain on the tape-transport system.

Just as special are the RS-M45's FL VU meters with auto-peak-hold reset. They're fast, electronic and highly accurate. And with our SX record and playback heads, you'll hear the increased frequency response (20 Hz - 20 kHz) and extended dynamic range of metal tape.

The RS-M45 isn't your typical $330 cassette deck. In fact, when you consider performance, features and warranty, it's one of a kind. And that's very typical of Technics.

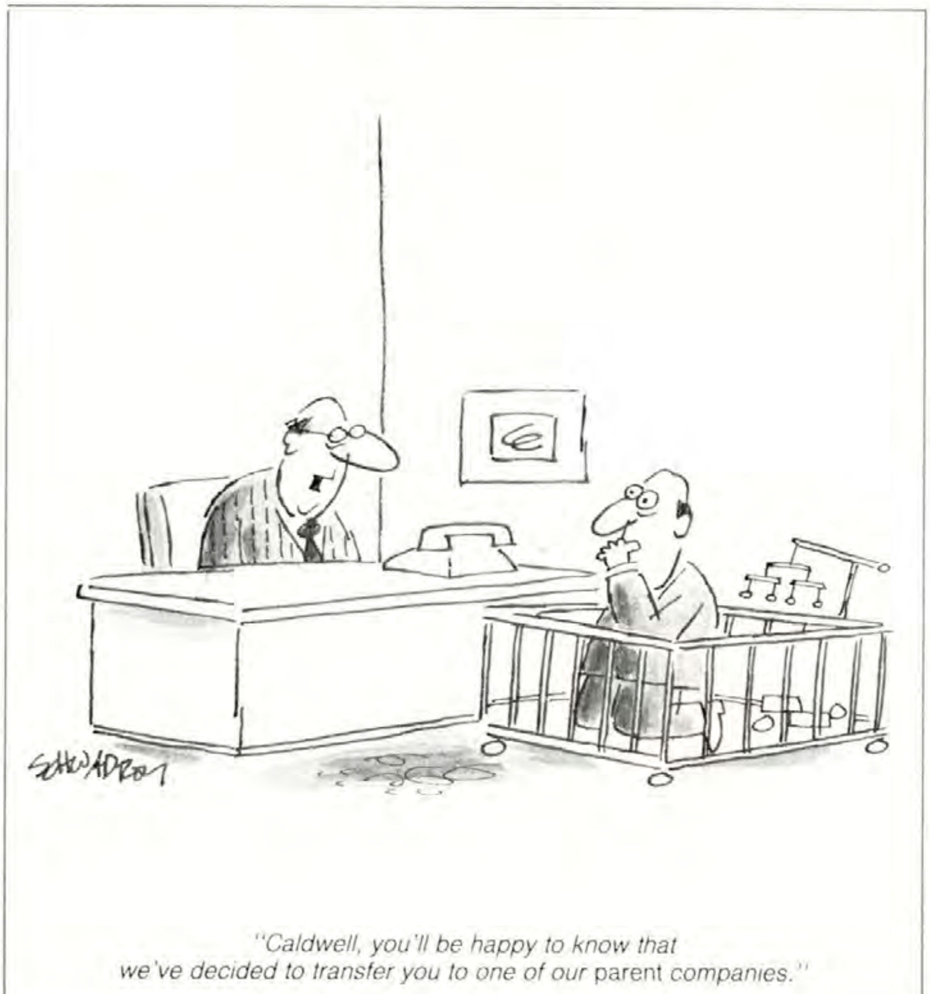
Technics
The science of sound

"Lisa, this is my brother, Jeff. He just flew in from L.A."

This guy could've knocked me over with a feather. I mean, he was fantastic. He's about six feet tall, with beautifully styled hair, and built like every fantasy you could ever have. Bulges and muscles everywhere you look, and to top it off, he has the greatest tan and blue eyes you've ever seen. I finally realized I hadn't even invited them to sit down. I felt awkward just standing there with my bikini on. I said, "I'm gonna go put some clothes on real quick." Jeff gave me a sexy smile and said, "You look just fine to me. Sit down. I've been very anxious to meet you. Laurie keeps telling me you're the perfect girl for me, and so far I agree." By now I was totally embarrassed and realized this guy says whatever is on his mind.

He said, "Laurie tells me you like to get high sometimes. Do you all wanna smoke a little green?" We both said sure. I was hoping it would help me relax some. Boy, did it ever! We all seemed to be talking up a storm after about 20 minutes. He was telling me about his job, his apartment, and friends. After an hour I felt like I knew him well. Around 1:00 P.M. Laurie said she had some things to do. As she walked out the door, she slyly said, "I hope you're ready for one wild and great birthday," then laughed and shut the door. I turned to Jeff and said, "What is she up to?" He smiled and said, "Let's just take it slow and find out." We listened to some music, did a few more bhangs, and talked our asses off. It wasn't till he said something about it that I noticed I was still just in my bikini, and not a very big one at that. I got up and said I was going to change. I walked back to my room. I didn't even think to shut the door. I was pretty high, but I felt great. By the time I thought of it, I had already slipped out of it.

When I turned toward the door, he was sitting on the couch, just watching with a very sexy look. This guy looked sexy anyway. It would've been kind of stupid to shut it now, so I left it open. It was turning me on to have this guy I just met sitting and looking at me naked. I yelled out and asked if he minded if I took a quick shower. He said, "Do anything you like." As I stepped out of the shower, I saw that my clothes and all the towels were gone. I walked out into my room, still dripping wet and oily from baby oil. Jeff was spread out on my bed with just his pants on, and they were unsnapped but zipped. He very cutely said, "You lose something?" I stood there and looked at him. Damn, he looked even better without a shirt! I started wondering what his cock looked and felt like. I stepped over beside the bed and asked to see the towel. He sat up on the edge of the bed right next to me. My nipples were so hard, and I was getting even wetter between my legs. He ran his hands up my legs, hips, and waist, then up to my nipples both aching for his touch.



"Caldwell, you'll be happy to know that we've decided to transfer you to one of our parent companies."

When he touched me there, I was gone. My heart and cunt were both pumping. He said, "Since today is your birthday, I thought I would give you the biggest and best thing I have." Believe me, I knew exactly what he was talking about. He stood up and told me to lie down. The silk sheets felt really good. Then he told me to put my arms behind my head. Then he slowly spread my legs. I never took my eyes off his crotch. His bulge pressed against his pants so hard I thought they would pop. Finally he slipped them down. He had the greatest-looking cock I had ever seen. It had to be at least seven inches long and fully erect. He reached down and wiped his hand along the inside of my thighs to get some oil. Then he stood there, rubbing it onto his cock. I was turned on to the max by now. He didn't seem to be embarrassed or afraid to do and say what he wanted, and I loved that. He kneeled on the bed and brought his delicious cock right up to my waiting lips. He wouldn't let me touch it with anything but my lips. I licked him all around. Then he pushed it deep in my throat. This went on for like 30 minutes.

Then he went down to my very hot and wet pussy. He seemed like he could so everything at once. All at one time he was slipping his tongue in and out of my cunt. He was rubbing my clit with one hand and playing with my nipples with the other. I mean this was incredible. After a while I was having one orgasm after another. All of a sudden he got on top of me and thrust his long, hard cock as far up in my pussy as it would go. We just kept fucking every way possible: him on top, me on top, lying sideways, from the back, every way! I thought he would never wear out, which was just fine by me. But finally he did, but not for long. Within an hour he was ready again. He was the best lover by far I had ever been with or even heard of. It was definitely the best birthday present I ever got. Guess where I'm going on my vacation! To L.A. and into Jeff's *waterbed!—Name and address withheld*

Cinema class

Let me tell you what just happened to me this summer. My pants aren't even dry yet!

I've just started going to college, a big Southern California university. It's the first time I have been on my own, so I was really looking for some fun. The only problem is I don't have a lot of money, and neither do my folks, so I've been living with my sister and her husband. Naturally, with my luck, I met this really neat chick in school. She has a beautiful California tan and blonde hair and is 36-24-35. Of course, she lives at home, and her folks make her stay in every night to study, because last year when she had her own place, they came over one Sunday morning and found her in the sack with her boyfriend. We managed to do a lot of ass grabbing and tit-tweaking around campus, but we were dying to do more but couldn't. I have

Cellini.
The first really new men's fragrance since Brut.

FABERGÉ
Cellini
FOR MEN
FABERGÉ
Cellini
FOR MEN
COLOGNE
150 ml/5 FL. OZ.
FABERGÉ
Cellini
FOR MEN
AFTER SHAVE
100 ml/3.3 FL. OZ.
FABERGÉ
Cellini
FOR MEN
COLOGNE
100 ml/3.3 FL. OZ.
FABERGÉ
Cellini
FOR MEN
SOAP-ON-A-ROPE
NET WT 5 OZ.

An exciting fragrance experience created in Italy by Fabergé.
For lovers of life everywhere.
Cologne, After Shave & other giftables.

no car, and she has a Triumph Spitfire, so fucking in her car was out. And daytime was impossible in anyone's apartment.

Then one day she showed up with this funny smirk on her face and said, "Let's go see the movie in the cinema class." It was some dumb film made by students, and I didn't want to see it, but I thought we could play a little stink-finger in the dark, so I went. The school has a very nice new theater.

We went in and sat down. But as soon as the lights went out, she got up and pulled me by the hand and said, "Let's go, but be quiet and move *fast*." We went to the front of the theater to the right of the curtain and just behind it. As the movie began, there was enough light to see a ladder. She went up the ladder, and I followed her. Above, over the stage, was a giant wide catwalk of steel. It was about 50 feet long and 10 feet wide. She took off her heavy, long coat (now I knew why she had brought that) and laid it down on the rough metal. She slid out of her jeans and T-shirt. Her body was sensational in the half-light. "Are you going to listen to the movie or fuck me?" she said. I began kissing and sucking her breasts. First, we sort of sat so that I could play with her pussy while she jerked me off. Then she sat on my lap, facing me, with her legs around my waist. While still massaging my penis, she slowly slipped it into her hot pussy. How she managed to do it I don't know, but she kept two fingers massaging me. "If we move too much," she said, "someone might hear." So she only moved her ass a little but kept her fingers busy. I couldn't believe the pleasure—those long fingers working up and down my prick while her pussy contracted and slid just a little. "Rub my clit," she said. I rubbed her and very soon she rubbed me, and we came together.

After that we put on our clothes and got back to our seats between the end of the credits and the time the lights went on. We have managed to go there a few more times, and until I can get an apartment and she can go out at night, we will have our own private love nest in the theater. If I sign my name, I'll get us both kicked out of school.—*Name and address withheld*

Slow news nights

I'm a female disco-jockey (jockette) at a small country-western radio station—the only female among a virtually all-male staff. Since I'm a rookie, I got stuck working the late-night hours with a guy (Mark) who hasn't much more seniority than I. Since we're in a small town, not much happens in the way of news. However, Mark and I have invented ways to keep ourselves from getting too bored on the slow news nights.

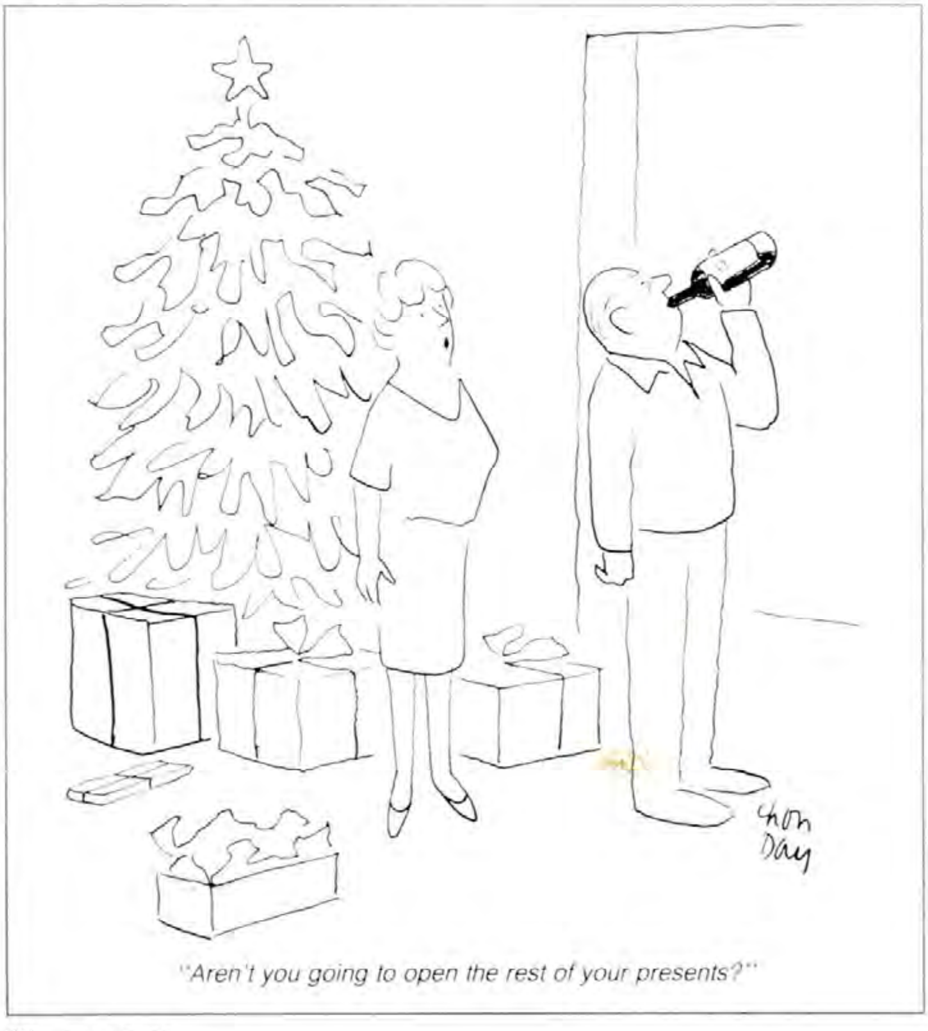
Being the only two in the studio was rather uncomfortable at first, so we started breaking the ice by trying to make each other laugh when the other was on the air . . . very good practice in discipline! After a while I began to sense that our attempts at being funny, such as the "nose-press-against-the-window," were losing their effect. Yet I couldn't resist the challenge of tying to make Mark goof up on the air. Finally an idea came to me, and I couldn't wait to try it out.

I came into work the next night with a white blouse on that hugged my braless tits until my nipples popped out and a pair of jeans so tight that Mark couldn't help but notice my round, inviting ass! I waited until he was in the middle of a weather report before slipping into the studio. When he laid eyes on me, I could tell immediately that they weren't all he wanted to lay on me. As Mark stumbled through the evening forecast, the temperature (among other things) in the studio rose rapidly. I was mildly satisfied with the results of my surprise, yet I still felt compelled to really drive him wild.

While Mark was in the newsroom, ripping copy off the teletype for a major newscast, I was in the studio, ripping off my jeans and blouse for a major fantasy. I then crawled underneath the studio desk in nothing but my lacy pink panties. When Mark stood at the microphone, I found myself at eye level with an already protruding cock! Little did he know that he'd be receiving the best lesson in speaking discipline that he'd ever get!

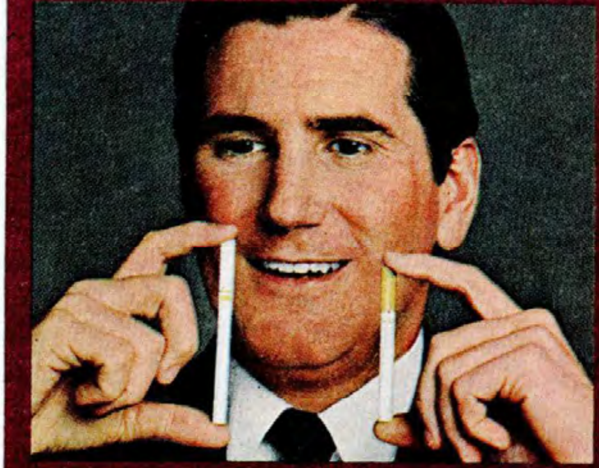
I waited until Mark got well into his newscast, so I knew that he'd be my captive victim. I then reached up and let my finger glide up one of his thighs and down the other. From the way he jumped, our listening audience must've thought he was emotionally involved in the news story! Mark received another shock when he saw me sitting at his feet almost nude. The newscast continued . . . rather shakily, in fact. Mark had to turn the microphone down a bit to keep it from picking up the sound of his zipper as I undid it. Out popped his huge, throbbing rod. It reminded me of a microphone, and when I whispered to him if he'd like me to "mouth his mike," his hips began to rotate. Right in the middle of a newscast, the announcer was getting a juicy, hot blowjob (and the audience thought he was just excited about the news!). Although Mark was rushing through the report and faint grunts began to become intermixed with the shaky update, I must admit his discipline was much better than mine would've been!

As soon as Mark blurted out the last story, he threw on a record, dragged me out from underneath the desk, and pushed me against the wall. He wasted no time in getting my already soaked panties off and then plunged inside me—all before remembering to turn the microphone off. Some listeners must've been wondering what was going on, because the phone lines started lighting up, but Mark just proceeded fucking me to the beat of the music until he was ready to explode. As he



"Aren't you going to open the rest of your presents?"

A third less tar
than the leading filter 85



Longer, yet lighter

Pall Mall Light 100's	10 mg. tar 0.8 mg. nic.
Leading filter 85	16 mg. tar 1.1 mg. nic.
Lowest brand less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.	

20 FILTER CIGARETTES
PALL MALL
LIGHT 100's

PALL MALL LIGHT 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

IMPORTED
Seagram's
1857
Seagram
V.O.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

There are over 3000 imported whiskies in America. Only one can be the best-seller. That's V.O. There's a reason why.

Taste!

More V.O. is bought than any other imported distilled spirit in America. More than any Scotch, Canadian, Rum, Gin, Vodka, Tequila. You name it.

VO

shot his hot come inside me, he leaned over in the direction of the mike and let out an ecstatic groan. Our listeners must've realized what was happening by now and hung up.

Since then Mark and I have been surprising each other with various discipline exercises while, at the same time, entertaining our horny listeners.—*Name and address withheld*

Special Delivery

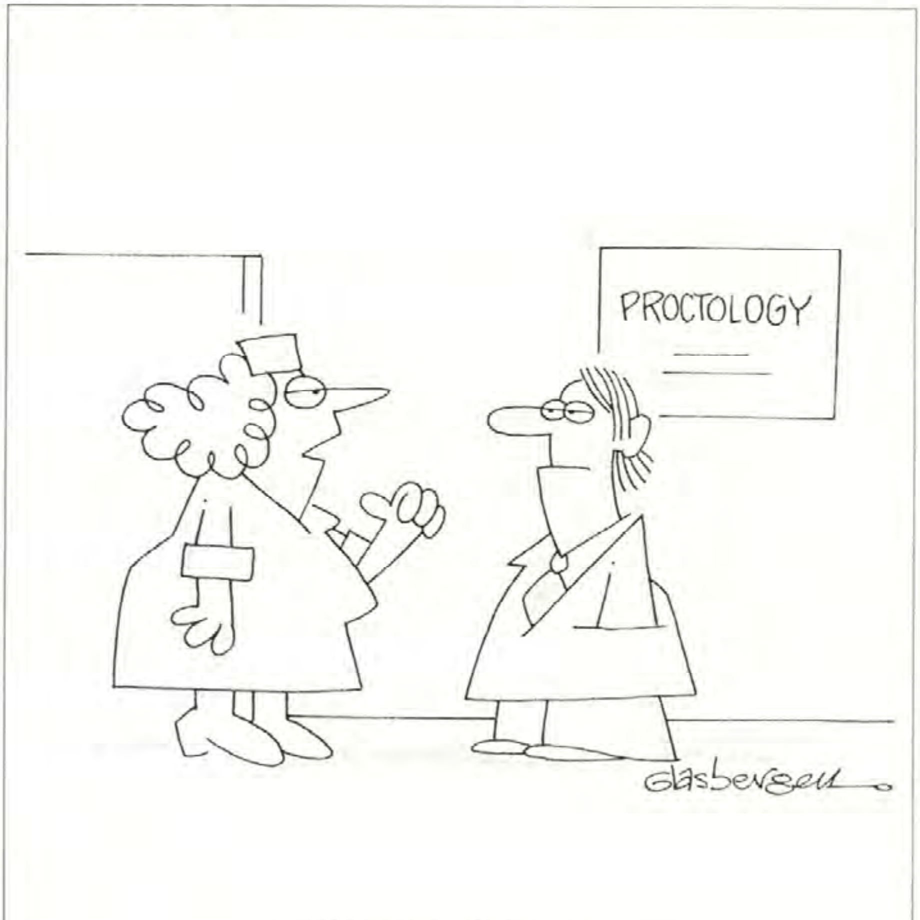
I'm a 21-year-old male who lives in an apartment in a small town in New Jersey. I've been reading *Penthouse* for three years now, and I have been eagerly waiting for a chance to write to "Forum."

The part of town that I live in does not have a mailman but a "mailperson" that is very attractive. She is about five feet nine inches tall, with short blonde hair and big, beautiful, rounded breasts. I had never spoken to her until one day after work, when I had just gotten out of the shower. When the doorbell rang, I threw a towel around my waist and went to answer the door. I opened it, and there she was with a package for me. She said that she had been trying to deliver it to me all day, but I wasn't home.

I invited her in and told her to have a seat on the sofa; by this time there was no hiding my hardened cock under the towel, so I went into the bedroom to put on a pair of pants. A few seconds after I was in the bedroom, she walked in. I noticed that she had left a trail of clothes from the sofa to the bedroom, and now all that she was wearing was a pair of panties that were designed like a mailbox. She walked over to me and took the towel away from my waist and exposed my hardened cock, which was ready to burst. She put her hand on my balls and started to squeeze. I almost came right on the spot, as she continued to massage my balls and cock while I was kissing her 38-inch tits.

Then she asked me if I would like to get into her mailbox. Of course I accepted the invitation. I started to put my hand down her mailbox panties when she grabbed it and said that I couldn't use my hands. She said I could only use my mouth. So I got down on my knees and started to maneuver my tongue around the crotch of her drenched panties. When I finally did get in, I found the most beautiful cunt-lips that I had ever laid my lips on. She also had the biggest blonde bush that I had ever seen. After I had dined on her cunt for a while, we got into bed and she gave me the best head of all my sexual experiences. I thought she was going to swallow my balls! If her mouth hadn't been over my cock when I came, I would have wet the ceiling. We continued to fuck several times during the night, and each time it got better and better.

The next morning I told Lee that that night had been the best night of my life. She said that it was the best she had ever felt. Ever since that night Lee has often had a "special delivery" package for me. I hope that all of Madison changes to "mailpersons" so more men might have the same experience that I had.—*Name and address withheld*



"It's that time of year again. Another patient with pine needles up her ass."

An active verb denoting motion

I am writing this letter to your well-read column because I believe I encountered a situation familiar to many of your readers. It involves the relationship between you and your best friend's girl. Or, if you are female, it would apply to your best friend's husband or lover. I am relating my experience with the hope that it will help you solve, or at least alleviate, this sticky problem.

My weekend date and I have been spending lots of time with my good friend Ed and his steady girl friend, Nina—sailing, swimming, and drinking. It seems I've been switching girls frequently because they just don't compare favorably with Nina. She is a wholesome, outdoor woman who laughs and flirts with everyone while wearing revealing, skintight clothes or bathing suits that certainly attest to a great body.

Last week my friend Ed attended a seminar in San Francisco, and he asked me to deliver a bunch of roses to Nina at her apartment. It was her birthday, and they were a surprise from Ed. I fortified myself with a couple of drinks because my imagination wouldn't stop fantasizing about what might happen between us, even though my loyalty and long friendship with Ed would make any romantic involvement speculation only.

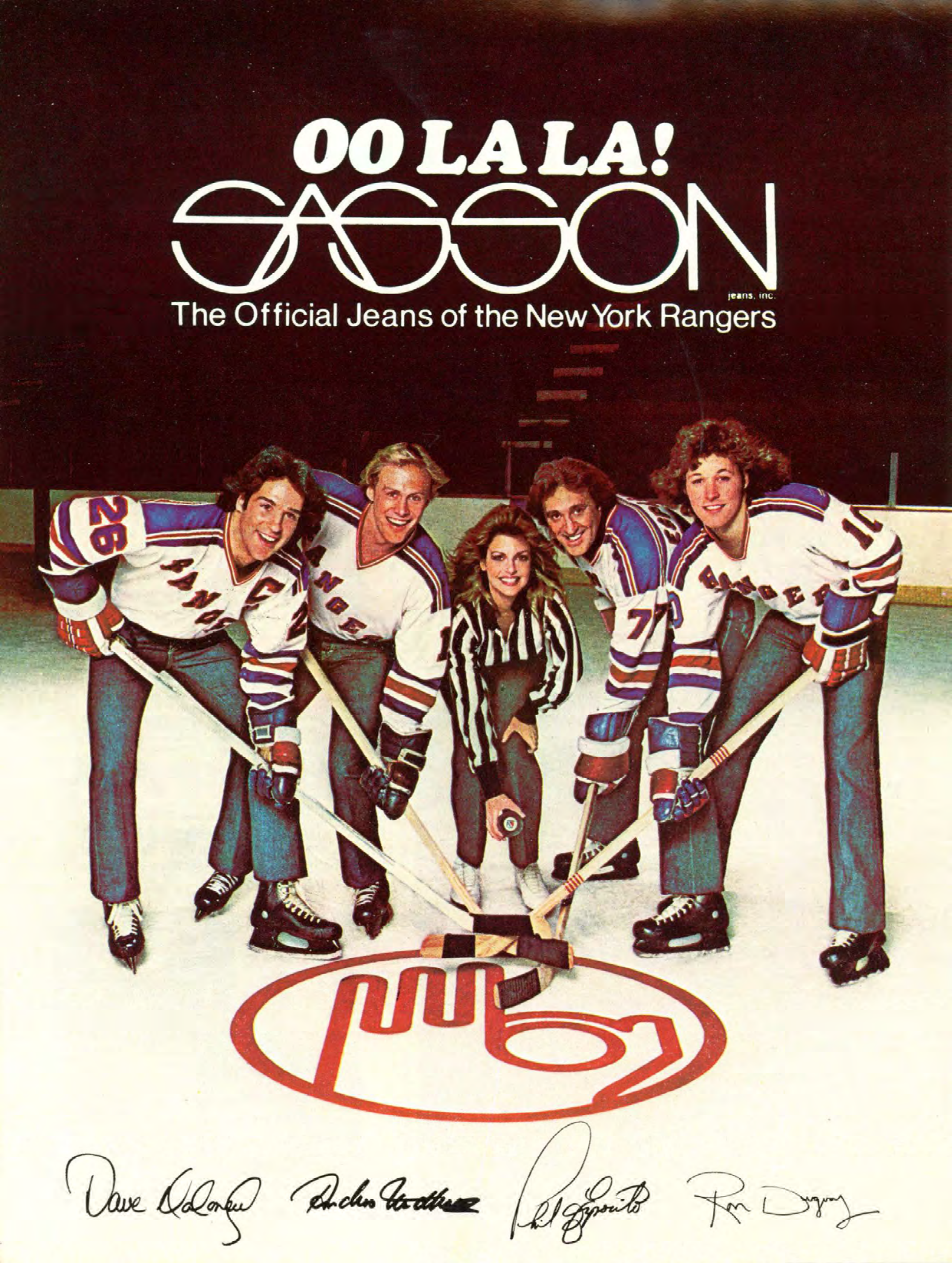
Since it was a surprise and now nearly 10:00 P.M., she greeted me unceremoniously in a flimsy "Baby Doll" shorty nightgown. Although she was wearing a half-bra that emphasized her bulging boobs, I could see the bottom of her cute, naked ass peeking out from the lace border of her nightie. She seemed concerned about her scanty outfit, but I could see the roses and my close friendship with Ed seemed to dispel any doubts about my intentions. I'm glad she didn't notice the undisciplined bulge between my legs.

Nina arranged the flowers in a vase, kissing them all the time and murmuring how much she loved Ed. I fixed myself a strong drink, not bothering with ice, relaxed on the sofa, and asked her how old she was today.

"Why would you want to know that?" she said. "Because I want to know how many times to spank that white, bare ass of yours," I kidded back.

Instead of laughing my remark off, she answered thoughtfully, "Well, I suppose since my real daddy thinks I'm too old to spank anymore, and Eddie's out of town, you'll have to do the honors."

With that remark she lay across my lap and pulled her nightie up around her neck, exposing her bare, round buttocks. "I'm twenty-three today," she said playfully.


OO LA LA!
SASSON
jeans, inc.
The Official Jeans of the New York Rangers
RANGERS
26
77
Dave Maloney
Anders Hedberg
Phil Esposito
Ron Duguay

I took a deep breath and began slapping her naked ass with much the same kind of pressure that my rock-hard cock was applying to her creamy thighs from the other side. After several stinging whacks, I spread the cheeks of her buttocks with one hand and gently, but teasingly, trailed my fingers along the entire crack of her ass. I reached her pink, puckered ass hole and gingerly inserted my middle finger. She instinctively started revolving her butt and then she suddenly reached around and drove my finger even deeper into her secret opening. My spanking had made her giddy with passion.

She gave a little moan and rolled off me onto the carpet and said coyly, "Since you spanked me, you are part of my birthday celebration, and you must give me a special present, too."

"I don't have any roses," I responded hopefully.

"I've been dying for weeks to fondle that circumcised prick of yours and rub it all over my tits and nipples," she confessed. "As long as you don't actually screw me, I don't feel I'm being unfaithful to Eddie."

"It seems logical to me," I reasoned as I jumped out of my trousers and released my upright cock. Her eyes expanded as she stared at my member, and then she leisurely cupped her breasts and pinched her nipples while making a sucking noise with her tongue. She knelt over me on the sofa, and with her hands on each side of her gorgeous tits, she stroked and massaged my cock between them in long, seductive motions. It was as if my prick had a life of its own and it couldn't believe the ecstasy it was feeling. Finally, she carefully opened the eye of my penis and inserted a hard, erect nipple. She then opened and closed my cock opening on her nipple as she moved it in and out. I couldn't control myself any longer, and I shot my sperm over her breasts. Her nipple had actually jacked me off!

As long as I had Nina in a receptive mood, and I could sense she was desperate for an orgasm without feeling guilty about Ed, I suggested another proposal.

"Nina, it has always been my contention that the word *fucking* is an active verb denoting action or motion."

"So, who's arguing with that?" she responded. "The more movement the better."

"Well, if I insert my penis in your cunt very slowly until it's in all the way," I ventured, "and then left it inside without moving it as much as a fraction of an inch for one full minute, then I don't believe I would really be fucking you, and both our consciences would be clean."

She reflected a moment and then shook her head. My heart dropped. "You're probably right, but I don't think I could control my body from moving with your lovely penis buried in my snatch." She had a good point. I supposed I could tie her down, but I wasn't into that sort of game, and besides, I was too anxious now to postpone the inevitable.

"I'll tell you what," I said, "I'll slip it in real slow, and if you move or create any friction against my cock, I'll draw it out, put it back in my pants, finish my drink, and leave."

"No matter how much I beg you to screw me?" she asked.

I promised her faithfully. I propped her behind in the air with a couple of pillows and draped one leg over the back of the sofa and the other on the floor. I was treated to a beautiful view of her moist pussy lips.

My quivering cock, which was hard again and searching for more thrills, slowly penetrated her opening. It proceeded gently up the vagina, encountering velvetlike friction as it brushed against Nina's clitoris and rubbed along her sensitive walls. She began whimpering and tossing her head. "Oh, God, it feels delicious!"

I finally had my penis in all the way, so I froze every muscle and began counting. "One, two, three—" When I reached ten, she slowly, almost imperceptibly, began to hump her behind.

I slapped her ass firmly and warned her, "One more movement like that and I'm pulling out." I counted 20, and I could see the sweat popping out of her forehead and her teeth clamping down on her lower lip.

© 1980 Lever Brothers Company

Tell her what you want.

This Christmas get into the cool fragrance of Denim.® Ask her for a sensational Denim gift set. It might help make this Christmas very exciting.

DENIM
Cologne And After Shave
DENIM
Cologne And Soap

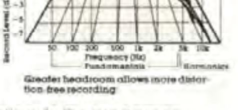
DENIM
For the man who doesn't have to try too hard.

The Tape Guide

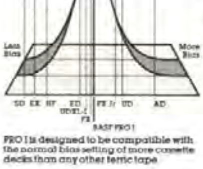
Professional·I. The one tape that stands up when you crank it up.

BASF
BASF
90
professional·I
normal (norm) position

Premium ferric oxide tapes have more headroom which allows higher maximum recording levels (MRL). Among all premium ferric oxides PRO I has the best MRL for loud recordings. Uniform maghemite particles provide increased headroom for very accurate and loud recordings with virtually no distortion. In the fundamental music range (20Hz-5kHz) PRO I can be recorded louder and driven harder than even high bias tapes. PRO I is the internationally accepted reference tape, whose bias point is specifically matched to the Type I/normal/ferric position on today's high quality cassette decks.



Greater headroom allows more distortion-free recording



PRO I is designed to be compatible with the normal bias setting of more cassette decks than any other ferric tape

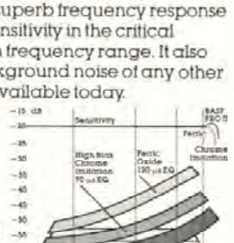
Professional·II. The world's quietest tape puts nothing between you and your music.

BASF
BASF
90
professional·II
chrome/high (CrO₂) position

High bias tapes consistently provide wider frequency response and less tape noise (hiss or background noise) than any other tape type. Among premium high bias tapes PRO II is in a class by itself. It is the second generation chromium dioxide tape with superb frequency response and outstanding sensitivity in the critical (10kHz-20kHz) high frequency range. It also has the lowest background noise of any other competitive tape available today.

The pure chromium dioxide particles in the PRO II, unlike ferric oxide particles, are homogeneously shaped and universally sized to give this tape superior performance

PRO II will capture the many subtle harmonics of the most demanding recordings and play them back with the reality and presence of a live performance. PRO II is the tape for the Type II/chrome/high bias position that comes closest to Metal tape performance for half the price.

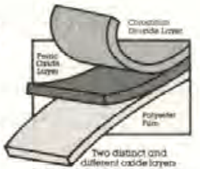


PRO II has the best high frequency sensitivity and the least background noise of any high bias tape

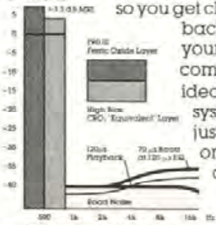
Professional·III. The only car tape that eliminates the car.

BASF
BASF
90
professional·III
ferrichrome (FeCr) position

Ferrichrome tapes combine the benefits of chromium dioxide and ferric oxide tapes for superior performance in car stereos. The top layer is pure chromium dioxide for unsurpassed highs and low background noise. The bottom layer is ferric oxide for superior lows and great middle frequencies. And it also gives you higher recording levels, so you get clearer, louder playback without cranking up your volume control to compensate. PRO III is the ideal tape for car stereo systems and performs just as well in the home on the Type III/ferrichrome position.



Two distinct and different oxide layers for "extra bright" playback in car stereo systems

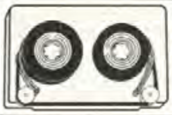


PRO III provides a higher maximum recording level (MRL) than high bias tapes, and effectively boosts the highs to overcome road and car noise

---

GUARANTEE OF A LIFETIME

"The guarantee of a lifetime."
All BASF tape cassettes come with a lifetime guarantee. Should any BASF cassette ever fail—except for abuse or mishandling—simply return it to BASF for a free replacement.



Patented "Jam-Proof" Security Mechanism (SM)."
SM All BASF tape cassettes come with our exclusive SM—Security Mechanism. Two precision arms actually "guide" the tape in a smooth, exact and consistent track, so that winding is always even, no matter how often the cassette is played. SM puts an end to tape jamming.

BASF

Crosby Drive, Bedford, Massachusetts 01730

VIA Ventura

Take a vacation from ordinary luggage.

Ventura's unique Hangaway and Zipaway carry-ons make extraordinary traveling companions. Both are liteweight, classically styled, spacious and convenient. And both are superbly crafted of sturdy Cordura nylon, the new space-age fabric, and trimmed in harness belting leather. Models from $225. to $97.50 from the Ventura Lite Breeds Collection.

Ventura.
The Intelligent Solution.

Sold exclusively at the finest department and specialty stores throughout the world. For literature, write: Ventura, Dept. PNT, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

"Am I allowed to talk?" she cried.

"Thirty-five," I counted as my prick tensed and quivered deep inside, threatening to unload. "Go right ahead."

"Your cock is not as long as Ed's," she revealed, "but it feels hotter and more alive. I just know it wants to fuck me right now."

"Fifty-five," I muttered, as I felt the perspiration travel down the crack of my ass. This is some kind of torture I have devised, I thought, but mixed with the pain is a sexual pleasure I never experienced before. You might call it extreme sexual anticipation stretched to its extreme limits.

I reached 60 and began slowly withdrawing my penis.

"Thank God," Nina wailed, as she started shaking and bucking her butt up and down violently. As I continued my easy exit, she was consumed by a shattering orgasm. This was too much for me, and I hurriedly pulled my cock out just in time to shoot my second load over the outside of her body. Nothing on the inside.

Nina and I had done the impossible. I had entered her vagina with my penis, we had both climaxed, and yet we had not fucked, and she had not been untrue to Ed. Best of all, I had not fucked my best friend's girl.

We celebrated Ed's return the following weekend in our usual manner. We danced a little more dreamily and drank a little more than necessary, and my date, as usual, didn't quite compare with Nina, but it was a joyous group. I asked Nina whether she had been sleeping well, and she said, beaming, "Just like an innocent babe."

So you see, *Penthouse* readers, there is a way.—*Name and address withheld*

Fringe benefits

I go to college in southern Illinois and as of last semester worked as a bartender in one of the most popular bars down there. The job kind of stinks because we get minimum wage and no tips, but the fringe benefits make it all worthwhile.

I'm not too bad-looking, if I do say so myself, so I can get my share of the chicks that come into the place. There is always some cute piece that would spend the night with me if I feed her full of free drinks. But one night things were a little different.

The first in are always guys. Tonight was no different. Fifteen guys walk in, and I'm trying to be as nice as I can stand to them. Well, in walk these two chicks that could peel the paint off my '68 Mustang. They come in, see all the guys staring at them, and sit down right in front of my station.

The blonde, who had a so-so face and body but a set of jugs on her that wouldn't quit, real big and firm, with no bra hiding the two big flints poking out through her T-shirt, introduced herself as Bee and her friend as Donna. I unglued my eyes from Bee's massive chest and said hello to Donna. Her bright, blue-eyed glance met mine, and she smiled, dazzling me with her straight, white smile. I continued to pan down, taking in her small, pert breasts, trim waist, rounded hips, and thin, jean-clad legs. I looked back up and said hello again. They both laughed.

After they ordered, I brought back their drinks (two Tom Collinses, almost all gin) and told them to forget the money. Bee gave me a little wink. She asked me if I would protect them. I looked around to find 20 to 30 guys now standing around the bar, leering at Bee and Donna. I told them not to worry, that I would take care of them.

Well, I did. Bee and Donna never once paid for a drink. They stayed right in front of me, and I kept feeding them straight gin. Eventually it was time to close. The girls were still there. I told them the boss said everyone had to leave.

"I thought you said you'd protect us," Bee said, quite numbly by this time.

This was it, I thought. I told them to wait for me at the late night pizza joint right across the street until I was done cleaning up. I finished fast and met them there. When I got there, they ran up and hugged me, Bee grabbing a big handful of my ass. I suggested we go to my place because I had some great coke that was just asking to be snorted, and my roommate was out of town.

When we got there, I wasted no time in breaking out the stuff. After we all got enough, I lit up a roach and opened up a beer (I had to catch up, right?). Bee excused herself and went to the john. As I sipped on my brew, I tried to strike up some kind of conversation with Donna. She was pretty drunk and pretty shy. It was like pulling teeth. I figured that maybe she didn't like me or something.

Suddenly I heard the bathroom door fly open. I almost spit out a mouthful of beer when I saw Bee's huge knockers shaking naked in front of me.

"Put on some music," she said, running to the stereo, "I want to dance."

She pushed the coffee table away and began bumping and grinding her huge, blonde bush of dripping pubic hair in my face. She jiggled her giant breasts just beyond my reach. Then she reached out, unzipped my fly, and pulled out my seven-and-a-half-inch prick, leaving it lying in my lap. Then she turned around and stuck her ass into my face. I immediately started licking Bee's sopping cunt. She was moaning in a shattering orgasm when I felt someone pulling off my jeans. I looked out from Bee's dripping snatch to see Donna, naked, tugging at my pants. I helped her by lifting up, and she grabbed my throbbing cock and shoved it deep into her gorgeous mouth. As she deep-throated me, licking and sucking like a starving infant, Bee spun around to push her huge tits in my juice-covered face. Donna was licking my balls with her slick, shapely tongue as she pushed her index finger into my ass

Why Frye?

No one has been able to duplicate our unique Frye look.

Our men's boots are bench-crafted by skilled hands. They aren't rolled off the machine assembly line.

They never will be.

Quality.

Since 1863, Frye has been another name for quality.

It always will be.

That's because we're proud of the personal attention we give to details. In fact, at Frye, personal pride in the finished product is the rule, not the exception.

Style.

No one creates trends in men's boots like Frye. Classic. Western. Casual. And no one has been able to duplicate our unique Frye look.

Our styles may change, but our quality and craftsmanship will always remain the same.

The best.

For a free color brochure of Frye boots, clogs, handsewns, accessories, and leather care products, write to us.
JOHN A. FRYE SHOE CO.
Dept. B-12, Marlboro, MA 01752.

FRYE®
CLASSIC QUALITY SINCE 1863.

hole. I moaned into Bee's tits, making her, in turn, moan with delight. This was Donna's signal to take my shaft back in her mouth and suck me as hard as ever. She was like an animal lapping at my pulling erection while Bee began grinding her dripping cunt into the back of Donna's neck. I broke loose from Bee's suffocating balloons and let out a scream as I shot load after load of hot jism down Donna's elegant throat. Donna ate up the gooey treat without missing a drop. Then, suddenly, Donna flipped over, grabbing Bee's hips and pushing her furry bush onto her rapidly moving tongue.

I sat up on the top of the couch to watch the show. Bee sat down on Donna's face. Bee's eyes rolled backwards in her head while her tits bounced in front of me. I reached out and mashed those monstrous mounds together until her nipples became as hard as rocks. I shoved my semierect penis into her gasping mouth, pushing it to the hilt. Bee gagged at first, then started sucking like a pro. Both girls were soon shaking with orgasmic delight—Bee from Donna's expert licking, Donna from her own expert finger.

I was ready to sit back for a breather and a beer when Donna broke away from Bee's musky snatch and pulled me on my back on the floor. She positioned herself over my glistening spear and jammed it deep into her back hole. Then she started to buck up and down my shaft—stopping just before the blood-gorged head, then slamming back down to my sperm-filled balls.

She kept yelling, "Fuck me. Fuck me, Dave. Fuck my butt hole. Please, Dave, fuck me harder. I'm coming!"

She had three fingers jammed up her flowing cunt and was bucking like a mechanized bull. Then she squeezed her eyelids tight and leaned way back, shaking her legs with the spasms that were rocking her luscious body, and then fell onto the floor in what seemed like a coma.

Bee quickly jumped from the couch (and another line of coke) and ran to my straining cock. She pointed it at her gushing gash, rubbing the head on her half-inch clit, then placing it into her hot hole. Slowly she lowered herself down the full length of my salami, flopping her jugs in my face and smiling. We enjoyed a leisurely fuck, Bee sliding her tight pussy up and down my dick while rotating her pelvis in an erotic circular motion, driving me nuts. This had been going on for ten minutes or so when Donna woke up and got a 12-inch vibrator from her purse, pushing it into her neatly shaved cunt. Bee picked up her rhythm when she saw Donna squirming on the floor next to us. She reached up and began kneading her giant breasts together. She was pumping faster and faster as I started to feel the semen come up from my rocks. She was putting bruises on her tits as she got an earth-shattering orgasm causing me to jet my juice deep inside her quivering love tunnel.

Just when I was coming down from that incredible fuck, Donna got up and pulled me over to her. This time she took my hand and stuck it in her wet box. Then she pushed the vibrating tool up her ass.

"Do it. Do it!" she screamed as Bee lay down in front of her, positioning her vagina under Donna's waiting mouth. Donna started in again as she increased the rhythm on her backside. Then Bee pulled me around so she could get at my limp prick. But it wasn't limp for long. She sucked my member into her sweet mouth, licking the head as it went in and nibbling on it lightly with her teeth. I kept working my fist into Donna and screwing the 12-inch dildo back and forth while Donna lapped furiously at Bee and Bee gnawed at me. This must have gone on for about half an hour until all three of us finished in a simultaneous orgasm.

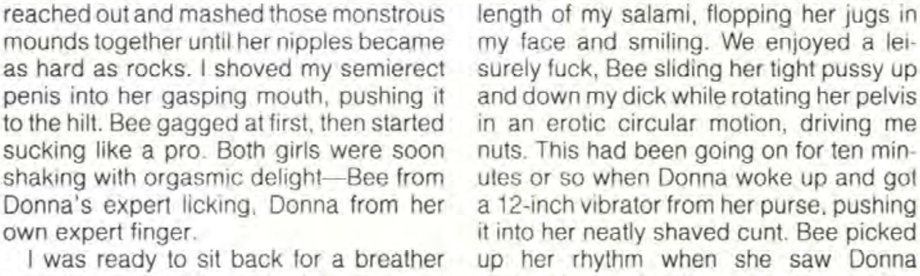
I think I rolled over and fell asleep to the sounds of the stereo needle on the label and Donna's cunt-lapping, but I really don't remember.

I do remember waking up the next day, late for work, the girls gone and a big grin on my face. From now on I'm never going to ignore the shy chicks that I meet.—*Name and address withheld*

Magic man

I am one of your *Penthouse* "Forum" fe-

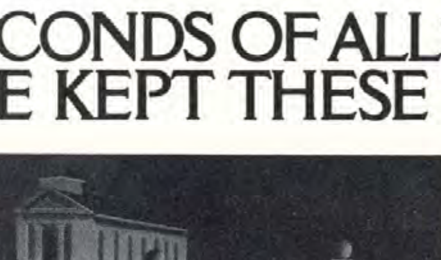
20 SECONDS OF ALLSOP 3 COULD HAVE KEPT THESE TAPES ALIVE.



How many times have you seen your favorite tape eaten up… mangled beyond repair? And you probably cursed the tape and your cassette player.

No more. Now you can attack the primary cause of tape damage with a revolutionary new kind of non-abrasive audio cassette deck cleaner called ALLSOP 3.

ALLSOP 3 thoroughly removes oxides and other residue from your cassette deck's head, capstan and pinch roller—the parts responsible for top sound quality and smooth tape flow. When pollutants coat these parts, poor performance and tape damage result.


NON-ABRASIVE FELT PAD CLEANS CAPSTAN AND PINCH ROLLER.
NON-ABRASIVE FELT PAD SCRUBS DECK HEAD

Simply moisten the ALLSOP 3 cleaning cassette with special-formula ALLSOP 3 cleaning solution. Insert into your deck as you would a regular tape. Press the "play" button and two separate non-abrasive felt pads go to work, one cleaning the capstan and pinch roller, the other the head with a patented cleaning action.

20 to 40 seconds is all it takes to keep your cassette components clean…20 to 40 seconds that could mean life- or death- to your tapes.

LOOK FOR THE ALLSOP 3 DEMONSTRATION WHEREVER AUDIO PRODUCTS ARE SOLD.

ALLSOP 3™

ALLSOP, INC.
P.O. BOX 23, BELLINGHAM, WA 98225 (206) 734-9090

METAXA
QUALITÉ SUPÉRIEURE
PIRAEUS - GREECE
ESTABLISHED
1888
GRAND PRIX
SAN FRANCISCO 1915
METAXA
METAXA
A GREEK SPECIALTY LIQUEUR
PRODUCT OF GREECE
NATURAL CARAMEL COLOR ADDED

In Greece people want to do just one thing: Everything.

People in Greece play all night long. Yet, in the light of day, they work at building empires. Metaxa comes from this exciting country where every moment is cherished. Have it on the rocks, neat, mixed, or the way people in Greece do: Every way.

METAXA®
The Glory That Is Greece

84 Proof. Imported by Fleischmann Distilling Co., New Hyde Park, N.Y.

male readers and have been for quite some time. I have never felt as though my sexual encounters were as fantastic as ones I have read about. This past summer I happened upon a very special sexual experience I would really like to share with your readers.

I am an 18-year-old hairdresser, and my magic man is 21. I have known Charles for a little over two years. He is a college student. He plans to become a lawyer. He is a very sexy, intelligent, and polite young man who knows what he wants out of life. He is approximately five feet ten and a half inches, weighs about 135 pounds, has very wavy brown hair and brown eyes.

Charles called me up one weekend and invited me to go to the show with him. We went and had a great time. He asked if he could kiss me, and I replied by doing so to him. At first I felt awkward, but this feeling quickly faded. We went and shot some pool after the show, and then he took me home. I told him that I had had a wonderful time and would really like to do it again sometime.

The next week he called and asked me if I wanted to go to the Chicagofest with him. I accepted, gladly hoping that our relationship would progress to being more than just friends. We went to the Chicagofest and had an excellent time. The whole time we were discovering how much we were drawn to each other. After the Chicagofest we went to his house, hoping there would be a party there, although I think both of us had other things on our minds.

To our surprise, everyone was sleeping, which left us alone at last. We had agreed to rub each other's back earlier that night, so now we had the opportunity to do so. I got a glass of Amaretto on ice and lay down on his king-size water bed.

I began to rub his back, as he removed his shirt, kissing as I rubbed. We drew closer and began caressing each other's excited body slowly. He asked me if he could "make it" with me. How could I refuse a warm, loving person like Charles? I couldn't. We slowly removed our clothes and embraced each other's naked body. He sucked and nibbled on my breasts as he softly ran his fingers across my now soaked pussy. He began kissing and licking my stomach and thighs. I pulled him close as he placed his warm mouth and racing tongue in my throbbing pussy. I was so excited I couldn't stay still. I asked him to turn around, and I put a good four inches of his beautiful erection into my mouth and began sucking wildly. We moved together in perfect harmony. I came so many times I didn't think I would ever stop. This was nothing compared to what I felt as he placed his rock-hard cock into my quivering love canal. As we moved together, I felt the closeness I had always dreamed of sharing with a man.

We made love all night and into the morning. We showered, had breakfast, and he took me home. I saw him during the week and hoped to spend the next weekend with him. Saturday I treated him to dinner, and we went up to Connecticut to see some friends and have a few drinks. After the bars closed, we went to our friend's apartment. The two couples retired to their rooms, which left us alone on their comfortably large couch.

We lay down, and he got situated with his face between my legs. He licked and sucked my juices passionately. Then we made soft, slow love till morning. We drove back to Boston, had breakfast, and returned to bed.

We slept about four hours and woke up in each other's arms. I began kissing his beautifully tanned body all over. I placed his erection in my mouth and began sucking and licking tenderly. I asked him to come in my mouth. He said he had never done it before, and I told him I had never asked anyone to before. I sucked and caressed him until he yelled, and his warm semen entered my mouth as I swallowed gladly. It felt so good to give him the great pleasure he had given me.

He then buried his face in my pussy and produced the best orgasm I ever thought possible. We proceeded to make love slowly and softly as the afternoon became evening. We had dinner and returned to his water bed for the rest of the night and into the next day. We had had Cokes with

5900Z
DIGITAL SYNTHESIZER DC STEREO RECEIVER
103.9

THE DREAM RECEIVER BY SANSUI

There's never been a feature and a performance package like the Sansui 5900Z Stereo Receiver. The 5900Z features fool-proof, push button synthesized digital tuning with frequency indicated both on a digital readout and by an LED indicator along an analog type dial. With touch button volume control and LED peak power level indicator, 12 pre-set station memory, and a dependable, powerful DC-Servo amp, the new Sansui 5900Z is designed and built with a loving logic that can be seen, touched and heard.

Visit your Sansui dealer and see all of the wonderful Sansui "Z" receivers. And expect great things. That's what Sansui's dreams are made of.

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.
Lyndhurst, New Jersey 07071 • Gardena,Ca. 90247
SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan
SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A., Antwerp, Belgium
In Canada: Electronic Distributors

Sansui

75 watts/channel, min. RMS, both channels into 8 ohms, from 20-20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.03% THD.

LOOKS GREAT ON THE ROAD. EVEN BETTER DOWN THE ROAD.

To Subaru, an economy car is only economical if it stands up year after year.

As good as our mileage is, spending less at the gas pump is no bargain if you start spending more at the garage.

28
EPA EST. MPG.*
40
EPA EST. HWY.*

In a study of people who actually own a Subaru, Road and Track Magazine called our car: "one of the most trouble-free cars we've surveyed."

That makes Subaru the economy car it pays to hold on to. Long after it's paid for.

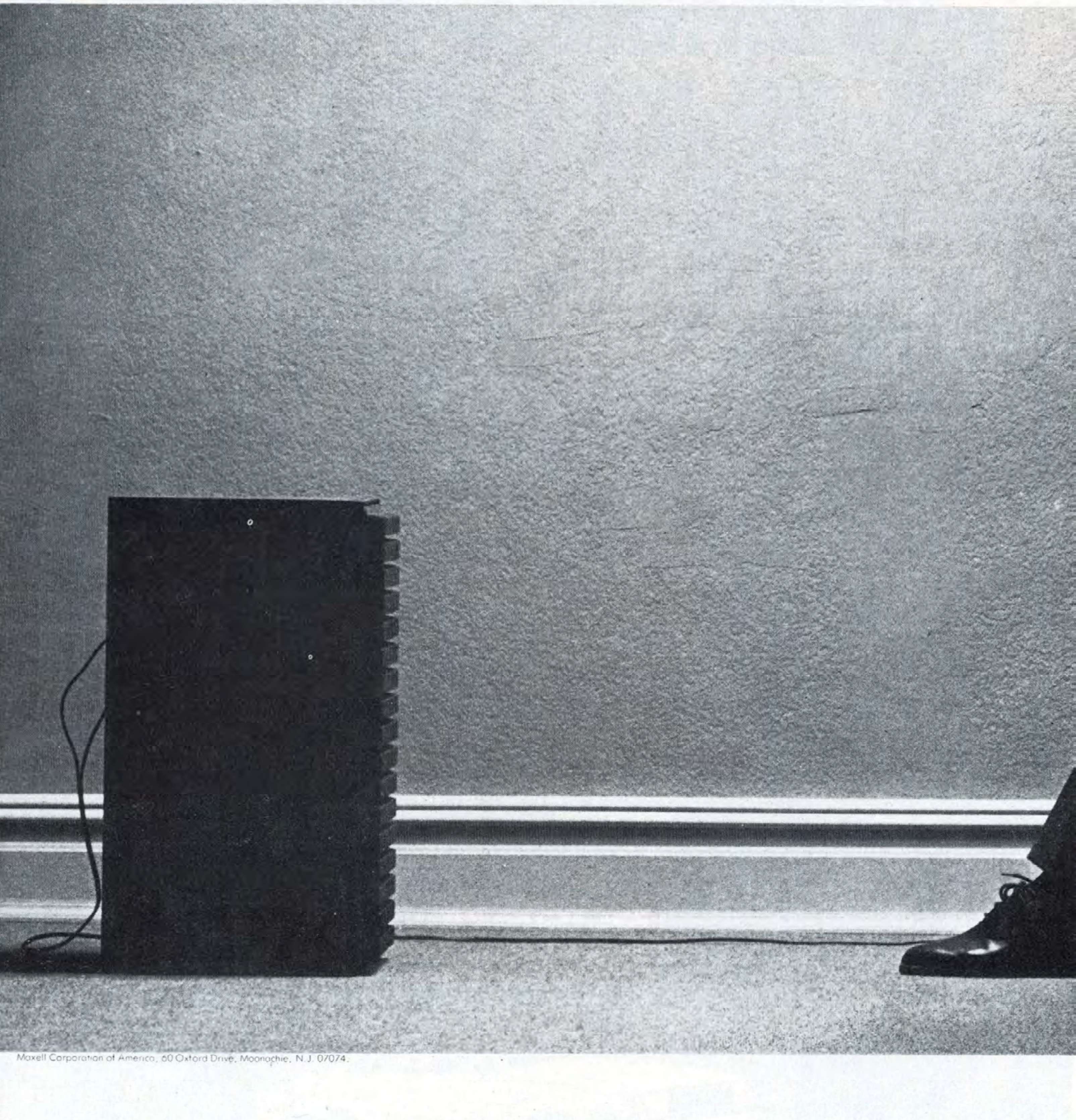
SUBARU®
INEXPENSIVE, AND BUILT TO STAY THAT WAY.

---

*1981 EPA ESTIMATES FOR OUR GLF HARDTOP 5-SPEED. USE ESTIMATED MPG FOR COMPARISONS. YOUR MILEAGE MAY DIFFER DEPENDING ON DRIVING SPEED, WEATHER CONDITIONS AND TRIP LENGTH. ACTUAL HIGHWAY MILEAGE WILL PROBABLY BE LESS.

©SUBARU OF AMERICA, INC. 1980.

AFTER 500 PLAYS OUR HIGH FIDELITY



Maxell Corporation of America, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

TAPE STILL DELIVERS HIGH FIDELITY.

If your old favorites don't sound as good as they used to, the problem could be your recording tape.

Some tapes show their age more than others. And when a tape ages prematurely, the music on it does too.

What can happen is, the oxide particles that are bound onto tape loosen and fall off, taking some of your music with them.

At Maxell, we've developed a binding process that helps to prevent this. When oxide particles are bound onto our tape, they stay put. And so does your music.

So even after a Maxell recording is 500 plays old, you'll swear it's not a play over five.

IT'S WORTH IT.

our supper, and there was still ice in the glasses. He took a piece of ice into his mouth and began rubbing it all over my pussy. We kissed and fondled each other as we made love again before falling asleep totally drained.

We arose the next morning, feeling exhausted but wanting our bodies united. We sucked and kissed each other's body for a while before he placed his swollen cock inside of me. I put my legs around his shoulders to get the deepest penetration possible. I screamed for him to love me, and he did. Each time we made love it was better than the time before. We finally got out of bed and showered, and I sucked his clean, hard cock willingly. We got dressed, had lunch, and he brought me home. I am now relating this beautiful experience to you.

I feel as close to what real love is as I have ever felt. Not just because of excellent sex, but because I felt beautiful and very happy just to be with him.

My magical man is leaving in four days to go back to college. I know and understand that he cannot make any commitment to me, and I don't expect him to. The two weekends we spent together were very special and unforgettable. I hope to pick up where we left off when I see him again. If it doesn't work out, I will always remember August of 1980 as my first real experience of love with a man who is only out to please his woman any way he can.

This hairdresser will be waiting for Charles to return to his hometown, whenever that may be. Charles, if you're reading, remember me often and come to me anytime at all when you need someone who needs and loves you wholly. I will be waiting and saving my love for you and you only. Who knows what the future has in store for those who wait patiently?—*Name and address withheld*

A most perfect Mrs. R.

A few weeks back I was invited to spend a weekend with an old high-school friend who moved away soon after graduation. Nick was still living with his parents and his two younger sisters in order to save money while he went to college. He assured me that his family would be as happy to see me as he was. I wasn't too sure of that then, but after that weekend I know at least one member of the family can't wait until I return.

When I arrived at Nick's *very* upper-middle-class house, I was surprised to find only Nick's mother waiting for me. She let me know that Nick was still at the library, finishing up a term paper, and that Dad and the two girls had gone to an afternoon movie. She graciously offered me a brandy Manhattan (which I quickly accepted) and a comfortable chair, and we started talking about old times.

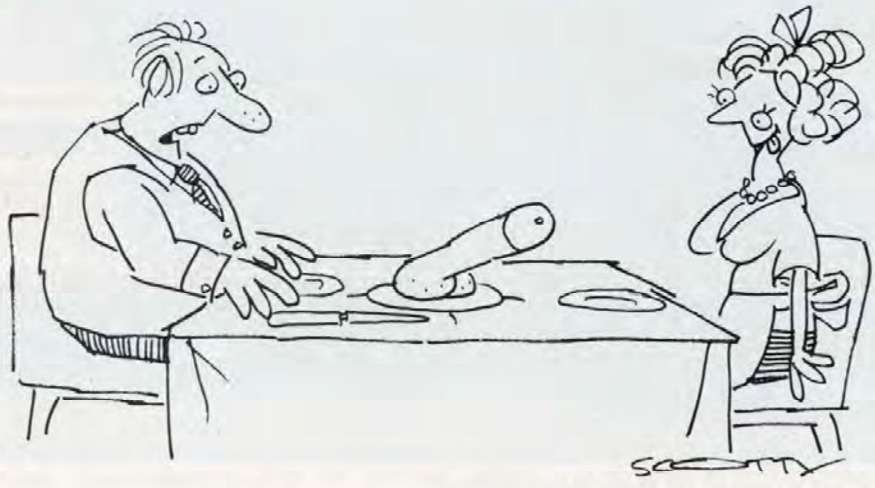
As she sat on the couch across from me, I once again realized how exquisitely beautiful Mrs. R. truly was. Married at the tender age of 18 (according to my mother), she's now only 39 or 40 years old, with short black hair, well-chiseled facial features, an outstanding set of tits, very shapely legs, and a surprisingly small, tight ass. She's also an incredibly fashionable (and often sexy) dresser. On this day she had on a knee-length red velour dress with long (but tasteful) slits up the front and back, seamed stockings, and spaghetti-strapped high heels. She was dazzling.

As we talked, I noticed Mrs. R. had the appearance of one who had had several drinks before I arrived; you know, that sort of glassy-eyed, contented look. She told me how very much she had missed me and my family and the old neighborhood and just about everything else in her old hometown. Fortunately, she was talking so much I had plenty of time to observe that each time she put her hands on her uncrossed legs, she inched her dress up a bit more on her thighs.

Soon it was to the point that, with the slit in her dress, I could clearly see the silky tops of her gartered stockings. Not only that, but at various times in our one-sided conversation, she would reach down and massage her calf or pull on her stockings as though she were trying to straighten them or smooth them out. Soon I couldn't help it—my gaze was permanently fixed on her legs and half-exposed thighs.

Quite unexpectedly, she interrupted a sentence to ask me what I was staring at. I apologized and said I was just daydreaming, but she responded, "Maybe it's these stockings. I try so hard to keep the seams straight, but it's such a problem. Would you be a dear and check to see if my seams are straight?" As she said this, she stood up and turned around, leaving me staring (actually "gawking") at her slim calves and those delicious high heels. I didn't know what to say. She waited a few seconds, then turned her head slightly and said, "Well, maybe you can't tell with so little of my legs showing. Here, does this help?" I practically creamed my jeans as she grabbed the bottom of her dress and slowly lifted it until it was above her waist. There before me, fully exposed, were the two most glorious gams I'd ever beheld sheathed in those sexy, sheer, black seamed nylons, which were pulled taut by a red lace garter belt. She also wore a pair of red lace bikini panties that hardly covered anything at all, exposing most of her small, fully-rounded cheeks. My hard-on nearly burst my zipper. "Well," she said, "are they straight?" Not one to pass up a golden opportunity, I replied that maybe they could use a bit of straightening. Then, as if it were a film script, she said, "Why don't you come over and straighten them for me?"

I actually trembled as I walked over to her, her back still facing me, her dress still hoisted, her legs now spread slightly farther apart. I knelt down and starting at the ankle of her left leg, I glided my hands up



"What happened to the marzipan pig we usually have at Christmastime?"

COMFORT
SOUTHERN COMFORT

EVERYONE NEEDS A LITTLE COMFORT®

There comes a time when we all want to sit back and get comfortable. And there's no better way than with the fine, easy taste of Southern Comfort.

Inspired in the 1800's in old New Orleans, this world famous liquor is delicious straight, on the rocks, or mixed any way you like it.

It's one of the real comforts of life.

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Send gifts of Southern Comfort anywhere by phone. Call toll-free 800-528-6148 charge to major credit cards. Offer void in states where prohibited. Southern Comfort Corp., 80-100 Proof Liqueur, St. Louis, Mo. © 1980

LIVE THE LIFE YOU CHOOSE
Acqua di Selva
The European Classic
Acqua di Selva
COLOGNE
Acqua di Selva
COLOGNE
VICTOR
VICTOR
Available At Fine Stores
VICTOR OF MILANO, LTD. PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19144

her stockinged appendage, my lips kissing a path up the seam for my hands to follow. When I got to her thighs, I kissed her stocking top and lightly sucked on her garter and then tongued and licked my way up the rest of her thigh to her wonderous derriere. Amazingly, Mrs. R. just stood there, softly moaning with delight for sure but still just standing there. After straightening the seam in her right nylon in the same way, I realized that I had to give my dick some relief before it choked itself in my tight jeans, so I unzipped my pants and pulled out my rock-hard penis. I then mumbled that I thought her nylons would be straighter if her bikini panties weren't in the way. She pantingly agreed, so I unhooked her stockings, slid her panties off, and then carefully gartered her stockings back up again.

Then I told her, a bit more boldly, that if she put her legs together, I would have a better look at how straight I'd gotten the seams in her hose. When she brought her legs together, I inserted my pulsating prick between them and then buried my face in the scrumptious crack in her ass. I slid my dick in and out of her nyloned calf sandwich as I tongue-fucked her ass and as much of her cunt as I could reach from my rear-end position. Her moist pussy juices literally flowed down my chin as I set my tongue at full throttle.

Seeing my eight-inch cock gliding between her legs and feeling my talented tongue inside of her was too much, even for Mrs. R. She turned around and pulled my face into her dripping fur box while once again surrounding my dick with her lovely legs. I ate like mad as she bucked and shook with what seemed like one orgasm after another. My dick was making pretty good time, too, gliding between those hosed wonders of hers. Suddenly Mrs. R., apparently exhausted and satisfied, stepped back and sat on the lush sofa. To my utter delight, she said she wanted me to lie on the sofa so "I can blow you." I quickly lay down, my ass on her lap, and in no time her head was bobbing up and down on my swollen tool as one hand gently jerked the shaft of my dick and the other caressed my balls. She let my shaft slip from her juicy lips just once, and that was to tell me that she wanted to swallow a mouthful of my come more than anything she'd ever wanted.

I was just ready to oblige her with more than she could swallow when we both heard the sound of the automatic garage door. We both realized, I guess, that if I shot my load now, we'd never be able to clean up the mess in time, so she squeezed my cock as tight as she possibly could. That certainly did the trick. I was actually in pain as I stuffed my prick back into my jeans and sat back in my chair with my Manhattan. Mrs. R. rushed out of the room, not forgetting to grab her panties as she fled.

No sooner had she gone than Mr. R. and the two girls stepped through the front door. Rather uncomfortably I got up to greet them, finding their greeting to be warm and friendly, though hardly as friendly as Mrs. R.'s had been. I let them know that Mrs. R. had just gone upstairs to powder her nose, and then Mr. R., a notoriously heavy drinker, and I sat down with our drinks. (He had made himself one as soon as he got through the door.)

A short while later Mrs. R. returned, and my old buddy Nick came home. We all decided it would be fun to go out for a big meal and a few more drinks, so we changed into some dressier clothes and headed out for a nearby supper club. Mrs. R., by the way, had changed into an even sexier outfit: a formfitting, low-necklined tan dress with long slits up both sides, seamed tan hose, and very high high-heeled slip-ons. The dress perfectly outlined her impressive breasts and her small, well-rounded tush. Mr. R. nudged me as we were getting in the car and commented on how great the "old lady" looked after three kids and 20 years of marriage. I agreed.

When we got to the supper club, Mrs. R. made a special effort to sit next to me. I soon realized why. As soon as we were seated, she slipped off her right high heel and, hooking her stockinged foot behind my leg, began massaging my calf. The sensation was so enjoyable I had a hard time keeping my mind on the conversation and even let out small gasps once or twice. However, I really gasped when I took a peak at Mrs. R.'s lap. She had gathered the top flap of her dress between her legs, exposing her creamy stocking-topped thighs. She quickly used the table cloth to cover herself whenever the waitress came near.

Not being too strong in the temptation department, I couldn't resist tactfully slipping my hand under the table to rub and caress those silken thighs. I realized how dangerous this all was with Nick and the old man right across from us, but my throbbing dick got the best of me. I slid my hand even closer to her pussy until it was clear to me that Mrs. R. didn't have any panties on at all. I pulled my hand away slowly and then turned to Mrs. R.; she was lightly smiling at me.

A minute later, responding to a small nudge from Mrs. R.'s foot, I looked down to see that she had now worked the bottom half of her dress over her waist, leaving her bare, wondrous bush staring me in the face. She readjusted her dress when a waiter neared, but that sight sent fireworks through my cock; I thought for sure I'd provide my dinner guests with some hot cream sauce for their main dishes.

The meal (and my hard dick) lingered on, Nick and his old man swilling down the mixed drinks like they were water, and Mrs. R. doing everything in her power to drive me wild. Both Nick and his dad were pretty tanked by the time we left, so Mrs. R. drove us home.

Make sure you're serious.

Before you even consider buying a Jeep Cherokee, make sure you're serious. Because there are plenty of choices out there, including Broncos and Blazers. But only one is born of the rugged Jeep legend. And we consider Cherokee the best sports utility vehicle available in America today.

That's a pretty big statement for *any* vehicle to back up. But Cherokee doesn't back away from a little healthy competition.

Its 4-wheel drive system is built in from the ground up, not added on. It has an integral steel roof, not plastic. It comes in 2-door *and* 4-door models, unlike its biggest competitors. And 95.8% of all Jeep vehicles registered in the last 10 years are still in operation today†. Nobody can match that record.

A serious off-roader is more interested in what a vehicle can do once its wheels start rolling. Here's how Pickup, Van & 4WD experienced Cherokee's performance; "Climbed at little more than an idle. Although deeply rutted...the hill was no problem."

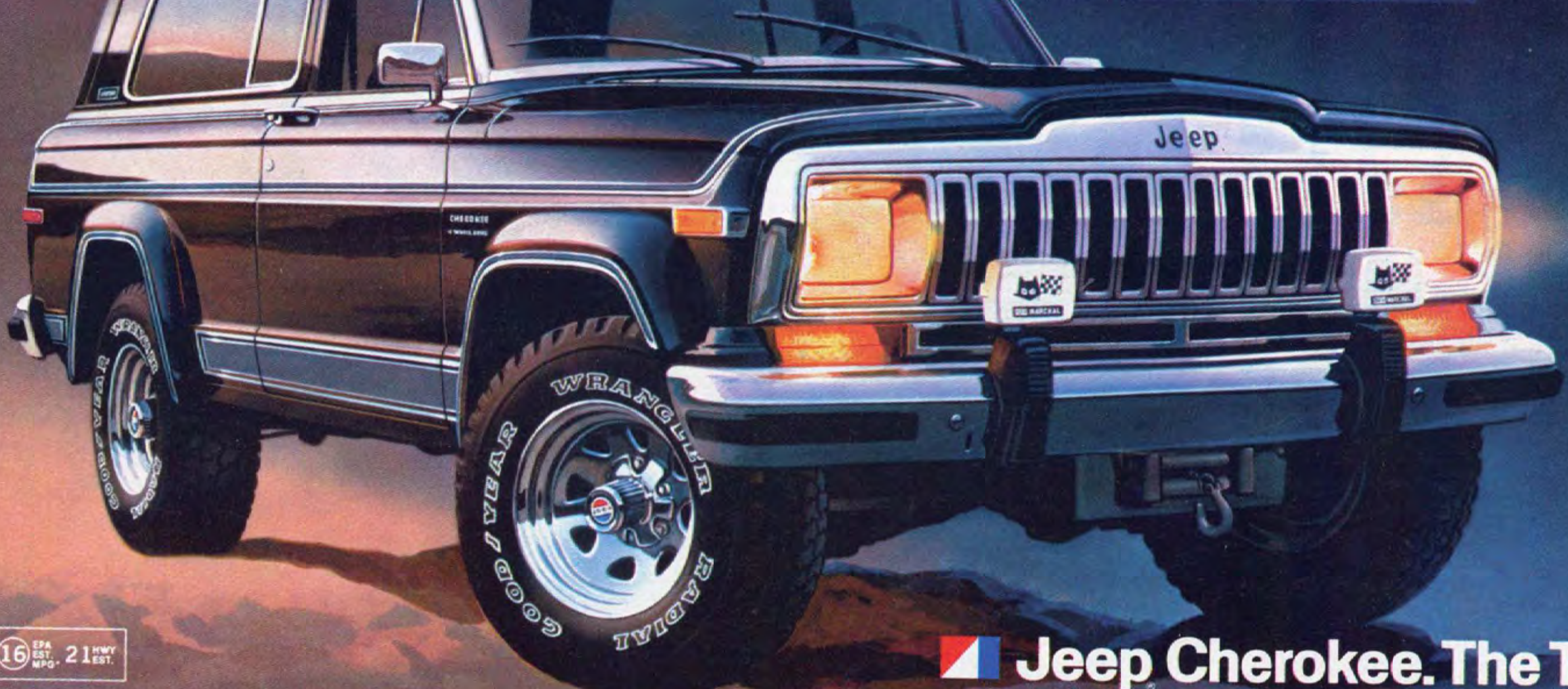
Cherokee's ride: "Exceptionally comfortable...its wide radials and anti-roll bar certainly contributed."

Chereokee's handling: "Behaved more like a sports car than a sports utility. In one package...good looks, great performance, super fuel mileage* and excellent quality control."

Remember, we didn't say it, *they* did.

But if you're as serious about 4-wheel trucking as we are, you owe it to yourself to get behind the wheel of a genuine Jeep Cherokee. Then make your decision.

JEEP CHEROKEE 4-DOOR MODEL



16 EPA EST. MPG· 21 HWY EST.

Jeep Cherokee. The Truck.

AT AMERICAN MOTORS

---

* Figures are for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will be less. California mileage will be different. • Jeep Corporation, a subsidiary of American Motors Corporation.

† Based on R.L. Polk & Co. registrations through July 1, 1979.

Only these two pigeons could dress up as woodpeckers…

and get framed
for robbing
a bank…
and when
these two
cuckoos
discover
that
prison
life is for
the birds
they try
to fly the coop
before they go…

STIR CRAZY

COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents A HANNAH WEINSTEIN PRODUCTION

GENE WILDER RICHARD PRYOR in "STIR CRAZY"

Executive Producer MELVILLE TUCKER Produced by HANNAH WEINSTEIN
Written by BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN Directed by SIDNEY POITIER

© 1980 COLUMBIA PICTURES INDUSTRIES, INC. Columbia Pictures

Coming This Christmas

On the way into the house, Mrs. R. and I lingered a bit behind, she rubbing my cock through my pants whenever it seemed safe. Just before we followed the drunken twosome through the door, Mrs. R. looked at me, put her finger into her mouth, and sucked on it. I got the message, but just to make sure, she whispered to me, "I really could use something to suck on tonight."

Once inside, Mr. R. and Nick fixed us all another drink. Mrs. R. excused herself, saying she wanted to freshen up a bit. I soon followed, telling Nick and Mr. R. that I had to go to the can. Mrs. R. was waiting for me in the upstairs hall. "Hurry," she said, "we don't have much time." My aching balls couldn't have agreed more.

We went into her bedroom, closed the door, and like a flash she stripped off that skintight dress, dropped to her knees, unzipped me, and pulled out my stiff hunk of meat. Her moist, red lips were around my cock in no time, sucking with masterful style as her hands played with my balls. The sight and touch of her huge tits pressed against my legs and the sight of those tan, seamed nylons stretched tight on her gorgeous legs were so exquisite that I wanted this to last forever. But my burning load was aching to burst forth from its confinement in my shaft. As Mrs. R. slid her tongue under my dick, her lips pouty as they sucked up and down the shaft, I shot a tremendous load of piping hot jism into her very receptive mouth. It felt like I could fill up three mouths, but Mrs. R. swallowed every last drop and then sucked and squeezed my shaft for any residue. She and I were both exhausted, but I knew we had to get back downstairs, so I pulled my pants up and quickly left the bedroom, telling her I'd find some way to repay her later on.

Neither Mr. R. or Nick looked suspiciously at me when I got back, mainly, I guess, because they were so drunk they were lucky they could see at all. Realizing that probably the only way I'd get some free time with Mrs. R. would be to put these two to bed, I suggested that we have a few shots to commemorate the old days. I didn't have to say it twice. Mrs. R. had returned, and even though I'd just quenched her thirst, she, too, thought it a good idea (naturally!). Well, after those two drinks, both Nick and the old man were willing candidates for the sack, so Mrs. R. and I helped them upstairs to their beds.

Mrs. R. and I returned to the living room and our favorite couch. After a few very deep French kisses, and after rubbing her tits through that tight knit dress, I was ready for some serious action. I got it, as soon as we were 69-ing it on the couch, Mrs. R. on top. We agreed, reluctantly, to keep most of our clothes on just in case the two girls (who'd gone out with friends) came home early. Mrs. R. did unzip her dress so her bountiful orbs could flop freely, and I pulled down my pants so she had full and ready access to my cock.

Mrs. R. nestled her moist, tasty box onto

Should a Republican drink Sambuca Romana with a Democrat?

What could be more appropriate? This spectacular liqueur with the taste of wild elderberries is the perfect party drink. (Not to mention its appeal to the independent spirit.)

How do you drink Sambuca Romana if you run out of coffee beans?
The most popular way to enjoy Sambuca Romana is with three roasted coffee beans, usually set aflame, but that's hardly the only way. In Rome, people often sip it neat, or on the rocks. Mix it with soda and watch it turn milky white before your very eyes. While you're watching, send for our current free recipe book that features 58 ways to enjoy Sambuca Romana. Just write Palmer & Lord, Ltd., Syosset, N.Y. 11791.

COFFEE BEANS

Overheard at a popular watering hole the other A.M.
"What's this Sambuca Romana everyone's drinking? You can't tell me it's legal."

No need to advance your dinner hour in your haste to enjoy Sambuca Romana.
There are any number of ways to enjoy Sambuca Romana before dinner. At any time of the day, or night. Why, the International Set on the continent sips Sambuca Romana for hours in outdoor cafes. Which may explain why *they* dine so *late.*

SAMBVCA ROMANA
LIQUEUR

Sambuca Romana
The Sambuca of Rome

Imported by Palmer & Lord, Ltd., Syosset, N.Y. 11791. 84 Pf.

my mouth and then lowered her newly lipsticked lips over my dick once again. I fingered her cunt and her ass hole (both of which she really loved!) as my tongue set to cleaning her pussy.

After a short while, we flipped positions so that I could watch as my cock drove in and out of her luscious mouth, her fingers jerking on my shaft as her other hand squeezed my balls very gently. Then, to my delight, she said she wanted me to fuck her tits, so I climbed onto her stomach and dropped my dick between her boobs. She pressed her breasts together as I slid my prick, lubricated with her saliva, in and out. When I was about to come, she told me (or is "begged" a better word?) to stick it into her love box, so I slid down and slowly inserted my still raging tool between her slippery cunt lips. She went crazy with passion as I pistoned my rod in and out of her. She hooked her stocking legs around me and pushed and pushed for ever deeper penetration. Her body arched in wondrous orgasm after orgasm. I couldn't stand it any longer, and I exploded into her.

We lay there for about 20 minutes until we thought we heard the girls coming home. It was a false alarm, but we decided we'd better not take any more chances.

The next day, Mrs. R. found the opportunity to blow me twice, once in the bathroom before breakfast and once on the couch while Nick and the old man were out working on Nick's old beat-up car. We didn't get much opportunity to fuck for the rest of that weekend, but Mrs. R. continued to go pantyless and wear gartered seamed stockings with high heels. Whenever she had the chance, she would either shoot me a beaver or let me massage her thighs and pussy. Just before I left, she came into my room and jerked me off into a seamed nylon stocking, saying she wanted something to remember me by. She also said she hoped I'd be back soon. Let me tell you, I'm counting the days.—*Name and address withheld*

Take the dirt road

I used to play rugby in a town famous for golf, and believe me, there's nothing better than the original form of football for good times, beer, and women.

This particular adventure occurred one night during a rugby tournament at the coast, where several women's teams were involved as well as the usual bunch of horny men. Arriving late at the Saturday night party, my friend and I were initially interested in the barbecued chicken and beer—at least until we saw some of the foxier women players.

People often imagine female ruggers must be gay to enjoy a sport known for its rough hitting, I think it's nearer the truth to say that they just like the contact, the exhilaration, and the release that can be obtained on the field as well as elsewhere.

So let's get back to elsewhere. Most of the guys were immersed in the beer and singing, leaving lots of foxes unattended. My friend, whom I call Chicken, had turned his attentions to Joan, a tall blonde with "high rider" breasts and buttocks, while I was becoming acquainted with Sandy, a short, voluptuous brunette with the kind of thighs you could really sink your meat into.

After sufficient conversation and arousal we asked the women whether we could stay at their hotel, as we had no place to go, but they didn't either! So the four of us climbed into my small car, loaded with all our luggage, and drove around, looking for a vacancy.

Meanwhile some vacancies were striving to be filled. As I drove, Sandy was trying to fellate me from the backseat, and Chicken was using his three-inch tongue to bring Joan's nipples to magnificent erection. Through the miasma of so many free beers it was getting very difficult to drive, especially in close quarters, with my various appendages being sucked one by one.

We found a room eventually. I unlocked the door, switched on the lights, walked across to the far bed, and turned around to find both women already undressed as the door slammed shut. Sandy spread herself across my face with gymnastic élan, and I savored her hot, athletic bush with all the furor of a renegade rugger. As I looked up to her face, I saw her full, heaving breasts above me, the nipples growing like ripe mushrooms after a light spring rain. Her head was thrown back, her eyes closed and her lips parted as she licked them. She responded to my ministrations in minutes with a preliminary series of orgasms.

IF RESEARCH SHOWS PEOPLE PREFER GETTING A CARAVELLE, WHY WOULD YOU CONSIDER GIVING A TIMEX?

In a recent nationwide survey, more people said they would rather receive a Caravelle as a gift than a Timex. That's not surprising.

After all, Caravelle is made by Bulova. And Bulova, with its 100-year-old tradition of fine watchmaking is world famous for accuracy and dependability.

What is surprising, however, is that a Caravelle costs only little more than a Timex. And we offer a full selection to choose from. Everything from handsome models with 17 jewel movements to a complete line of trim electronic Quartz watches.

So if you're buying a watch to show someone you care, why not buy a Caravelle and show them just how much?

CARAVELLE
BY BULOVA

Model #46372 gleaming goldtone

At this point we took a break to look over at the other bed, where Chicken was locked between Joan's thighs, nose deep in her blonde box, hanging on like a mad dog as she bucked and gyrated. Whereas Sandy was a woman to enjoy her pleasures quietly, Joan seemed to be into broadcasting. She must have been out of her head with the tongue-lashing she was receiving from one of the best.

I was now more than ready for some serious action. Sandy wrapped around me like a body stocking, bringing her wide, wet mouth firmly to mine. Our tongues fenced until parry came to thrust, and I entered her in one inspiring stroke. She acted as if she had been connected to a live wire: while she vibrated pleasurably on the end of my stick, an occasional spasm would consume her as she made catching sounds in her throat. Mustering my stamina, I gave her a long, inventive ride, first lying, then standing, next seated, and back into the bed. She stiffened, quit breathing, and dug her fingers and toenails into me as we both came explosively.

Lying in our sheen of well-earned perspiration, we were treated to the sight of Joan vainly attempting to swallow a "Chicken" sandwich whole—and this one a veritable submarine of 12 mammoth inches. Like a snake obsessed with consuming an egg, she approached it from various angles, eyes aglow, trying ever more fervidly to take it all in. Her hands played across her body and his, taking her own copious juices from her inner thighs and spreading them on his flat, muscular stomach. As his hips caught on to her frenzied rhythm, his pelvis rocked her violently, her hair flying, her breath coming in minutes-apart paroxysms. The music of the bed, bodies, and breaths built to a crescendo as he erupted and her throat swelled with the majesty of its catch.

The next thing I knew I was awakened by Sandy's tight, hot ass being rubbed into my crotch. Hers was a passion not easily satiated. After a few minutes of uninspired coupling as I awoke, my erection was sufficiently solid to suit her plans. She rolled onto her stomach, brought her knees almost to her breasts, and arched her back so that her luscious, round cheeks were floating uppermost, like tethered balloons yearning to breathe free. She gave a low moan and began to undulate her tiny, puckered orifice in a hypnotic figure eight. Having a graduate degree, I didn't take long to decipher her intention and we embarked on a wonderful trip down "the dirt road."

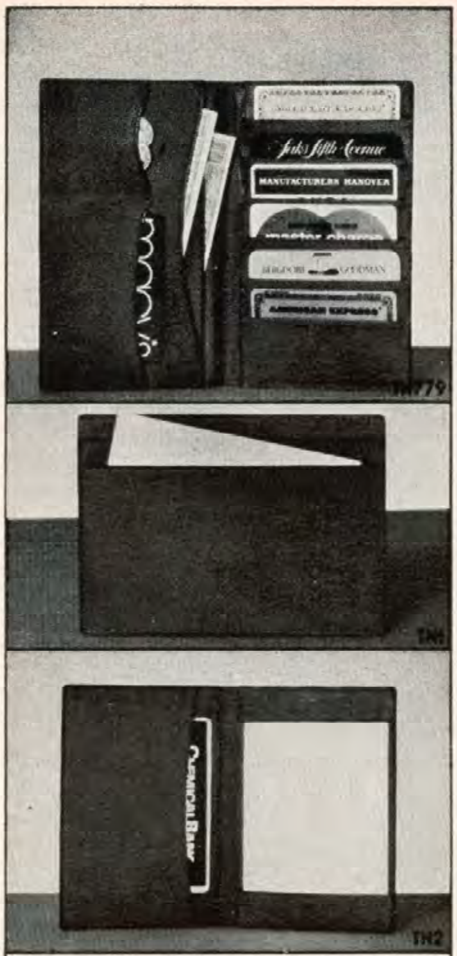
The sensation was incredible. The warmth and pressure were incomparable, and thanks to the to-and-fro motion she was making as well as the intermittent sphincter spasms, I decided that the dirt road was the right road. We picked up the pace and were inexorably on the way to orgasm, feeling the pleasure, tension, and urgency mount.

Sandy had her face buried in the mattress, her arms thrown straight out from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 262

FOR MEN
Cologne, aftershave and grooming essentials
CHANEL
CHANEL
FOR MEN
SPRAY COLOGNE
3.2 FL. OZS.

©1980 CHANEL, Inc.



SO MUCH LUXURY YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR IT MOO.

Elegant Bulgaro leather accessories designed and made exclusively for Penthouse in Italy with the embossed Penthouse key logo.

TH779 Pocket wallet & credit card holder. Also accommodates an appointment book. $75.00 (1.50)

TH1 Business Card Case. $15.00 (1.50)

TH2 Credit card or business card holder and note folder for the pocket or purse. $29.95 (1.50)

Send check or money order in U.S. funds payable on U.S. bank plus postage and handling to Penthouse Products, Dept. LEA/80, P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631. Or charge your order to AE, MC or VISA. Be sure to include signature, account number, expiration date plus Interbank number for MC. To expedite your charge order call our toll free number 800-526-4797. Outside U.S. add 1.50 extra in postage. Items shipped to Canada are subject to Canadian tariff. N.J. residents add 5% tax. Allow 4–6 weeks for delivery.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Cancer feedback

The series of articles appearing in *Penthouse* on the politics of cancer treatment and research are excellently written, interesting, and informative, especially for the lay person. However, as it stands today, organized medicine, the American Cancer Society, and government-controlled cancer research are not about to change, no matter how often they are proved wrong.

Throughout history, most major advances in medicine have been made by rebels or persons outside the profession. Practically all these changes were staunchly resisted by organized medicine, often to the detriment of patients. A classic example was the resistance to Dr. Ignaz Semmelweis's work in antisepsis, showing that washing one's hands between treatment of different patients would greatly reduce the spread of infection. This occurred in the nineteenth century, but the same closed-mindedness exists today.

The battle cry of organized medicine has never changed: if it is not sponsored or approved by them, it cannot have any value, and any physician who dares to challenge this creed has to be a charlatan.

I, for one, do not know what the solution is, but I don't believe that even an informed public will have much success in influencing change. Look at a current example: the immune system of the body, as stressed by the article on Dr. Issels in your August issue, is the body's major defense against cancer; yet the first thing radiation therapy and chemotherapy do is wipe out the immunity system. The medical fraternity knows this to be true yet persists in pursuing this approach to the exclusion of alternate methods. Thank you anyway for trying, *Penthouse.—Francis Davis, Ormond Beach, Fla.*

In light of the interest generated by your cancer series, I wanted to address your readers on a subject they may not be aware of—cancer patients in prison.

It is not in the best interests of the state, the taxpayer, or justice to keep terminally ill cancer patients in prison—particularly those who have a place to go, such as to homes and families who would care for them or veterans hospitals or even nursing homes if the patients can afford them. Social Security recipients or those eligible for Medicaid, Medicare, supplemental security income, or disability benefits are able to provide for themselves. These people should be allowed the dignity of dying in freedom.

Alternative cancer therapies are not available to prisoners. They have only one choice—the John Sealy Hospital in Galveston, where orthodox treatment is administered: chemotherapy, radiation, and surgery. Other and, in many cases, more effective cancer treatments are totally beyond their reach.

Psychological variables do influence the course of disease. Suppressed emotions, tension, and a sense of hopelessness are inherent in any prison environment and combine to affect even partial recovery adversely.

The medical reprieve and commutation-of-sentence provisions in our state (Texas) law are not being used to any considerable extent now. I believe a bill should be introduced in the state legislature that would require or allow the sentencing court to review a terminally ill prisoner's case, considering what length of sentence would have been imposed had the defendant had a serious or terminal disease at the time of sentencing, or to review the sentence in the light of how much time the prisoner has served to date, his prison record, and his present life expectancy.

The denial, because of incarceration, of alternative therapies, proper diet and nutrition, and an atmosphere compatible with at least temporary recovery is fundamentally a denial of the right to live. There may be those who say, "Well, if the prisoner is able to get about, even in his terminal condition, he may just go on a wild crime spree, believing he has nothing to lose." Let me assure you that this is not the case. A dying man reforms his morality and his general attitude toward his remaining life, his God, and his fellow men. With his disease, the punishment is now twofold. The very thought of dying in prison is appalling, and continued incarceration of these individuals is inhumane. They have paid in spades!

At this time there are approximately 14 terminal-cancer patients in the Texas Department of Corrections. Fourteen out of almost 28,000 prisoners! Is it too much to ask for mercy? These men have sentences ranging from two years to life, and even those currently eligible for parole are not always released. I know all of these men. I am one of them, with a medical prognosis of 40 percent times five years and a life sentence. There is no possibility that I can survive to do this time. Some patients improve, but with cancer these improvements or "remissions" are not permanent. There is no "cure." The fight

SCOTLAND'S PRINCE OF WHISKIES
WHISKY IS 12 YEARS OLD
ABERDEEN SCOTLAND
REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
86 PROOF
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD.
ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO. N.Y. N.Y.

Truth in advertising.

against the disease is constant and difficult under normal circumstances; in prison it's out of sight.

The cancer has increased the severity of the original sentence. Must we die here? That was not the intent of the sentencing court. Almost everyone gets out sometime. The severity of the punishment no longer fits the crime.

Large numbers of prisoners are paroled and discharged from the Texas Department of Corrections each year. On any given day of the week the total number of prisoners paroled and discharged is greater than the number of terminal cancer patients. Certain considered risks are involved in the parole process. Certainly, no more risk would be involved in releasing the cancer victims. I feel, as I have written, much less risk is involved. Is there no compassion left in government?—*Neil E. Scott, Huntsville, Tex.*

Big brother

The exposé of FTC harassment against honorable citizens in "The Government Attack on Free Enterprise" (August 1980), by Joseph Sugarman, is sickening. Unfortunately, the FTC is not alone in this field. Worse has been done by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms against the honest gun owner. Even a former friend of the BATF, Senator DeConcini of Arizona, was shocked by facts that came out in a recent Senate hearing on the subject. Strangely, news of this hearing never made any of the local newspapers or national news magazines.

The BATF technique was basically to mislead gun dealers and owners as to what is and is not legal, then arrest them after they followed this advice. The arrests were made with a maximum of publicity, but if the case was later thrown out of court (as usually happened if the victim refused to be intimidated), there was no publicity. Many victims, sad to say, were intimidated into pleading guilty to lesser charges and are now classified as "convicted felons" for the rest of their lives.

The really disgusting part of the situation is that it was apparently done as part of bureaucratic "empire building," with the idea of job protection. The bureau needed to keep its arrest statistics up, and the honest gun owner is a lot safer to pick on than the real criminal. The criminal often shoots back.—*H. J. Hanson, Federal Way, Washington, D.C.*

Sporting proposition

After reading Peter Schnugg's essay "Carter's Olympic Blackmail" (September 1980), I wanted to present to your readers another viewpoint on the Olympic boycott.

President Carter did not turn the Moscow Olympics boycott into a major political issue, as many American athletes think. A Moscow Olympics *is* a political issue to begin with, and he dealt with it as such. Although the Olympics have been known to the public as a strictly athletic event, it has not always been the case and is even less so today.

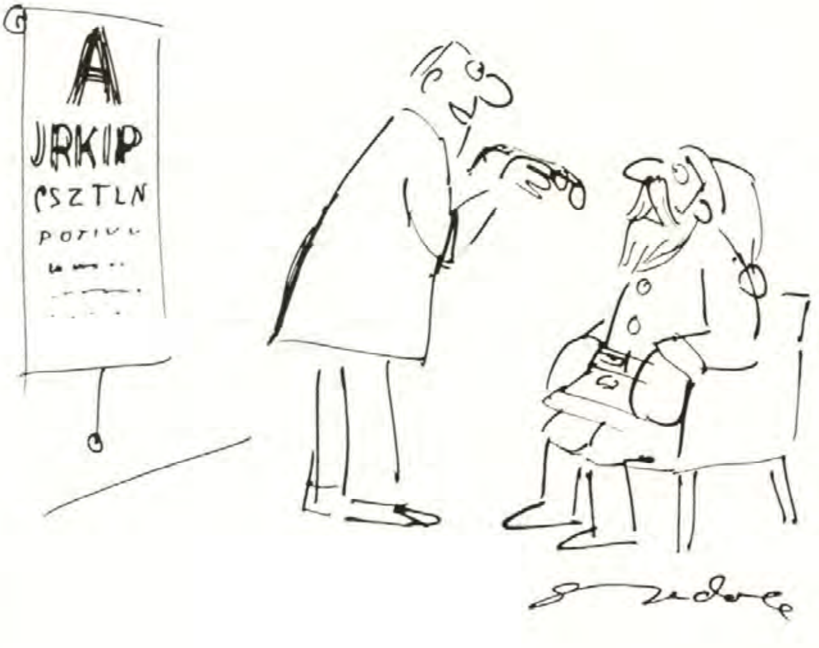
As a former psychologist of the Soviet Olympic team, I positively know that sport is certainly not the main concern of the U.S.S.R government. As a matter of fact, the Soviets are pursuing today the same strategy that Hitler did with his 1936 Olympics in Berlin: international recognition of the regime through the mere presence of the free world's representatives. Furthermore, the victory of the Soviet team is meant "to prove to the world the supremacy of the Soviet system," as Brezhnev bluntly stated in his address to the Soviet athletes.

What other alternative did President Carter have to express America's reprobation of the invasion of Afghanistan? Should he have ordered the A-bomb dropped on the Kremlin? Or should the U.S. Army have invaded Cuba? Under the circumstances, the boycott of the Olympics (along with a partial trade embargo) happened to be the only weapon at his disposal to castigate the Soviets for their transgression. Though it may seem to many Americans that the boycott was a blank shot that the Soviets couldn't have cared less about and that the American athletes were sacrificed in vain, this certainly is not the case.

The absence of such a major team as that of the Americans (along with those of dozens of other countries who supported the American initiative) turns $3 billion spent by the Soviets on the preparation of the Olympics into a joke. Instead of a worldwide international forum, as planned by the Kremlin strategists, the Moscow Olympics became a minor sports event.

No means were spared, either, on the preparation of the Soviet athletes. Science is the factor that gives them a considerable edge. While working with the Soviet Olympic team, I had access to scientific data almost completely unknown in the West, since most of the information in this field is classified because of its heavy military and space program applications. To mention only a few of these secrets: the successful utilization of laser beams in improving athletic performance, the application of Kirlian photography (electrobioluminescence), and a particular technique called Auto-Conditioning-Training (ACT), which enables the athlete to use more of his dormant potential and to reach his Optimal Performing State (OPS) at will. This alone renders the whole idea of competition quite uneven.

I wholeheartedly sympathize with the feelings of frustration of the American athletes. I am positive, though, that just as they are all thoroughgoing athletes, they are first and foremost Americans, and that they realize that a lack of awareness of political contingencies does not absolve them from becoming "traitors" if action is undertaken contrary to the best interests



"These and two aspirin should clear up those visions of sugar plums."

VOLKSWAGEN
UTAH

“I MADE IT TO L.A. FROM UTAH IN A 1981 VOLKSWAGEN DIESEL PICKUP. ON ONE TANKFUL.”

At today's fuel prices, one is thankful it's only a tankful. But, please, no applause.

Going 650 miles from a Utah ranch to a Malibu beach on a few gallons is just part of our diesel pickup's daily heroics.

Such feats of long-distance frugality have made it the best mileage truck, from the shores of California to the shores of Maine.

No other truck in America with optional 5-speed transmission gets an EPA estimated $\boxed{38}$ mpg, 51 mpg highway. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparison. Your mileage may vary with weather, speed and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

Think of all the gas stations you can whiz by in your VW Pickup with its optional diesel engine.

Think of all the repair shops you can stay out of, too, with its reliable diesel engine.

Think of all the surf boards, ice chests, and diving gear you can stash back there in the spacious confines of a VW Pickup.

Without ever worrying about getting it all in. Or getting it all out. In one piece. A VW Pickup is the only truck in its class with a fully unitized body, double-wall bed construction and balanced suspension system.

In truth, a Volkswagen Diesel Pickup is not only very economical and dependable, it's also very thoughtful.

It will get you to the beach, however far, in time.

To make hay while the sun shines.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

© 1980 VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA

Record a Call
Dual/Remote® 90A

A remote advantage.

Our new telephone answering machine has a remote control device with some very unusual advantages.

With it, from any telephone anywhere, you can change by remote the machine's outgoing message to your callers.

And you can not only hear your incoming messages, you can repeat them one at a time without having to repeat them all.

With advantages like that we can't see why you'd remotely want to buy any other telephone answering machine.

Record a Call®

A family of fine telephone answering machines.

T.A.D. Avanti, Inc., 19200 Laurel Park Rd., Compton, CA 90220.
For dealer nearest you call toll-free 800-421-1977 (in California, Alaska & Hawaii call collect 213-603-9393).

of the United States.

For me, as an émigré from a totalitarian regime, the main notion of democracy is of a very special value: do whatever you want as long as it doesn't interfere with someone else's freedom. Freedom should not be confused with anarchy. The Constitution grants rights, but it also stipulates the duties of citizens.

Thus, it seems to me, President Carter could do nothing but sacrifice sport to the vital interests of the nation.—*Dr. Gregory Raiport, New York, N.Y.*

Douglas

My deepest thanks to Nat Hentoff for his brilliant article about William O. Douglas, "The Last American" (Sept. 1980). It left a lump in my throat and deepened the sorrow I felt at his passing. America lost a very wise man, one who could truly be called an American. His teachings will live on with his memory in the hearts of us all.—*Vic Landi, Staten Island, N.Y.*

I want to thank *Penthouse* and Nat Hentoff for the stirring eulogy for William O. Douglas. My only hope is that Douglas is *not* the last American. Our country needs more men with his courage and integrity in this age of political payoffs and government cowardice. William O. Douglas was a fine man with good common sense and moral character.

Because I am 19 years old, I read with special interest his message to the young. As Douglas wrote, "People of my generation are bankrupt. Politically and philosophically bankrupt. Look at what they've produced: A system that makes war the alternative. A system that's highly stratified, that just pays off great sums of money. This is socialism for the rich."

It is our generation's job to change that, to make the world a little better place to live in before we, in turn, hand it over to *our* sons and daughters. Douglas wrote a message to young and old alike that has a special meaning in my heart. He said, "The right to dissent is the only thing that makes life tolerable. . . . The affairs of government could not be conducted by democratic standards without it." It is special to me because I am a United States Marine, and sometimes I don't even have the right to dissent. That is sad, because I didn't think I had given up my rights as a citizen when I enlisted.

Again, I'd like to congratulate *Penthouse* and Nat Hentoff for such a fine article. I'd really like to see more articles on the Supreme Court. I think that a better understanding of its procedures would benefit us all.—*P. L. Phelps, San Francisco, Calif.*

Pins and needles

Penthouse is well known for its good investigative reporting. I was therefore very disappointed to see editor Bill Lee's "investigative cartoon" feature "The China Sindrome" (September 1980) fall short of your reputation. Most specifically, I am referring to the cartoon illustration regarding acupuncture.

Although he is very talented, it would seem Mr. Lee has, like many others, a misunderstanding of the practice of acupuncture, both as an analgesic and as a method of treatment. I hope this letter will clarify some of this misunderstanding.

First of all, acupuncture will, in the future, prove to be a very valuable procedure. There is no drug used in most cases; therefore, a patient who is allergic to drugs or is otherwise medically unfit for orthodox anesthesia but needs an operation may have that operation safely.

Second, Mr. Lee gives the impression that patients are "plugged in" to electrical boxes of rather high voltage. This is not the case. When electricity is used (it is not always used), the impulses transmitted through the needles are very small; all that is felt by the patient is a slight tingling or twitching.

Concerning the comment about the spread of hepatitis, there have been very few (under ten, so far as I know) reported cases of hepatitis caused by acupuncture. This includes not only the Far Eastern countries of the People's Republic of China, Japan, and Korea but also such Western countries as France, West Germany, Switzerland, the U.S.S.R., Czechoslovakia, Australia, and, yes, the United States. Of course, in the U.S., acupuncture needles are routinely autoclaved, as are surgical instruments.

Mr. Lee scoffs at the stroke patient who was helped by acupuncture. Many, many stroke patients have recovered relatively quickly and smoothly with the help of acupuncture. If Mr. Lee or anybody else doubts this, I suggest he do some research or observing at a local acupuncture clinic.

Acupuncture has helped patients with many different types of ailments, including sciatic pain, impotency, frigidity, headaches of varying kinds, angina pectoris, and low back pain. For a listing of some of the other ailments, I refer you to *Acupuncture, the Ancient Chinese Art of Healing and How It Works Scientifically*, by Felix Mann, M.D.; and also to *The Layman's Guide to Acupuncture*, by Yoshio Manaka, M.D., and Ian Urquhart, Ph.D. Additionally, the U.C.L.A. Pain Control Clinic has published several studies on the effects of acupuncture.

Acupuncture practitioners are licensed or certified in several states, including California, Oregon, Hawaii, New York, Nevada, Louisiana, Montana, and, beginning in October 1980, Florida. Also, several states have legislation pending. Acupuncture is taught and routinely used in at least five major hospitals in France. It is currently being used in several hospitals here in the United States.

I hope that this letter serves to improve Mr. Lee's and your readers' understand-

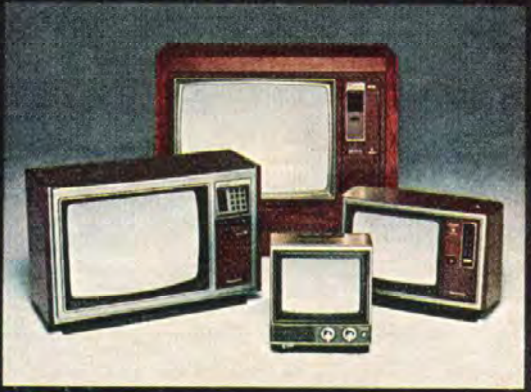
CONTINUED ON PAGE 210

"Panasonic Color TV. So life-like, they play as brilliantly as I do."

Reggie Jackson

"When it comes to watching me, nothing makes me look better than a Panasonic color TV. Every Panasonic, from our 7" (meas diag) battery-operated portable to our big projection TVs, creates a picture that's so bright, so sharp, so colorful, it's really life-like. So life-like, you'll feel you're at the ballpark with me. And what's better than that?

"I'll tell you: The two Panasonic CinemaVision projection TVs give you a picture that's not only life-like, but life-size. Our new rear projection CinemaVision (CT-4500 shown below) puts a 45" screen (meas diag) in a slim, trim body. Now you won't have to fill your room to get a roomful of picture. And you can control your CinemaVision from anywhere in the room. Because it has a 16-button synthesizer remote control. Synthesizer tuning, found in many Panasonic color TVs, uses computer technology. So you can go directly from the channel you're on to the channel you want, without having to go through all the channels in between.



"Panasonic CinemaVision and our other 30 color TVs make me look great. Whether it's a 7", 10", 12", 13", 19", 25", 45" or 5-foot Panasonic TV (all meas diag), you'll get a picture that's so life-like, you'll feel like you're part of the picture.

"That's why I say Panasonic color TVs play as brilliantly as I do."

TV picture simulated. Cabinetry is simulated woodgrain.

Panasonic.

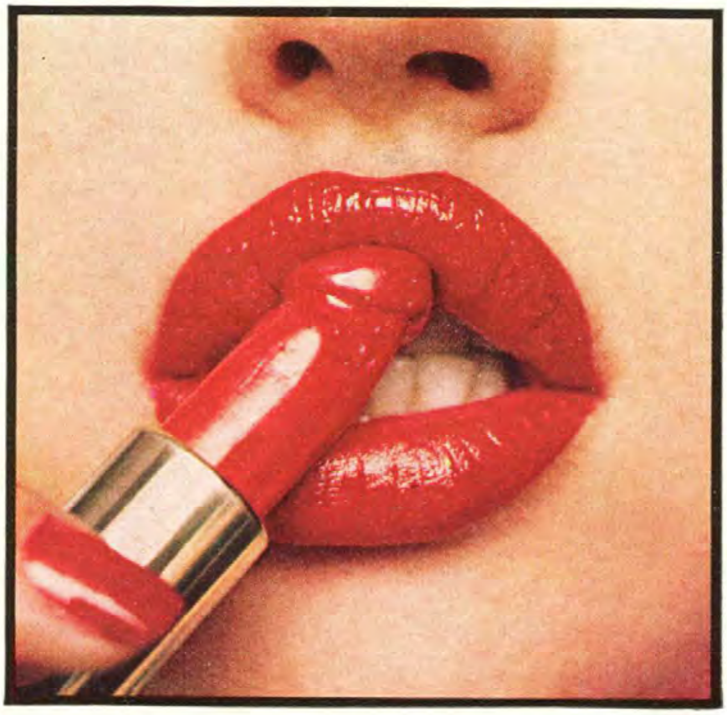
just slightly ahead of our time.

> Purity does not lie with clean sheets or clean, old-fashioned love phrases. A little dirty talk never hurt anybody's sex life.

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH



I am the wife of a schoolteacher. During the summer months my spouse, Paul, has a lot of time with nothing to do. After a week of Paul's laziness, I warned him that if he didn't start taking care of the house I was going to have to do something about the situation. He just laughed my threat off.

The following Friday I came home and found the apartment a mess and Paul asleep on the couch. I decided to act. I took off all my clothes except for my high heels and took Paul by surprise. I snuck up to him and began to lower my ass onto his face. He awoke quickly and began to tongue my blonde pussy. I suddenly stood up and said, "Let's play a game, okay?" He agreed. I told him, "You do whatever I say for an hour, and in the end there will be the biggest surprise of our marriage." He was about to come in his breeches when he heard this.

"Okay, we begin this game by seeing how many times you can make me come using only your fingers, your tongue, or my dildo. During this time you are not to touch yourself; I will do that. Any questions? Good."

I felt like a ravished woman for the next hour. For the first time, I wasn't worried about pleasing Paul. I concentrated on myself and my orgasms as I drifted from one climax to another. Finally I could take no more. I was standing with my legs spread wide apart, with Paul writhing on the floor beneath me. My seven-inch dildo was buried deep within me, and he was manipulating it with his mouth. I grabbed a handful of his hair and jerked him away. "It's time for your surprise," I said with a grin.

I eased the dildo out of my exhausted cunt, took Paul by the hand, and led him into the kitchen. I sat down, then positioned him between the chair I was sitting in and the table. When I told Paul to take off his pants, he gladly obliged. His stiff prick, which had been entrapped in his pants for an hour, jumped out of his underwear at me. I leaned over and lovingly kissed the head. He was about to explode in my mouth when I cupped his balls in my hand and asked, "Are you ready?" He nodded. "Do nothing until I tell you to, and most of all, do exactly *what I say." I gently but firmly squeezed his jewels until he yelped. "See what will happen if you're not a good boy?" Paul understood.*

I now told him to turn around, lean across the table, and grab the other side. He did as he was told, and as his chest touched the table I was presented with my favorite view of the male anatomy. His butt was spread apart, his tiny ass hole was exposed, and his testes dangled in their sac. I again took control of his balls. Paul looked over his shoulder to see me licking my middle finger. "What are you doing?" he asked. "I'm going to examine you," I replied. I inserted my finger up his ass as far as it would go. "You know, you men should have this done regularly. It keeps you healthy. I think I'll start doing this once a week for you." Paul had a hard time keeping his muscles relaxed, but a quick jolt of pressure on his nuts kept the passage open. After a minute or two I removed my finger and took my dildo in hand. Paul groaned, "Oh, no, please don't—I'll do whatever else you want." "I know you will," I said. "Now just relax." I lubed the seven-inch dildo, the head of which was a good inch and a half in diameter, and gently but firmly began to insert it. He had a bit of difficulty accommodating the head, but then it glided easily all the way in until it was hardly visible. I then told him to turn around, face me, and sit on the edge of the table. He did as he was told.

By now he had lost most of his erection. I took him by the balls

---

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

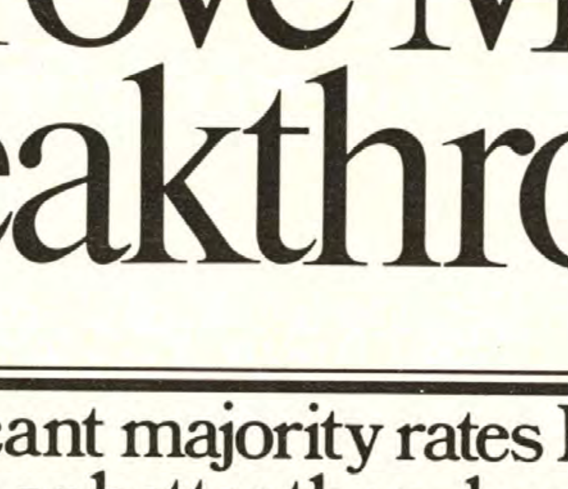
Unmarked Pack Tests Prove Merit Breakthrough.

Significant majority rates MERIT taste equal to - or better than - leading high tars.

More MERIT Proof

Taste science created it. Research confirms it. MERIT is the first low tar entry proven to deliver the taste of leading high tar brands.

Blind Taste Tests: In tests where brand identity was concealed, a significant majority of smokers rated the taste of low tar MERIT equal to—or better than—leading high tar brands. Even cigarettes having twice the tar!



Smoker Preference: Among the 95% of smokers stating a preference, the MERIT low tar/good taste combination was favored 3 to 1 over high tar leaders when tar levels were revealed!

MERIT *is* the proven alternative to high tar smoking. And you can taste it.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1980

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79

MERIT
Kings & 100's

again and lit a cigarette as I scolded him about his apathy toward the care of the house. He finally agreed to my every stipulation. I told him that I wanted him to remember that this was done for his own good and that this procedure should sink into his skull. I finished my cigarette by blowing the smoke onto the head of his limp dick. I just sat there for a minute, looking at Paul, knowing he had a seven-inch dildo all the way up his ass. Then I took his prick in my mouth and worked him into a frenzy. Just as he was about to come, I stood up and walked away. Pausing at the door, I turned to him and said, "I've finished with you, for now. You won't forget now, will you?" As he hung his head, a guttural "no" came from his lips.

This episode worked very well for me. Perhaps other women have had similar experiences. Xaviera, do you have any suggestions that I might try?—R. L.

You never let us know whether or not the floor was shining clean after the punishment you laid on your husband. If I were you, I would order him to lick the floor clean, preferably while crawling on his knees, with his hands tied behind his back.

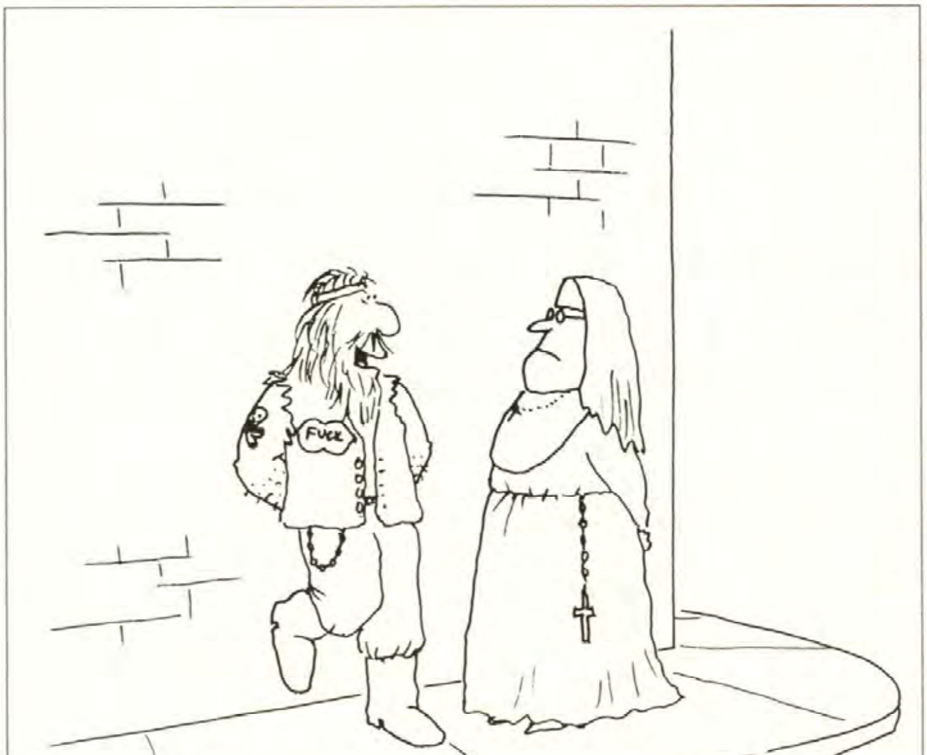
Another game you can play with him is the game of transvestism: you dress him up like a chambermaid with a cute apron and a sexy garter belt, high heels, your lacy black bikini pants, a little white lace hat on his head, and a feather duster in his hand. Then get out your Polaroid camera and take some pictures of him as he crawls on the floor on his hands and knees while you are riding his back, with or without the riding crop.

To make matters even worse, you could call in some of your best male and female friends and have them watch his humiliation and maybe give some orders of their own. You might make your husband polish your toenails, and when he's done, he can wash your lingerie. At least that way he can get a sexual thrill. Good luck, and use your own imagination. You are doing just fine so far.

FINGER-LICKING FUN

I am an attractive housewife of 30 with an above-average build. My husband and I have always had a good sex life. He loves to eat me every chance he gets, and I have occasionally sucked his cock, although I have never let him come in my mouth. He has never objected to this. He is very good-looking and very well built. (By that, I mean both his body and his cock!)

As I said, our sex life had been very satisfying—until one day last month. Then I read in a magazine about a man who, after making love to a woman and coming inside her, replaced his cock with his tongue and ate his own come from her pussy. My cunt began to drip as I read this, and I just had to masturbate. I had one of the strongest orgasms I've ever had just at the mere thought of my husband gobbling up his own come.



"What a coincidence . . .
I'm a bit of a superior mother myself!"

That evening, clad only in a soft, silky, knee-length nightgown, I greeted my husband at the door. (He is very turned on by silky nightgowns and panties.) I sat him down on the couch and began to undress him. When he was completely naked, I told him to lie back on the couch. I began to masturbate and suck on his beautiful eight-inch cock. He was moaning and pumping his sweet ass up and down when I removed my mouth and told him he had the most beautiful cock and balls any man or woman could ever want. I then moved my hand to the base of his cock, wrapped my fingers around the shaft, and went up to the head. As I did, a drop of come appeared at the tip. I said, "Mmmmmmmmm. Honey, look!" And as he looked at his cock, I picked up the oozing come with the tip of my finger and said, "A special treat for you, my love." As I slowly brought my finger to his lips, I watched his expression. I almost came when I saw a slight smile cross his lovely mouth. I put my finger real close to his mouth and watched eagerly as he leaned forward and slowly licked the droplet of love from my hands. After a little more finger-licking fun, my cunt was on fire, and I told him to fuck me. As he slipped his burning cock into my sopping pussy, I whispered to him that I really had a terrific feast for him when we were done. I asked him to concentrate as hard as he could on nothing but coming and to come as much as he possibly could. It wasn't long before his beautiful balls gave up their sweet contents and his body jerked in satisfaction. He then remarked that he had never come so much in his life.

We lay together for a short while, with his cock still inside me and my love nest filled with his sweet nectar. He then removed his cock, and as he did I rolled him over so that he was lying on his back. I smiled at him and said, "Now for that feast I promised you" as I swung one leg over his chest and propped myself so that my come-filled pussy was just inches away from his face. I stared at his blank expression, my heart beating like a hammer, when all of a sudden he placed his hands on my ass and began to pull me closer to his waiting mouth. Come had started to flow from my now enflamed cunt, and he eagerly licked it up, shoving his hungry tongue deep into my come-filled tunnel of love. He gobbled up every last drop of precious sperm, and I had the most explosive orgasm of my life.

As we lay together, I told him of my favorite fantasy, which was to have him lie on his back and then throw his legs up over his head so I could jack him off, letting him shoot his load into his open mouth. He replied, "I love you, and if that will make you happy, I'll do it." He lay down on his back, threw his legs over his head, and said, "Come on, honey, I'm hungry!" I pointed his gorgeous cock at his mouth and began masturbating him. I

Old Bushmills.
It's changing people's minds about Irish Whiskey.

IMPORTED
FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY
OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
TRADE MARK
ORIGINAL GRANT
1608

A blend of 100% Irish Whiskies. 80 proof. Bottled in Ireland. The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y. ©1980

Experience the taste
that experience created.
Old Bushmills.
Since 1608.

CHINON

AT THE HEAD OF EVERY PHOTOGRAPHIC CLASSIFICATION, THERE'S A CHINON.

AT THE HEAD OF THE CHINON 35MM SLRs THERE'S THE CE-4 MEMOTRON.™

☐ In every photographic category Chinon leads the way. From sound and silent super 8 equipment to 35mm rangefinders to 110 pocket cameras to 35mm SLRs, Chinon is at the head of the class.

☐ A case in point is the compact, exciting,-easy-to-use, fully automatic CE-4 Memotron 35mm SLR camera. The advanced technology CE-4 is unique, with more features and value per dollar than any other SLR now available.

☐ The CE-4 has the most advanced electronic and optical features, like an aperture priority system and Seiko stepless electronic shutter, plus universal bayonet lens mount, 16 LED exposure readout in the viewfinder, complete manual override (for full creative control), two-stage electronic self-timer, unlimited multiple exposures and much more. Optional accessories include the amazing computerized Chinon Power Winder, special wireless radio control unit that allows you to operate the camera from a distance, dedicated Chinon electronic flash units, a selection of super-sharp Chinon lenses plus much more.

☐ Also check out the automatic Chinon CA-4 or the Chinon CM-4 35mm SLR cameras. They're also easy-to-use, and at the top of their classification. Chinon. Ahead of its time. Chinon. Ahead of the competition.

CA-4

CM-4

CHINON

CHINON U.S.A. INC. P.O. Box 579 Springfield, New Jersey 07081

CHINON
AUTO
CE-4
CHINON
CHINON POWER WINDER
Quality Photography for the 80's

watched as the come shot from his cock onto his warm tongue. When he had the whole load in his mouth, I asked if I could watch him swallow it. He closed his mouth, swallowed deeply, then reopened it and stuck out his tongue so I could see that he had swallowed it all. That was the first time I came without touching myself!

Next, I want to see my husband suck another man's cock and swallow his come, or to jack off another man myself and shoot his load into my husband's mouth. However, I don't want to rush this idea until I'm sure he's in the right mood.

Women, if you really want to spice up your husband's lovemaking, try what I did. He'll love you for it.—L. F.

Your letter needs little more than the following letter as an answer to your desires. It saves me work this way . . . since the readers this month seem to be fascinated by swallowing come.

Therefore, see what you can make out of the following. Maybe you can arrange a similar scene. It sure is a nice variation on two women making love with each other with one man participating. At last: a woman's fantasies come true.

BLOW POWER

Although I've never bought Penthouse, *my boyfriend, Robert, has quite a collection of back issues. I was browsing through some copies when I came across your column in the July 1976 issue, where you gave a very brief description of how to give a blowjob. Now, this is a subject that is very near and dear to my heart, and I do believe it deserves greater attention than you gave it. Robert thinks I'm the "best," so I don't think it's too presumptuous of me to offer your readers some advice. How did I get so good? From the best teacher in the world—Rob!*

It all started when he complained about the way I blew him, so I said, "Okay, smart guy, you show me how!" Well, he did—by inviting his friend Jerry over one night.

After some drinks and grass, Rob suggested that we all go into the bedroom. I agreed, because Jerry is a handsome hunk of a guy and I was really hot to get a good screwing from both of them. But no sooner had we stripped than they both went into a 69 position—on one another! I usually have a lot to say about a lot of things, but that time I was dumbfounded and speechless. After the shock wore off, I got horny as the devil from just seeing all that stiff cock being waved around—and I wasn't getting any of it!

Rob offered me Jerry's organ, and I took it without a moment's hesitation. "That's *it," Rob said, as the massive head filled my mouth. It was an exhilarating feeling of power, and I savored the moment before letting it slither from my mouth. Grinning, Rob moved to my upturned rear end and ran his cock into my sopping wet pussy. Leaning over my body, he rested his face next to mine. Floating like a feather on the wind between them, I teased Jerry's prick with my tongue, darting down the shaft to suck his big, hairy balls and then back up again to the peak. It was like climbing Mount Everest!*

Excited beyond my own belief, I rubbed his hot, hard skin against my face, leaving a wet trail over my cheeks and eyes. At that moment I wished he could even fuck my nose! With Jerry panting and thrusting, I took his gorgeous cock and smothered it between my 38D tits. Hugging him toward me, I sucked the tip until he was trembling, and as his cry echoed off the ceiling, his cock danced between my tits, flooding my mouth with his warm, creamy juice. I held it there, without swallowing. Turning to Rob, I kissed him on his full, open mouth, letting Jerry's fresh come flow between us. With our tongues entwined, Rob frantically screwed my cunt until he exploded, filling me with his own juice, and I came with him in one long, body-wrenching orgasm.

Since that night, Jerry has visited us many times. He lets me suck his cock to my heart's delight (and I do!) and even ass-fucks me, but unfortunately I can only take half of him that way. It has been a fantastic education, and when I am down on my knees before them, I'm in heaven. We all agree that the most important thing to being a good cocksucker is the desire to do it—not just the desire to please your partner. As for me, I can get off with just a stiff prick cuddled in my mouth.

Now if we are feeling especially horny, I'll put on my sexiest clothes and go out and pick up a stranger. At first he won't know anything about Rob, but on the way home, I'll tease his cock enough so that he is ready for whatever I say. Rob gets excited watching me get laid. He usually gets on top of me, in an inverted fashion, and I'll spread my legs real wide so he can see our "guest's" cock going inside me. Then, while I'm sucking his cock and balls, I can see and feel him lapping my pussy. Are we crazy?—R. P.

No, I'd say that you are not crazy; you are simply sex-crazed.

JAMAICANS ARE BETTER

When Charley and I were first married, I was relatively inexperienced when it came to sex. I am 20 years old, and Charley is ten years older. He is a great lover, who, until very recently, gave me endless nights of pleasure. About six months ago we took a trip to Jamaica. While we were there, Charley bought me some see-through blouses and a very skimpy bikini as a surprise. He has always liked me to wear sexy clothes because it turns him on to see other men attracted to me.

I was very self-conscious the first day on the beach. The bathing suit was very thin, and when wet it left nothing to the imagination. Whenever I was by myself, I was approached by the Jamaican men,

Oleg Cassini's world.
A world of uncompromising elegance and style
expressed in these, the signature fragrances of Oleg Cassini.
His is dangerously masculine.
Hers is delicately floral.
And now, Cassini's world is brought to you by Jōvan.
So it doesn't have to cost you the world.

OLEG CASSINI for men
OLEG CASSINI for women

At fine stores everywhere. ©1979, Jovan, Inc., 875 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

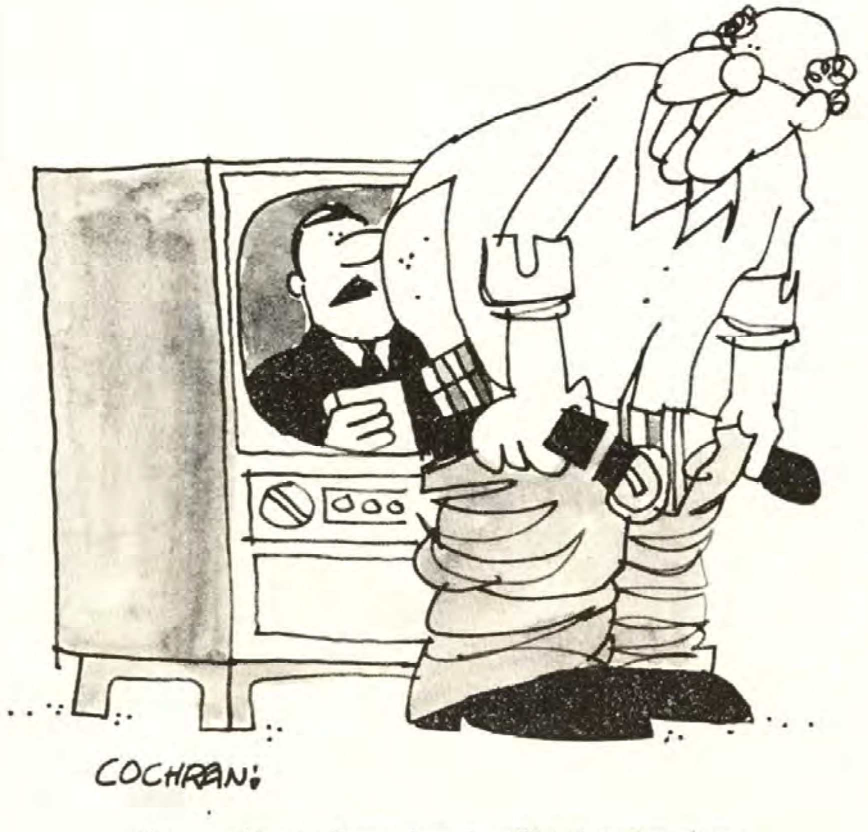
several of whom I thought were very good-looking. One black man was quite sure of himself and actually a little aggressive. He was so brazen that he didn't even get out of Charley's chair upon his return. Charley didn't say anything. The man, whose name was Conrad, just kept staring at me and talking. Charley didn't even say anything when Conrad started putting oil on me. Finally, Charley and I had to leave. Since we both read Penthouse, *I was wondering if Charley was fantasizing about my being with Conrad.*

That night we met up with Conrad again. When he asked me to dance, I agreed, but only to please my husband. I must admit that I was very attracted to this tall, very muscular man. He was holding me close and rubbing against me with what had to be a huge cock. I couldn't help but get turned on. When we returned to the table, Charley said he was going back to the room for a while. This move convinced me that he was in favor of what I was doing. As soon as he left, Conrad asked me to go outside with him to smoke a joint. The pot was pretty good, and as Conrad leaned over to kiss me, I felt myself go wet. It was a long kiss, and it left me very excited. He lifted my skirt and literally tore my panties off. His fingers easily glided into my wet love box. My hands found his cock, and I couldn't believe the size—it was at least twice as big as Charley's five inches. I unbuttoned Conrad's pants and pulled the black monster out. Then he lifted me up just like a feather and placed that beautiful cock between my legs. I had never made love standing up before, and it was quite a turn-on. Wrapping my legs around his waist, I eased down until I had every inch inside me. It's impossible to tell how many orgasms I had. After making love outside, we went back to Conrad's house. Once in his bed, I threw all caution to the wind. Throwing off my dress, I dropped down on my knees and began sucking his monstrous cock. When he was about to come, I tried to back off, but he pushed it halfway down my throat. Pumping furiously and holding my hair, he forced me to swallow his sperm. Surprisingly, I liked the taste of it, and the following morning I sucked him dry on my own.

Later that day when I spoke to Charley and told him what had happened, he told me that it was all right but that he didn't want me to do it again. I agreed not to. But two days later I was sunbathing nude on the beach and had fallen asleep. I awoke to Conrad's probing fingers. After our first session, he definitely knew my weak spots. I feebly tried to stop him, but within minutes we were making love. When my husband saw us together later, he became very upset. I tried to explain what had happened, but he said it didn't matter.

He stayed angry with me, and upon our return from Jamaica our sex life stopped completely. Then he started bringing strange men home with him and telling them it was all right if they seduced me. At first I refused, but as the months went by I naturally became very horny. So one night, when he brought home a black friend who looked very much like Conrad, I put on some sexy clothing. I literally raped Charley's friend right there on our couch! I jerked him off, and after he came, I licked his cock clean, making sure that Charley had a good view.

*Charley's been angry ever since. I love him very much, but nothing I do seems to make him happy. Maybe you can help us solve this problem.—*C. E.



"Yes, my friends, if you place the afflicted portion of your anatomy against your television screen and pray with me, you will experience the miraculous healing powers of God's grace . . ."

Your husband, Charley, really seems to be somewhat of a mental masochist to keep bringing men for you to fuck, usually black and better than average in endowment (surely better than he). He obviously realizes that in order to keep you happy, he has to bring in the troops, and yet he is disgusted by it all and cannot cope with the situation and therefore refuses to have sex. It may well be that he has even become temporarily impotent until you two decide what you are to do about your sex life.

You should shape up and stop being such a raving exhibitionist, knowing that it only makes him suffer and obviously does not turn him on. (If it had, he would have screwed you immediately afterwards.) If you really care for your man, promise you will refrain from extramarital sex and tell him that you would like things to be back to normal.

If, however, it is you who has gone through too many changes, then you will have to accept the consequences of a sexless life with your husband, at least for the time being. Maybe he will slowly get used to it all, but it sure might take time.

NOISE POLLUTION

My husband is a very masculine man, a construction worker who is strong in both body and mind. We had a fantastic sex life until I received custody of my four children. We live in a two-bedroom trailer and also take in a boarder. So, as you can see, we are very crowded, which has reduced our sex life to practically nothing.

My husband gets up every morning at 4:00 A.M., *gets a cup of coffee, and then retires to the bathroom, where he stays until about 6:00. He has plenty of magazines in there with pictures of nude girls. I know that he must be jerking himself off in there, but he doesn't know that I know. I feel that all these magazines are taking him away from me. What should I do?—*J. T. L.

Try joining your husband in the john some day and surprise him while he is masturbating. You might have him grab you while you are holding on to the towel bar. I myself have experienced quite a few nice orgasms in bathrooms while sitting on toilet seats, bidets, or even just lying on the bathroom carpet.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 234

"Last year I switched to rum. This year I graduated to Myers's Rum."

MYERS'S
WORLD FAMOUS
· IMPORTED ·
MYERS'S
RUM
Original Dark
THE PLANTERS' PUNCH BRAND
100% FINE
JAMAICA RUM
DISTILLED IN JAMAICA
UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
FOR MYERS RUM COMPANY LTD.
NASSAU, BAHAMAS, SUCCESSORS TO
FRED L. MYERS & SON
FOUNDED 1879
KINGSTON, JAMAICA
WEST INDIES
750 ML (25.4 FL OZ) · 80 PROOF
GOLD MEDAL
MYERS'S JAMAICA RUMS
GAIN HIGHEST AWARDS

White rums may be what you learn on. But Myers's dark rum will advance your education. It will teach you just how good tasting rum can be. Because with Myers's Rum you get a smoother, softer taste that comes from master-blending.

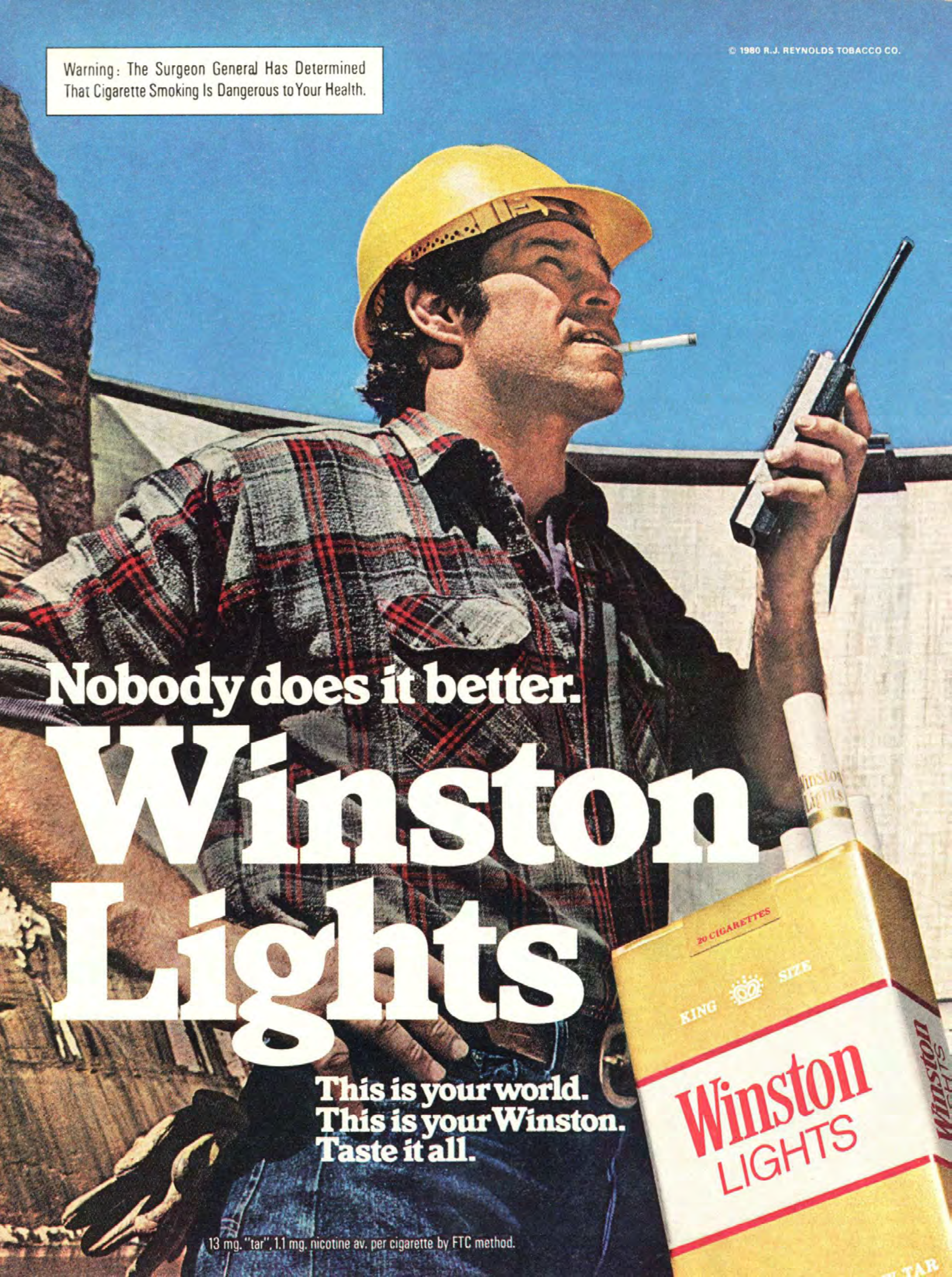
What makes Myers's precious imported rum cost more, makes Myers's taste better. In cola, soda, fruit juice or any of your favorite mixers.

IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. BALTIMORE, MD

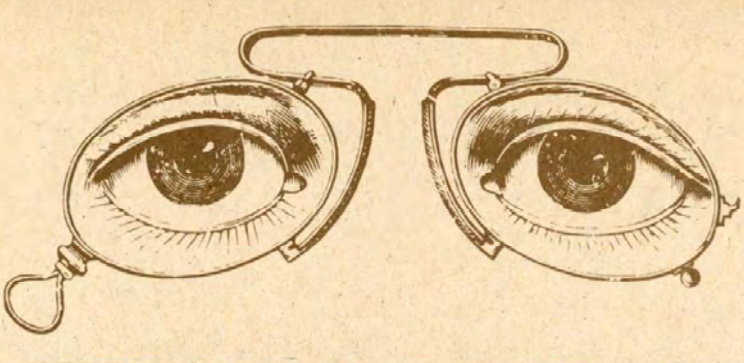
MYERS'S MAKES IT BETTER. Taste how Myers's improves on cola, soda, tonic, fruit juice. Free Recipe Book: Myers's Rum Recipe Book, Dept. PH, P.O. Box 4605, Westbury, New York 11590. Offer expires December 31, 1981.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1980 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.


Nobody does it better.
Winston Lights
This is your world.
This is your Winston.
Taste it all.
20 CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
Winston
LIGHTS

13 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

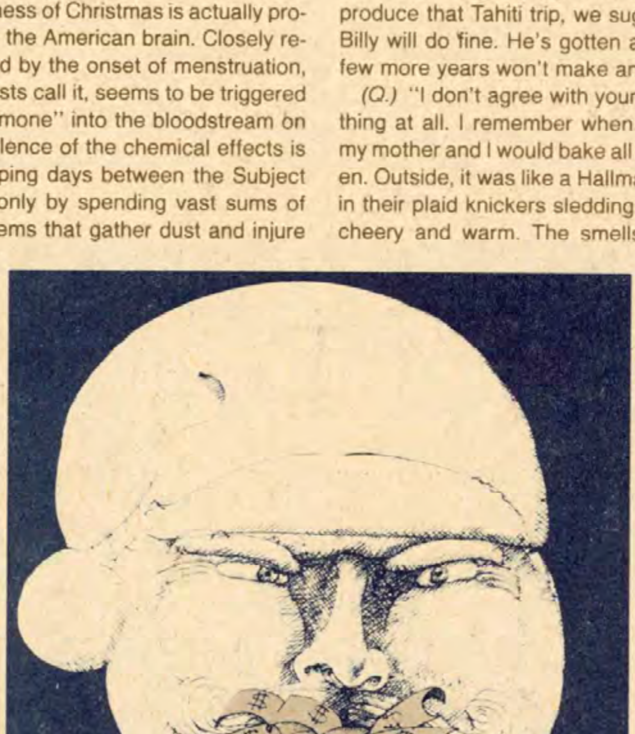
CHRIST ON CREDIT

BY EMILY PRAGER

Isn't it amazing how time flies when you're paying off Master Charge? Yes. It's Christmas once again. Christmas 1980, the first Yuletide of the new decade, and if you're like most Americans, you're probably unemployed or deeply in debt and just hoping for a NORAD computer failure that will blast those holiday festivities right off the map. Well, hope no more! Now! From GREEDCO! It's *THE DEPRESSED PERSON'S GUIDE TO COPING WITH CHRISTMAS!* Compiled by experts with suicidal tendencies, this handy pamphlet answers *all* your questions! Is death preferable? Can a Christmas on Walton's Mountain ever be yours? Find out below. If you can beat Medicaid, you can beat Christmas! At Greedco, we guarantee it!

(Q.) "Maybe I shouldn't celebrate this year. Maybe I should just go away until it's over? I know some people who own a hotel in the Caribbean and . . . "—*Afraid to Be Alone Again*

(A.) It's sad isn't it, how many Americans delude themselves that by merely taking a trip they can escape Christmas? Forget about it. Secret files recently lifted from the Rand Corporation prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that a consciousness of Christmas is actually produced by a hormonal secretion within the American brain. Closely resembling the rage and hostility caused by the onset of menstruation, the "Christmas Syndrome," as scientists call it, seems to be triggered by the release of the "Christmas Hormone" into the bloodstream on or about November 1. The rise in virulence of the chemical effects is in direct ratio to the number of shopping days between the Subject and December 25 and is alleviated only by spending vast sums of American dollars on useless luxury items that gather dust and injure the environment. Clearly, the presence of the Christmas Hormone is an evolutionary development indigenous to the United States and caused by natural selection. We can only hope that in about 50 years, the weak, those who cannot cope, the thrifty, the sensible, the poor, will die out, and there'll be a lot more money for the rest of us to spend, and Christmas will be a lot more fun. At the moment, however, with the exception of a frontal lobotomy, and those are out of style, there's nothing you can do.



Joe Ciardello

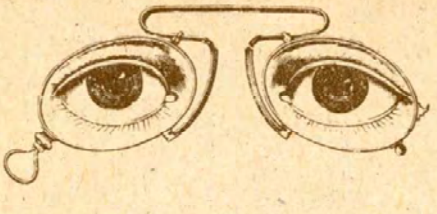
(Q.) "For Christmas this year, my ten-year-old son Billy wants a pair of designer jeans and two tickets to Tahiti, where he plans to take the nine-year-old daughter of our next-door neighbors. Not only do I disapprove of the sexual encouragement of prepubescent children, but also I couldn't afford tickets to Tahiti if my life depended on it, and it does. Billy says he'll cut me if I don't come across. Whatever happened to electric trains?"—*An Anxious Father*

(A.) Wise up, Dad, this is 1980. No ten-year-old's asked for electric trains since 1958, and why should he when he can smoke a few joints and have sex instead? Face it, Pops, you're jealous. What are you, 36, 37, now? A little paunchy? Losing some of that hair? You see Billy boffing the neighbor's kid, and you want some, too. Simple. Oedipus Rex. And by the way, Dad, it's too late for recriminations now. Where was your protest when they started doing those porno leotard ads back in the '70s—five- and six-year-old girls lounging sexily, staring at the camera with seductive expressions? It was okay for those kids but not for yours—is that how it works? Did you read to Billy, Dad? Did you take an interest in his intelligence, his sensitivity, and his moral development? Or did you just buy him every goddamn thing he ever wanted and hope the boob tube would do your job?

At GREEDCO, Dad, we don't blame the kids for their lack of moral fiber and their grasping consumerism. We blame you. And if you can't produce that Tahiti trip, we suggest you skip town and take an alias. Billy will do fine. He's gotten along this far without your guidance. A few more years won't make any difference.

(Q.) "I don't agree with your assessment of the Walton's Mountain thing at all. I remember when I was a girl and Christmas was near, my mother and I would bake all kinds of delicacies in our big farm kitchen. Outside, it was like a Hallmark card, snowy and white, my brothers in their plaid knickers sledding happily on a nearby hill. Inside, it was cheery and warm. The smells of baking cookies and fresh-ironed dresses mingled with the delicate aroma of my family's love and unity. On Christmas Eve we'd trim the tree with popcorn strings and handmade decorations that had been in the family for years. Father would read from the Bible the wonderful story of the Star in the East and the Three Wise Men and Jesus' birth in the manger. When we went to bed, we could hardly sleep, knowing that at any moment Santa might land on the roof. And now, as I sit in this rat-filled apartment, terrified every minute that I might be mugged and raped, I wonder what happened to all that sweetness."—*A Widow of 80*

(A.) Progress happened, progress and economic growth. The era you recall is clearly preelectric light, prerefrigeration. You've got a hot plate in that "rat-filled" apartment, don't you? A toilet? A few bare bulbs hanging from the ceiling by which you can *read at night?* Well, you



Scrooge and the curse of Christmas: Dickens got it all wrong.

Springer/Bettmann Film Archive

wouldn't have had those things 70 years ago, so what are you whining about? As for the manger story, recent developments in genetic engineering have made it possible for any woman who so chooses to have a virgin birth, provided she's a virgin and can afford the ovarian implants. So that kind of takes the wonder out of that little tale doesn't it?

As for Christmas itself, well, it's a part of our economic structure now. Anyone can see that. Institutionalized greed. American retailers base their whole year's earnings around Christmas. If we don't spend money we don't have on things we don't need for people we don't like, this country will go under, and fast. And how would you like that? How would you like living in a Communist country like China, where old people are revered, health care is a given, and senior citizens receive 70 percent of their income as pension? You call that freedom? See? The grass is always greener. Count yourself lucky: you've got your own place, enough cat food to eat, and the First Amendment allows you to write to us anytime and complain. That, as Ron Reagan would say, is what this country's all about, and don't you ever forget it.

(Q.) "I wouldn't mind Christmas if I had some money, but this year's been a killer. I had to buy my apartment at 18 percent, and, utilities, telephone, and food are up. I'm being taxed up the ass. I haven't been to a restaurant in months. And I can barely afford bus fare. Will people still love me if I don't give them Christmas gifts?"—*Single Woman over 30*

(A.) No.

"No?"

No.

"What do you mean, No?"

No. No is no.

"What kind of love is that? What kind of Christmas spirit when all people care about is what money can buy and all human feeling is dictated by advertising? Where's the Walton's Mountain stuff you promised me?"

Okay, okay. If you must have the Walton's Mountain trip, dress in some threadbare clothes, trim the tree with newspaper, sing carols, and go hungry. See if you don't wish you could write for television and afford better.

(Q.) "Your pamphlet has depressed me more than I can express. I looked to you for help, and I was rewarded instead with evil, black cynicism. I don't know how you people live with yourselves, but I know this: things are not so bad as you say, and even if they were, after reading your smut, I intend to enjoy Christmas if only to spite you. I want my money back."—*Really Pissed*

(A.) Since, by your own admission, you can now, after reading our pamphlet, definitely cope with Christmas, we at GREEDCO see no reason to refund your money. You can sue us if you like, but as our Christmas bonus policy includes the members of the local judiciary, we doubt that you could possibly win the case. In closing, let us wish both you and your Master Charge billing center a very Merry Christmas and a happy and interest-filled New Year.

SCENES

CRUISING SEASON

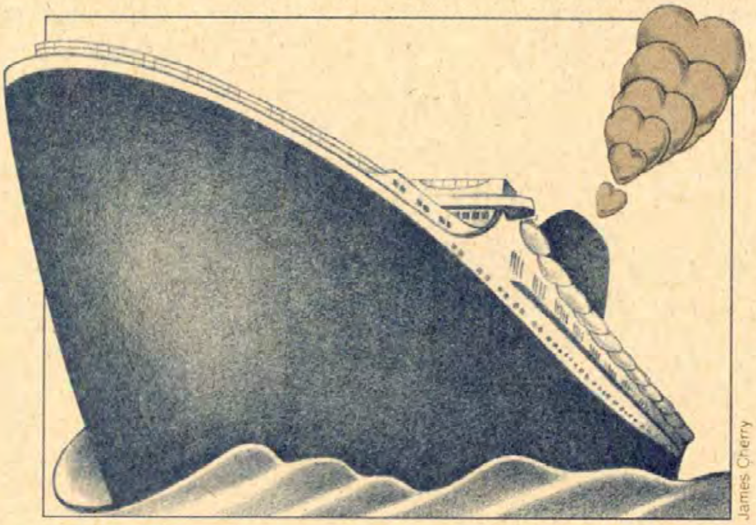
The nautical term *cruising* (to sail from place to place, as for pleasure or in search of something) became land slang in the 1950s, when it was used to describe what teenagers did in their cars . . . like cruising for burgers. The slang then evolved to mean the act of checking out possible sexual partners in bars or on street corners. Most recently the slang has returned to the sea. People are now cruising while cruising.

Cruising for sexual partners on cruise ships may be as old as Noah's Ark, but only in the last ten years has it become big business. So big, in fact, that shipyards, glutted with oil tanker orders a few years ago, are now busy building new cruise ships and stretching old ones (a process whereby a ship is cut in half and a new midsection added to it to increase its length and passenger capacity). Cruise Lines International Association anticipates a 40 percent increase in passenger capacity by 1982.

Not too many years ago cruise ships were all relics of the grand manner, leftovers from the transatlantic days of impeccable service and rigid class distinctions at exorbitant prices. They were seagoing havens where spinsters and the parents of spinsters could relax in style, uninterrupted by the hurly-burly of modern-day existence. Uh, uh—put away your handkerchiefs. Now is not the time to get teary-eyed about the demise of the grand manner. Even today, many cruise lines cater to blue bloods and would-be blue bloods. You can still be cruising around the world on the *QE II* for upwards of $60,000 while dressing for dinner in an exclusive din-

Cruising has come a long way since the days of the Titanic.

Movie Star News



James Cherry

ing room, where you will eat caviar and lobster served by waiters with white gloves. It's not that the old ways have disappeared. There are just some new kids on the dock.

When a few new steamship lines began to offer popular-priced cruises in the early 1970s, one of the barriers to mass consumption of their product, they found, was the common belief that all cruises were stodgy, boring, and elitist. Sex and romance were the key marketing themes they used to alter that image. The idea of the "love boat" was born.

It only took "The Love Boat" television series to transform the industry. Thousands of single nurses and teachers, divorcées and widows, began sailing away each week in search of the romance created twice weekly (the show is already in reruns) by Gavin McLeod and crew. It's no wonder that most cruises, even when they sail from Miami, are crowded with Californians, that unique group of Americans who, more than any other, believe what they see on their television screens. But this phenomenon is bigger than California. Nebraskans, Kansans, and Dakotans, people who wouldn't know a tidal wave from a microwave, have discovered how easy it is to find romance at sea.

Beyond the hype and saccharine of the television series, there are some excellent reasons why cruising is a great way to "cruise":

(1) The love boats are now packed with unattached people looking for adventure.

(2) Like you, they've paid for their cruise up front; they're determined to get their money's worth.

(3) No matter whom *you're* cruising, they've already paid for their room, meals, and entertainment (all included in the price of the cruise). You can spring for drinks if you wish. Drinks are very cheap on a ship.

(4) The ships are big enough for you to get away from someone you don't want to see but small enough to track down that face you saw across the crowded room.

(5) If you're looking for a nice short-term romance, chances are you'll meet someone from across the country or across the world whom you will never have to see again after the cruise.

(6) Don't underestimate the motion of the ocean. That gentle rocking just makes you want to snuggle up to someone.

(7) The cruise lines know what you're there for, and they cater to it.

(8) Even if you don't score, there's enough entertainment on the ships to distract your damaged ego.

How much does cruising cost? What do you get for your money? The price of a cruise can vary considerably, depending on type of accommodation, length of cruise, and destination. An average seven-day cruise aboard a love boat is about $800, with $400 and $2,000 being the extremes. The one price buys all your meals (eight a day if you want them), accommodations, and all entertainment. Tipping and drinks are extra. On all ships you can expect excellent food, good service, live entertainment, first-run movies, a gym and saunas, swimming, and room service. Most ships have a casino of some sort or another. Seafaring safety standards are rigid, and stabilizers, which minimize the ship's roll, are the rule. Each cruise offers different ports of call, but if what you really want is to see St. Maarten or St. Thomas, you'd be wiser to fly down and spend your time on the island. The time spent in port is limited. Cruising is really a shipboard activity.

ABC

"The Love Boat": the series that transformed an industry.

All cruise lines have some sort of air-sea package, which means you can fly from anywhere in the country to your port of departure at a large discount, or in some cases for free. With some 30 major cruise lines to choose from, you want to make sure that you pick one that sails love boats.

AMERICAN HAWAII CRUISES is brand-new this year. Their one ship, the S.S. *Oceanic Independence*, will land you or sail you past seven of the eight Hawaiian Islands. (How many of you knew there were eight Hawaiian Islands?) It's the only Hawaiian cruise you can take, and it is expensive for its class.

CARNIVAL CRUISE LINES may give you the most cruise for your money. Their seven-day cruises out of Miami often carry two women for every man. Not bad. Ship's officers insist their most common complaint comes from young women who can't find enough men on board.

COSTA CRUISES operates five ships that sail from San Juan, Puerto Rico, which gives passengers access to both the southern Caribbean and South America on seven-day cruises. Lots of Italian food.

WESTERN CRUISE LINES is the newest company to jump on the love-boat theme. Their ship, the *Azure Sea*, started making three- and four-night runs from Los Angeles to the Baja in November 1980; very affordable for people who are from the West Coast.

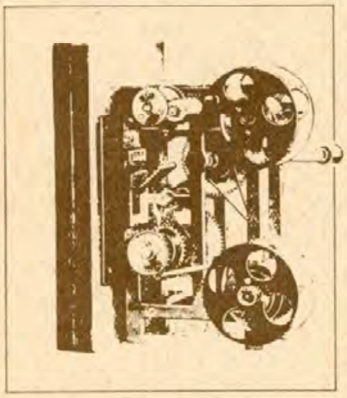
HOMELINES have the only love boats that sail from New York City, destination Bermuda and Nassau.

NORWEGIAN CARIBBEAN LINES, probably the most innovative cruise line, has recently returned the old S.S. *France* to service as the S.S. *Norway*, making it the largest cruise ship afloat. Norwegian's large fleet offers four- and seven-day cruises out of Miami to some unique ports of call.

PRINCESS CRUISES sails television's real-life love boat—but don't expect staterooms the size of the TV settings. Their winter cruises from Los Angeles to Mexico are recommended. The summer cruises head for Alaska—breathtaking coastal scenery, higher prices, and a more conservative clientele.

Some 1.5 million passengers will be cruising this year. Many of them will be cruising while cruising. —*Jay Perry*

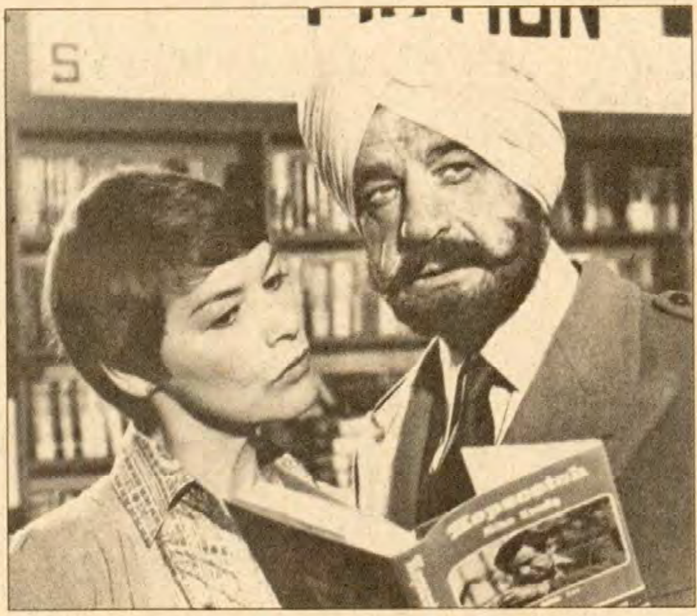
FILMS



MOVING ON

Somewhere in the sacred texts of moviedom it must be written: When All Else Fails, Throw in a Chase. And so there have been chases. Great chases, little chases, scary chases, funny chases, occasionally even exciting chases. But whatever else, I suspect they share at least one thing: the producer's sigh of relief when he hears our brains click off as we submit to the mindless motion of watching one person, car, train, boat, airplane, snowmobile, hang glider, or skateboard pursue another across San Francisco, New York City, the map of Europe, or the whole damn world. The aesthetic strategy of the chase assumes that you'll prefer physical activity to dramatic action. I don't, which is why I generally hate chases. But the theme of the chase informs some marvelous movies. It is good to report that the theme lies behind a couple of decent, sometimes exhilarating new films that turn out better than the formulas going into them might have ordained.

Ronald Neame's ***Hopscotch*** doesn't so much challenge the formulas as adapt to them with a good-humored, civilized, slightly world-weary grace. Veteran secret agent Miles Kendig (Walter Matthau), learning that he is about to be removed by some younger, brasher, more stupid elements in the CIA, decides not to acquiesce, but rather to conduct a not quite solitary revenge against the agency for putting him out to pasture. His weapon will be a book full of inside revelations about agency blunders. And his allies, who turn out to be legion, include his longtime Soviet adversary Yaskov (Herbert Lom), with whom he stops for drinks; Isobel von Schmidt (Glenda Jackson), another ex-CIA agent and recent widow of a wealthy Austrian; and even young Cutter (Sam Waterston), slated to be Kendig's replacement at the CIA. His one real enemy, his boss, a bureaucratic nincompoop named Myerson (Ned Beatty), stands for all the rigid officialdom that Kendig must outwit. That opposition, between its private subtlety and official stupidity, is as close to the politics of the situation as the movie ever gets.



Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson: the economy of acting.

Kendig's resourcefulness provides the whole rationale for *Hopscotch*, and since he exercises it over much of Europe and America, the rationale has an agreeable variety to it. But the deeper pleasures of the movie come mainly from the actors and the interplay between actors and director. Walter Matthau has shuffled through this kind of tour de force before (most impressively as the underdog small-time bank robber in Don Siegel's *Charley Varrick*), in films in which, typically, his special brand of deadpan competence sets him against adversaries who always fail by trying harder. When, under a false identity, Kendig rents Myerson's beloved Georgia country house and then cons the FBI into demolishing it by letting them know he's there, he is merely bringing to a peak of insolent bravado the ingenuity with which he orchestrates the entire movie. Glenda Jackson has played the comic foil to Matthau before (in *House Calls*), but this time she cooperates wholly with him in one of the most straightforward, unmannered performances she has ever managed to give.

I'd give much of the credit for the ensemble to Ronald Neame, not the world's greatest filmmaker but one with a genuine gift for supporting actors in the face of frequently second-rate material. If you stick a pin anywhere in *Hopscotch*, you'll find mainly thin air. That you may never feel inclined to stick a pin will be a tribute to the energies of the people prancing so nimbly around its surface.

Neame's film has the look of a motion picture shot in lots of glorious, genuine locations—Salzburg, London, Munich, and the like—partly as a way of saving money; it's cheaper to lug a movie camera than to build a set. But because *Hopscotch* uses, rather than merely leans on, its ready-made exotica, the hint of frazzle around its edges becomes a positive value—like Miles Kendig's endlessly stylish Rube Goldberg schemes for outclassing the CIA. It's another example of fitting means to ends, an economy of production like Walter Matthau's economy of gesture or Glenda Jackson's economy of emotion, all of which serve to create an environment, against many odds, of quite unexpected fun.

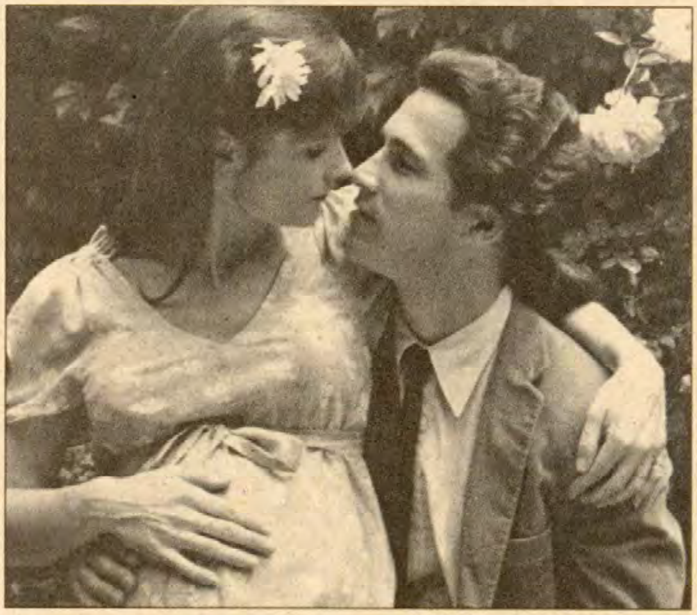
Like almost any of his movies, John Cassavetes's new ***Gloria*** is partly a mess. And like most of the other Cassavetes movies, the mess turns out a more interesting proposition than do the neater bundles of innumerable, more fastidious directors.

Moment by moment the film's story is by no means clear. But in general it has to do with an aging showgirl and mobster's mistress, Gloria (Gena Rowlands), who one day finds herself saddled with an obstreperous seven-year-old boy (Juan Adames) whose entire family (her apartment house neighbors) has for some reason or another just been rubbed out by the mob. The mob, Gloria's former friends and her lover, want the kid, too. Her flight to protect him, which takes them all the way from the Bronx to Pittsburgh, is the structure of the film.

Even more than most of Cassa-

Gena Rowlands: on the run

vetes's other films (for example, *Faces, A Woman under the Influence, The Killing of a Chinese Bookie*), *Gloria* is full of howlers. Consider the marked family, with the dad (Buck Henry!) twice too old for his beautiful Puerto Rican wife (Julie Carmen), plus her mother, the son, and a teenage daughter who seems to have wandered in from the hallway. Even allowing for the doom hanging over their lives, they nevertheless fill the movie's first ten minutes with a hysteria not so much terrifying as reminiscent of skits from the better days of "Saturday Night Live." And Gena Rowlands's performance, a combination of toughness and vulnerability that has surfaced in almost every Cassavetes film for the past dozen years, has by now gone from characterization to cliché. The movies that have been fashioned around it (Rowlands is, you must appreciate, John Cassavetes's wife) begin to seem burdened by its nonstop intensity.



Margot Kidder and Michael Ontkean: rites of passage.

Still, it is hard not to admire the tenacity with which those movies get made—none of them much in the way of a commercial proposition—by a director who is also a hardworking actor and who largely supports his own craft. And it is hard not to admire what gets into the movies, sometimes around the edges. *Gloria* happens to be full of superbly efficient action sequences—local chases within the larger chase; gun battles in which Gloria, a moll in the grand tradition, dispatches mobsters in an instant—that really constitute a subtext of their own, one perhaps more important than the growing relationship between the woman and the little boy that the movie is supposed to be all about. Within Cassavetes there is a terrific schlock filmmaker needing to be freed. With half a chance, he could give us the bloodcurdling shoot-'em-up of the decade.

Paul Mazursky's ***Willie and Phil*** must be one of the oddest notions ever put on film. Willie (Michael Ontkean) and Phil (Ray Sharkey) meet one night in 1970 at a Greenwich Village screening of François Truffaut's *Jules and Jim*. They become friends, and then, for the next eight or nine years, they live out a relationship that is an unacknowledged repetition of the relationship in *Jules and Jim*. Unacknowledged by the characters, that is. Mazursky openly imitates (and, I'm sure, wants us to recognize) narrative devices, tricks of make-up or costume, camera movement, even individual shots, in adapting Truffaut's account of bohemian life in early twentieth-century France to conditions in Manhattan and Los Angeles through the 1970s.

Willie and Phil pick up a Kentucky girl, Jeannette (Margot Kidder), and jointly fall in love with her. She has Willie's daughter and marries him, but she also lives with Phil—before leaving them both in favor of independence and a career in independent filmmaking in New York City. Phil, an Italian, makes television commercials, and a bit of money. Willie, a Jew, teaches high school, and worries about his soul. Taken altogether, the three of them are supposed to flesh out a chronicle of their times, the way Truffaut's Jules, Jim, and Catherine embody a chronicle of theirs. But the gap in intellectual resources is overwhelming. Whereas Truffaut plays elegant games with main currents of European thought, Mazursky latches onto a history of 1970s fads plus some fairly stereotyped social satire. None of his actors, not even the usually fine Margot Kidder, betrays much passion. But then, none has been furnished a clue about what to feel passionate about.

It seems to me that all the Mazursky movies—at least, from *Blume in Love* to *An Unmarried Woman*—have dealt with rites of passage, ways of moving on from one stage of life to another, and that all have ended with a deliberate inconclusiveness that has sometimes been part of their charm. *Willie and Phil* follows the pattern, but it has no viable view of the future. At the end, which mirrors the beginning, as the pals walk away from a François Truffaut double bill, they pass a line of freaks waiting for midnight and the *Rocky Horror Show*. The Greenwich Village street is now strewn with garbage. The voice on the sound track puts the two men in their place: "Finally they married, had children, and led very ordinary lives." I think that betrays a criminal failure on Mazursky's part to make sense of his people, or of his times, or even of the sensibility he seems to value in *Jules and Jim*.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

HOLIDAY FANTASIES

A book used to be a pretty classy Christmas present. The recipient was pleased to be thought the type of fellow who would appreciate *Michelangelo's Greatest Hits*, and the donor was equally glad to have avoided the crush at the aftershave counter. Ever since the odious success of *Gnomes*, however, the Christmas book industry has been struck with a case of terminal cuteness. Hard on the hairy heels of *Gnomes* came books on fairies, dragons, and other immaterial beings. This year's contender for that big Christmas dollar is ***Angels***, (Pantheon, $29.95), by Peter Lamborn Wilson. It appears the world of fantasy also suffers from overpopulation. If your girl friend sends you love letters on Snoopy stationery, these are the books she wants for Christmas.

Unfortunately, preciosity of this sort is not limited to the imagination. Clowns and balloons are rotund, colorful, inoffensive, boring, and somehow have inspired two big, overpriced Christmas books: ***Ballooning*** (Random House, $20.) by Dirk Werth with Jerry Young, and ***The Book of Clowns*** (Macmillan, $19.95), by George Speaight. Perhaps these books were created by out-of-work *Look* editors, eager to fill space with big, pretty, cheerful photos. Somehow they achieve the same effect as the murals on the walls of children's hospitals' wards. These books are recommended for those who need to ease themselves

back into the real world.

Then there are those people who have decided to abandon reality altogether: the movie maniacs. These people have fallen on hard times lately, now that the typical matinee hero is a Vietnam vet with a chain saw. If you have a very good friend who suffers from the celluloid syndrome, and if your wallet and his coffee table can support it, ***David O. Selznick's Hollywood*** (Knopf, $85), by Ronald Haver, is the gift for him. This is a hefty tome in more ways than one—there's an actual copper insert of King Kong—but the amazing photographs and the behind-the-scenes scandals from *Gone with the Wind, Dinner at Eight, A Star Is Born,* and the rest of the Selznick spectacles will set literary and filmic tongues wagging on both coasts. The welterweight challenger for the movie book-of-the-year title is ***The Art of the Great Hollywood Portrait Photographers*** (Knopf, $35), with a text by John Kobal. All the biggies are here—Garbo, Dietrich, Harlow, Crawford—in portraits that both replicate our own visual image of them and reveal their true star quality more tellingly than does any of their motion pictures.

Some movie maniacs don't even need the stars. Like those of a junkie quivering at the sight of a spoon, their pupils begin dilating the minute they walk neath a marquee. ***Movie Palaces*** (Potter, $17.95), by Ave Pildas, is an interesting, if one-note, book. At first you're amazed at the fantastic variety of movie theaters, and at the attention and cost showered on buildings whose essential purpose is to give people a dark room to sit in. Unfortunately, unless you're a true devotee, all those lights and murals and mirrors start to look the same by page 120. A thoughtful touch to this book would have been a scratch-'n'-sniff page that would have released the fragrance of freshly made popcorn.

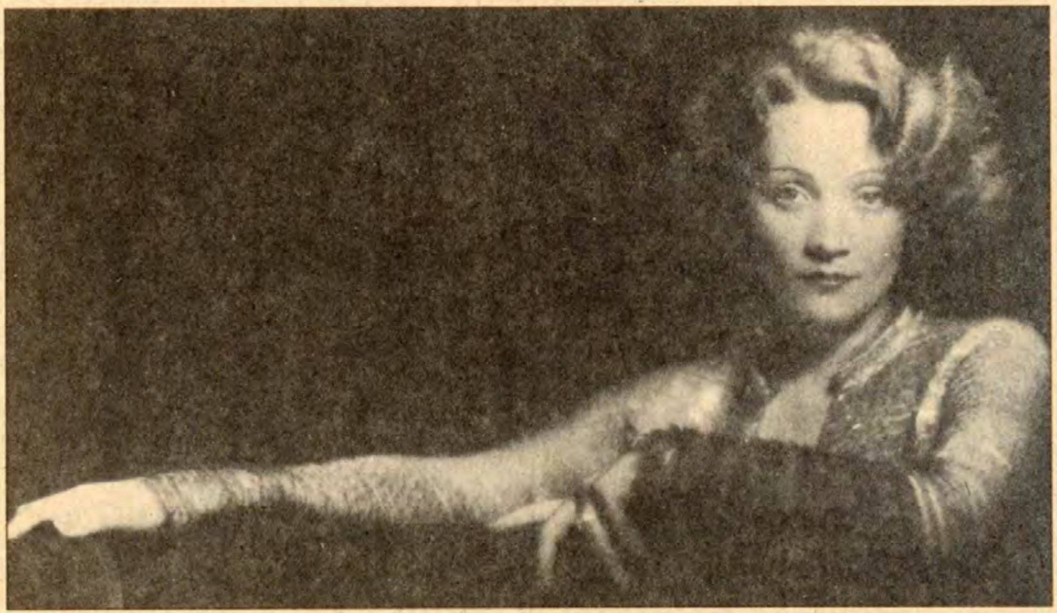
Then there are folks who prefer to make their fantasies more concrete—and plaster, and brick, and stone. ***Fantastic Architecture*** (Abrams, $35), by Michael Schuyt, Joost Elffers, and George R. Collins, is *not* the ideal gift book for the independent woodsman who's just built his own hand-hewn log cabin, unless you're out to create overwhelming feelings of inferiority. *Fantastic Architecture* is about people who have chosen to live in their own imaginations. These architects ignored building zones and union regulations to create homes that look like giant birthday cakes, shoes, ducks, mushrooms, and other *objets* you'll never see in *House Beautiful.*

CHICAGO
THE DARK
CHARLES BRONSON
TELLY SAVALAS
THE
"BUTCH & SUNDANCE THE EARLY

Ave Pildas

Movié Palaces: *everything but the scent of fresh popcorn.*

A lot of people live another kind of fantasy—the sexual fantasy of being a superlover. These people can be identified by the dog-eared copy of *The Joy of Sex* languishing on their coffee table. The sex book for this year, and one which will be passed around for years to come, is ***Sexual Secrets*** (Destiny Books, $12.95), by Nik Douglas and Penny Slinger. A large 383-page book with over 600 explicit illustrations even more titillating than Dr. Comfort's, *Sexual Secrets* tells you everything you wanted to know about how Asians made love but couldn't ask since you didn't speak Urdu. Seriously, it's a book on sexual mysticism, a subject left unfondled by most of those who have tried to tread the path to physical nirvana. For those who take their bodies *au naturel*, there is ***Bodyscapes*** (Abbeville, $14.95), a "celebration" by Martin H. Schreiber. You know this book—"Oh right, that's an elbow"—and it's strictly for the black-and-white artiste types. ***Twentieth Century Masters of Erotic Art*** (Fleetbooks, $30), by Brandley Smith, manages to stretch the definition of both "art" and "erotic." Good old Henry Miller got his last licks in in the introduction, and it's remarkable how the entire book manages to evoke the same response that most of Miller's oeuvre does: yes, we know it's supposed to be art and it's supposed to be hot, but do we have to look at it? The class act among all this pseudo-porn is ***Gustav Klimt: The Erotic Drawings*** (Abrams, $135). Exquisitely reproduced and meticulously printed on Japanese paper, these slight line drawings have a life and a lyricism unknown to more lubricious erotic art. The $135 price tag may evoke memories of "museum quality reproduction" rip-offs, but for real value and out-and-out snob appeal, Gustav Klimt's erotica can't be beat. Your coffee table will thank you for it.



Eugene Robert Richee

The Great Hollywood Portrait Photographers: *capturing Marlene Dietrich's true star quality.*

Lastly, there's the class of reader who not only shuns fantasy but also embraces grim reality—the nastier and the more brutish, the better. These people are known as New Yorkers. And of all forms of chauvinism, city boosterism is perhaps the most sick-making. For some reasons, those towns with the least to recommend them are the selfsame ones who blow their own bus horns most vociferously. It's next to impossible to find books touting the rural charms of Duluth, Minnesota, Charleston, South Carolina, or Santa Fe, New Mexico. But if you have a friend who kisses the grimy streets of New York or Los Angeles every one of his woe-begone days, there's a rubbish pile of new books he'll adore.

The most telling of this year's crop representing literary urban blight are ***Jack Smith's L.A.*** (McGraw Hill, $9.95) and ***The Invisible City*** (Random House, $8.95), by Pete Hamill. Both of these books are chockablock with depressing vignettes about decaying neighborhoods, out-of-work waitresses, down-and-out ugly whores with hearts of brass, loudmouthed Irishmen drinking themselves to death, and other assorted big-city characters. Jack Smith occasionally comes up with a story of a cheerful, toothless old hag and her molting canary to liven up the L.A. scene, but anyone who still has a kind word to say about the Big Apple after plowing through Pete Hamill's disgusting menagerie should be boiled in his own egg cream and buried with an I LOVE NEW YORK button stuck through his heart.—*Gay Haubner*

Brian Hamill/Photoreporters

Hamill: death by egg cream.

SOUNDS

RARE AND JUST RIGHT

Here we are again with a list of great albums that a special friend of yours has probably never heard, albums that can be given as Christmas gifts without fear of duplication. How did all this music slip by? Simple. While you were listening to the new Stones and Springsteen albums, your critic was beating the proverbial bushes for albums that are (1) worth owning, (2) not best-sellers, and (3) not impossible to obtain. Remember, music is the gift that keeps on giving only if the recipient hasn't already been getting it on his or her own.

Pop. As you may have heard, a psychedelic revival has been brewing over in England. Nobody has tried pouring LSD into the water supply—at least, not yet—and headbands and flowers worn in the hair are not yet back in fashion. But in the welter of styles and movements that is post-punk English rock, a number of bands have been experimenting with musical textures and lyrics that are, well, trippy. Among the best of these are Echo and the Bunnymen, whose first album, ***Crocodiles*** (Sire), was recently released in the United States after selling briskly as an import. Echo was originally a rhythm machine, but once the band added a real drummer, their style, which is a charming if occasionally mystifying blend of new-wave intensity and veiled references to "mixing up the medicine" and having "been in a daze for days," rapidly fell into place. Another English band that employed psychedelic touches, Joy Division, lost lead singer and lyricist Ian Curtis early in 1980, when he committed suicide on the eve of what would have been the quartet's first American tour. But Joy Division had already recorded two superb albums, ***Unknown Pleasures*** and ***Closer*** (Factory), which may take some searching for but are worth it for anyone interested in the latest trends in English rock and in powerful, provocative new music.

For more mainstream sensibilities, Elvis Costello, the grand old man of England's new rock, is well represented on ***Taking Liberties*** (Columbia), a compilation of singles and other tracks previously unavailable in this country that includes some of his most carefully crafted and lyrical (and, yes, some of his nastiest) songs. Joni Mitchell's ***Shadows and Light*** (Elektra) chronicles the heavily jazz-influenced new style she's been purveying in her recent concerts. And for a touch of the truly bizarre, there's ***Philosophy of the World*** (Rounder/Red Rooster), by the Shaggs. The Shaggs—Betty, Helen, and Dorothy Wiggin to the citizens of Fremont, N.H.—recorded their album privately, with their dad producing, back in the sixties. They could not play their instruments, and their songs ("My Pal Foot Foot," "Who Are Parents") speak of bucolic teenage contentment, lurking insecurities, and possible genetic brain damage. I repeat, they *could not play*. The results are so strange/amusing/horrifying that *Philosophy of the World* became a cult favorite and a rare, costly collector's item until Rounder Records' Red Rooster subsidiary reissued it earlier this year. It is quite possibly the best worst album ever made.

Back in August, RCA released ***Elvis Aron Presley***, a special limited-edition eight-record boxed set of previously unreleased Presley material. Some enterprising retailers apparently hoarded copies in anticipation of the profitable Christmas season, and if there's an Elvis fan in your life who didn't manage to get his or her hands on one, you would be well advised to start inquiring discreetly at various record shops. The set celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of Presley's signing with RCA and includes live concerts (ranging from a 1956 appearance in Las Vegas to one of Elvis's later, considerably more grandiose stage appearances), studio chatter, songs that were in the sound tracks of movies but never made it onto records, and other rare items.

Barry Schultz/Retna

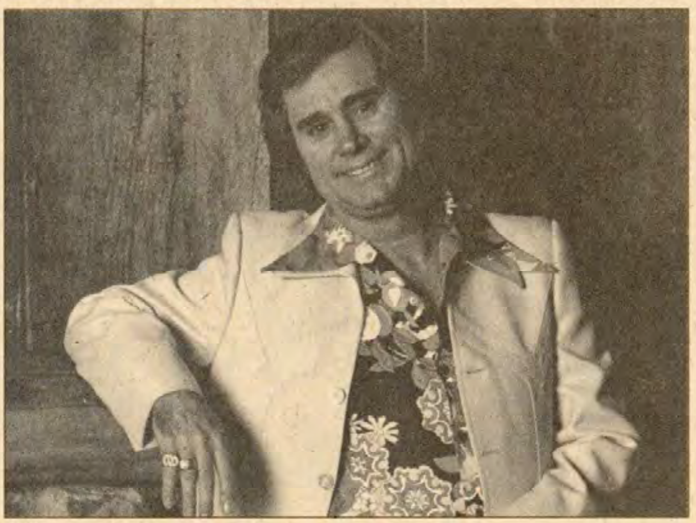
Arthur D'Amario/Retna

Elvis Costello, Joni Mitchell: nasty songs, new styles.

Country. Younger country fans will remember Patsy Cline as the older singer who gave Loretta Lynn a helping hand in *Coal Miner's Daughter*. Actually, Cline was one of the most distinctive and powerful country singers of the fifties and early sixties, especially on ballads, and her talents are showcased on a welcome new reissue album, ***Always*** (MCA). George Jones, the greatest honky-tonk singer country music has produced, was up to his neck in personal problems for a while; his return to public life in 1980 was a welcome event, and so was his album ***I Am What I Am*** (Epic), an up-to-date statement from one of the original country outlaws. For fans of more polished, countrypolitan-style music, ***The Best of the Oak Ridge Boys*** (MCA) collects a number of hits by a vocal quartet that has turned to lusher pop productions over the years while retaining a characteristic white gospel vocal sound.

Meanwhile, CMH (Country Music Heritage) has been doing an admirable job of keeping more traditional country styles alive on new studio recordings. Among the best of the recent CMH releases are ***Honky-Tonkitis***, by Carl and Pearl Butler, a stomping, no-frills drinking album that takes up where Hank and Lefty left off; ***The Merle Travis Story***, featuring the veteran picker performing new versions of such classics as his "Nine Pound Hammer" and "Divorce Me C.O.D."; and ***The Jim & Jesse Story***, another double album of new recordings by a legendary bluegrass duo. If you can't find CMH records in your local store, they can be ordered from the company at P.O. Box 39439, Los Angeles, Calif. 90039.

Jazz and Blues. Columbia record's Contemporary Masters Series has been making rare jazz recordings and newly recorded work by unjustly neglected artists available to the public, a service that's usually performed by small, poorly distributed collector's labels and rarely with as much care as Columbia has lavished. Fans of classic jazz who don't already own all five volumes of ***The Lester Young Story*** should have them; they chronicle Young's pre–World War Two associations with Billie Holiday and Count Basie and are among the music's most enduring performances. People who admire great jazz singing will want Betty Carter's ***Social Call***, in the Contemporary Masters series, and also Carter's latest release on her own Bet-Car label, ***The Audience with Betty Carter***, a two-record set that finally captures this exceptional vocal artist at her contemporary zenith. (Bet-Car is distributed by Rounder Records of Cambridge, Mass.).



George Jones: the greatest honky-tonk singer.

The reissue of Max Roach's ***Freedom Now Suite*** in the Contemporary Masters Series marks a welcome return to major-label recording for the most gifted modern-jazz drummer and an important jazz composer. The *Suite* dates from 1960, but Roach's digitally recorded ***M'Boom*** (CBS Master Sound) is brand-new and sparkling with fresh ideas, and so is ***One in Two-Two in One***, a double album documenting a lively encounter between Roach and the young multi-reedman Anthony Braxton on the Hat Hut label. Roach, the only one of the modern-jazz pioneers of the 1940s who continues to blaze new trails, also recorded recently with the formidable, iconoclastic pianist Cecil Taylor. These recordings haven't been released, but there's a staggering Taylor concert on Hat Hut, ***One Too Many Salty Swift And Not Goodbye***, a three-record set. Hat Hut records are available through New Music Distribution Service, 500 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012.

Max Roach: the most gifted jazz drummer.

David Redfern/Retna

Back in the mid-sixties, a Chicago blues enthusiast and record producer named Norman Dayron kept a tape machine running while some of the music's giants performed in informal club and concert settings and even on the city's streets. Dayron's tapes are now surfacing on several labels, providing fascinating glimpses of some celebrated bluesmen at their best. The cream of the crop is ***Live on Maxwell Street*** (Rounder), by the Mississippi Delta slide guitarist Robert Nighthawk. But ***Johnny Jones with Billy Boy Arnold*** (Alligator) is another fine live session, with a rocking piano man and gritty harp player in fine form; and the Takoma label offers two very compelling anthologies of Norman Dayron material, ***Rare Blues*** and ***Chicago Breakdown***, as well as individual albums by country bluesmen Bukka White (***Mississippi Blues***) and Robert Pete Williams (***Louisiana Blues***).

Experimental Music. Terry Riley launched the present vogue for "trance music" back in the sixties with albums like *A Rainbow in Curved Air* and *In C*, and his latest album for CBS Masterworks, ***Shri Camel***, finds him refining his approach with a series of dense, mysterious, alluring electronic organ improvisations. Philip Glass, perhaps the most successful and influential of the younger composers working in related idioms, has made one of his most accessible and hypnotic albums in ***Dance Nos. 1 and 3*** (Tomato). But the most striking electronic music of the year comes from Jon Hassell and Brian Eno, whose ***Possible Musics*** (Editions EG/Jem records) melds Hassell's vocalized trumpet playing (he learned from an Indian raga singer) with shimmering electronic sound washes and creates a timeless universe all its own.—*Robert Palmer*

IF YOU WANT AS MUCH FOR YOUR MONEY AS YOU DO FROM YOUR MUSIC.

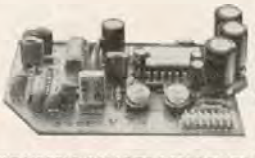
PIONEER'S BEFORE-CHRISTMAS-AFTER-CHRISTMAS SALE
NOW AT PARTICIPATING DEALERS

There are a lot of turntables you can buy for less than $200. Many of them are fully-automatic. Some of them have Quartz Reference Systems. Others feature sophisticated suspension systems. Or have specially-designed motors to make sure the sound of your turntable doesn't interfere with the sound of music.

But at Pioneer, we believe, that if you're going to pay $200 for a turntable, you shouldn't just get one of these features. You should get all of them.

PIONEER'S SOPHISTICATED SUSPENSION SYSTEM ELIMINATES SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL.

While other turntables with some of these advancements may look the same as the PL-400 on paper, they don't sound at all alike in your home. Because all these advancements act together to keep an imperfect environment, like your home, from getting in the way of perfect sound.


PIONEER'S QUARTZ REFERENCE SYSTEM FOR ACCURACY LIKE THAT FOUND IN THE FINEST SWISS WATCHES.

In your home, simply slamming a door can be more jarring to your turntable than it is to you.

Pioneer's PL-400 has a sophisticated suspension system that isolates the platter and tone arm from the rest of the turntable. Which means you can shake, rattle and roll a lot more with a lot less worry that your turntable is doing the same thing.

The PL-400 also has the world's thinnest direct drive motor. This ultra-thin motor does a lot more than give the PL-400 an ultra-sleek appearance. It keeps the turntable platter perfectly steady at all times. Though platter wobbling isn't a problem that can be easily seen on most turntables, it can be easily heard. It results in shifts of musical pitch. Something the PL-400 is never bothered with.

What's more, the PL-400 also has Quartz control like that found in the finest Swiss watches. Which means you're guaranteed to get the maximum in rotational accuracy.

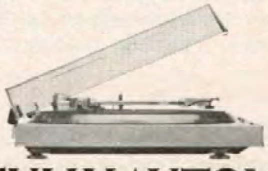
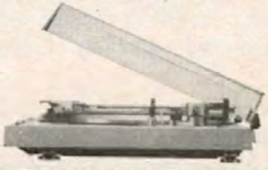
THE WORLD'S THINNEST DIRECT DRIVE MOTOR ELIMINATES PLATTER WOBBLE.

So if you want a turntable that sounds great, there's any number you can buy. But if you also want the price to sound great, there's only one.

The fully-automatic Pioneer PL-400. We bring it back alive.

PIONEER®

©1980 U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

PIONEER'S PL-400. THERE'S NO LOWER PRICED, FULLY AUTOMATIC, QUARTZ CONTROLLED TURNTABLE.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual prices established by dealers.

DAVID ROCKEFELLER
PART TWO

HOSTAGES FOR THE CHASE MANHATTAN

How David Rockefeller's desperate attempts to save his bank helped the Arabs maintain the high price of oil, and how his meddling in American foreign policy led to the Iranian crisis.

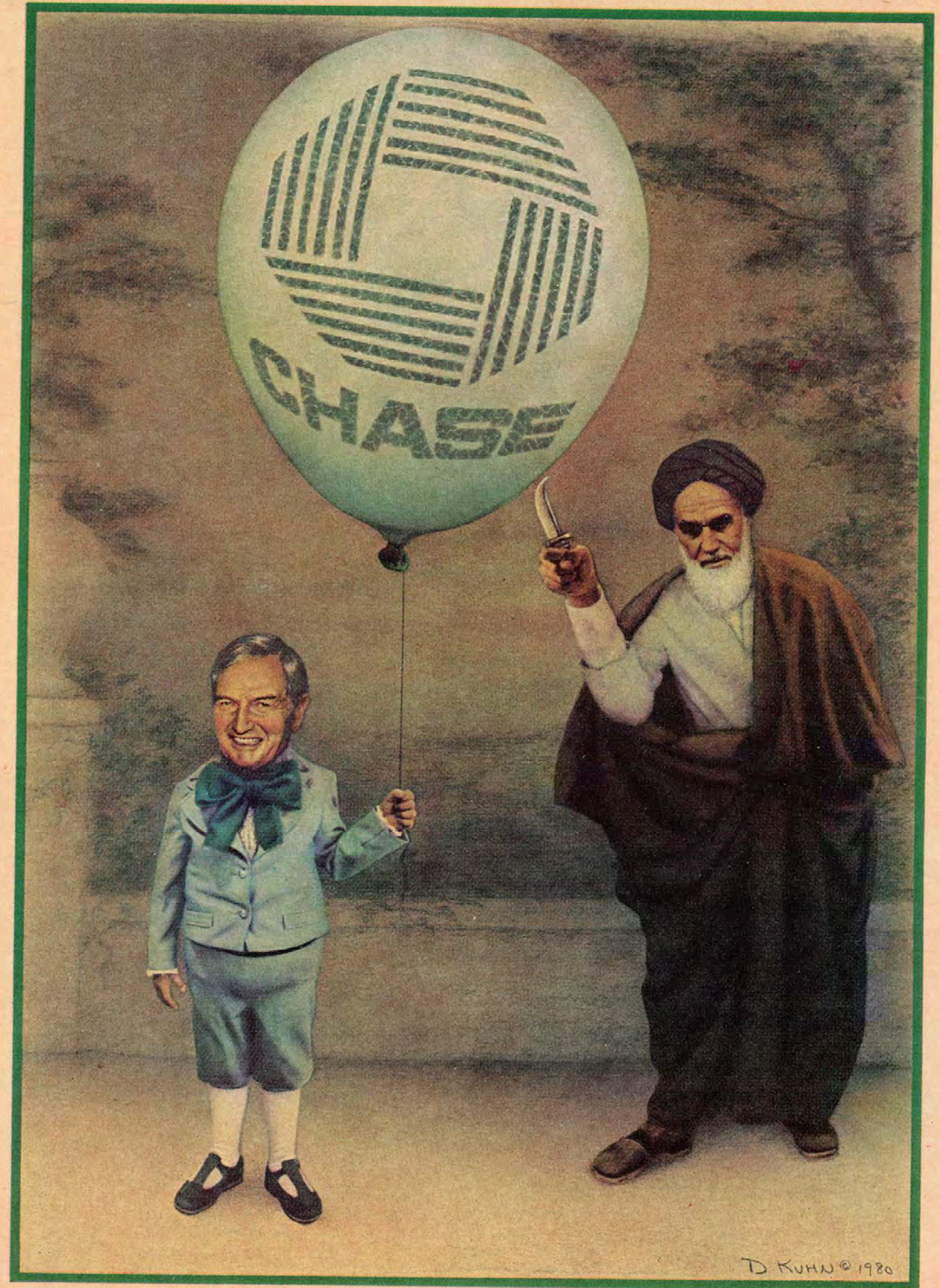
BY L. J. DAVIS

It was, as they say, a sobering experience; even the weather cooperated. Thursday, October 12, 1972, was dark and overcast in New York, with a cold rain falling. Just before noon the calls began to go out to the financial press from the PR desk at the Chase: something was going to happen at 3:30. Just what that something was, the PR people did not say, but there had been a certain inelegant odor of decay hanging over the bank for some time, and the financial writers didn't have to be summoned twice; they grabbed their rain gear and headed downtown. By 3:20 the big boardroom at One Chase Plaza was full. At 3:30 David Rockefeller and Willard A. Butcher, his vice-chairman for planning and diversification, came across the threshold and made their announcement. It was short and ugly. Herbert A. Patterson, president of the bank since 1969, had just been fired. Butcher was his replacement.

Patterson had been led like a lamb to the slaughter for a reason that was not easily discernible at the time. The Chase, the mighty Chase Manhattan, the bank that stood for better or for worse in the minds of many as the epitome of American capitalism, the Rockefeller bank—the Chase was slipping. That its relative position had dwindled was, of course, common knowledge; from the largest bank in the world, it had become merely the largest bank in New York, and now it was only the second-largest bank in New York. Whether this was regrettable or a cause for glad rejoicing depended largely on how one felt about the bank's chairman and chief executive officer, David Rockefeller, but in itself it was no cause for alarm. The Chase was still immense, it was still growing, and if it was growing more slowly than the Bank of America and First National City—well, these things happen. Insiders and some members of the financial press knew that there was more to the story than that, though. In the few short years since Rockefeller had assumed sole command in 1969, the institution had become progressively disorganized and demoralized. Talented officers were leaving, basic bookkeeping was growing sloppy, the competitive edge was seriously dulled. The spark had gone out of the place, and it was coasting. More interesting is what the insiders and the financial press did *not* know—and what many of them have not realized to this day. The problems at the Chase were more than matters of bookkeeping and morale; they were problems endemic to the entire American erecting system and the vast mountain of debt—colossal, impossible debt—that the system had been slowly and deliberately building since the end of World War II. Thanks to the banks, the American economy (a) was in hock up to its eyebrows and (b) was being systematically looted by a handful of giant financial institutions in the money centers of New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. It was an increasingly shaky structure, not unlike one of those breathtaking inverted human pyramids the Flying Wallendas used to construct on the high wire—and the man on the bottom had just gotten the hiccups. The man on the bottom was the Chase.

Patterson's firing was, said *Business Week* at the time, "a stunning move by Rockefeller—indeed a brutal one by the standards of big business and big banks, where discarded top managers are allowed to gently fade away," but it was nothing new to the Rockefellers. The family has a predelection for massacres, whether of the competition, underlings, the wives and children of striking miners, or the U.S. Army and lots of innocent bystanders in Vietnam. As long ago as 1933, Uncle Winthrop Aldrich threw former Chase chairman Albert Wiggin to the congressional wolves as part of the family's campaign to strengthen the Roosevelt connection and improve the bank's image, and the hapless Patterson was just another victim of family cynicism.

It was never very clear what Patterson was supposed to have done, precisely, because it was never very clear what Patterson *could* have done during his brief, unhappy tenure. He became president in 1969, when George Champion, the experienced commercial banker, reached mandatory retirement age and withdrew as chairman and cochief executive officer.


CHASE
D. KUHN © 1980

David then took the chairmanship for his own and, more important, assumed full responsibility as CEO. Previously there had always been someone up there who knew how to run a bank—Uncle Winthrop, John McCloy, Champion—but now there was no one. David Rockefeller was at last in full control of the Chase.

In 1969 the Chase was still holding its own in its struggle with Citicorp for the number-two spot in American banking; Citi was slightly ahead on assets, and Chase was slightly ahead on deposits. (The Bank of America, nourished by California's friendly banking laws and carrying on the populist traditions of its immigrant founder, had long ago taken an unshakable grip on first place.) Thanks largely to Champion, expansion had been steady and mistakes had been few, the most notable of the latter being the Unicard fiasco—the Chase had led the way with its own bank credit card in 1958, had sold it for $9 million to American Express, and had bought it back in 1969 for $50 million, with the Bank of America logo on it. But by 1972 the situation was dramatically different. Under the hard-driving Walter Wriston, Citibank's assets had reached $41 billion and its deposits stood at $32 billion, as contrasted with $27 billion and $26 billion for the Chase. In 1969 Citibank earnings of $109 million passed those of the Chase by 10 percent; by 1972, the gap had increased to 50 percent. And things were getting worse. A week before Patterson was given the sack, Chase reported a 10 percent dip in its third-quarter profits, while Citicorp scored a 23 percent gain.

As Chase's acute problems gradually emerged, they centered partly on bad timing—bad timing, that is, in the sense of being unable to figure out what Walter Wriston was up to until he'd already done it, whereupon the Chase attempted to imitate him and did so badly. Another way to describe this sort of behavior is bad management. For example, Wriston reorganized Citibank into what is called the matrix form, grouping bank operations by function rather than by geographical area. Rockefeller and Patterson immediately followed suit but so clumsily that executives were severed from big accounts that they had nurtured for years. Meanwhile, thanks to a new cost-tightening campaign, these same executives were simultaneously flooded with paperwork. The result was corporate demoralization and a flight of talent—a vice-chairman, and a lot of vice-presidents—to the competition.

Anticipating a change in the law, Wriston began to position himself to enter statewide banking; Rockefeller followed suit, but only later, after his rival had snapped up the most promising of the available upstate institutions. Sensing the possibilities of the Euromarket, Wriston began expanding his branch operations abroad until they numbered 242 in 1972; the Chase, following, had set up 101 before foreign governments began having second thoughts in the form of new laws that made further expansion difficult. David attempted to make an end run around Wriston's foreign poaching by buying minority interests in foreign banks, especially the British Standard & Charter Group, with its many branches in South Africa, but this was not nearly so good an idea as it seemed, and it was a public-relations disaster. For obvious reasons, civil-rights groups were not best pleased by Mr. Rockefeller's further penetration in South Africa. From a business standpoint, a minority interest in a foreign-controlled firm is not nearly so good as owning one's own branch or subsidiary, and for reasons largely related to the latter of these things rather than to the former, the Federal Reserve ordered the Chase to divest itself of its interest.

The Chase had always been strong in correspondent relationships with other banks—the services great money center banks give to smaller regional banks in exchange for sizable deposits—but in 1972 even this was slipping, and fourth-ranking Manufacturers Hanover Trust temporarily took over Chase's lead in the field. (By way of a historical footnote, this meant that Manufacturers Hanover Trust, rather than Chase, ended up lending $2.5 million to a middling Georgia banker named Bert Lance.) Even without the M-H challenge, the correspondent business was eroding as a result of the new regional bank holding companies, which formed the smaller banks into groupings large enough to perform many services that had previously been available only in the money centers—and which were also large enough to write loans that had previously been referred to the Chase.

> Whether he had planned it or not, David Rockefeller got his incident. The hostages were taken. The Chase cabled the Iranians that it was unable to transfer their money.

These, then, were the Chase's principal problems on that memorable day in 1972 when David Rockefeller destroyed Herbert Patterson's career and reputation. It wasn't that the Chase was in much visible trouble—to repeat an earlier point, a great bank is easy to hurt but extremely difficult to destroy or even to render unprofitable—but its executive staff was in a shambles, its management was poor, and it had slipped into a lock on a distant third place that gives every indication of remaining permanent. While it was possible that Butcher, an aggressive banker in the Champion mold with the voice of a radio announcer, could hold the ground—as he has done—David Rockefeller was still the chief executive officer. And although the chief executive officer's wife and the family advisers in Rockefeller Center's Room 5600 had persuaded him to cut down on his travels and spend more time in his office, the fact remained that the chief executive officer wasn't paying as much attention to his bank as his stockholders had a right to expect. The Chase held third place all right, but it held third place in a banking system that, it was shortly discovered, had gotten the rest of us into a catastrophic mess. In January 1976 it was revealed that the Chase Manhattan Bank was on the list of problem banks compiled by the comptroller of currency. So was Mr. Wriston's Citicorp.

The situation had been building for a long time. For at least 25 years, the capital liquidity of American business firms—that is, the amount of money kept on hand to pay loans, build inventory, expand the plant, pay salaries and dividends, and keep from going broke—had been deteriorating as the companies turned more and more to the banks to supply their financing needs. In other words, American industry was running down its capital position and running up its debt exposure—going deeper into hock is another way of putting it—and for this it absolutely had to have new loans. Indeed, American industry was busily getting itself so deeply into debt that if it didn't have those new loans, large segments of it were going to go smash, because they wouldn't be able to pay their bills. The money had to be found and—thanks largely to new initiatives on the part of the Morgan Bank and Citicorp's aggressive Walter Wriston—it was. The banks went into the inflation business.

How they did so is both incredibly complicated and incredibly boring, and its details need not concern us here. For our purposes, all we need to understand is that a very basic, very tough form of inflation is caused by two things: an increase in the amount of money in actual circulation and an increase in the speed with which it moves. Discovering new, untapped sources of funds increases the amount; lending and relending these funds increases their speed, which acts like a yet further increase in the amount. The math involved is a little difficult, but the end result was the same: as if the banks were printing new money, lots and lots of new money. They did so in the following ways:

(1) By selling large-denomination, negotiable certificates of deposit to corporations fortunate enough to still possess some surplus millions, Wriston discovered a way of putting his bank in debt. Banks aren't supposed to do that. The money was then lent to other, needier corporations. And re-lent and re-lent, over and over again.

EAGLE RARE
101 PROOF
EAGLE RARE
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
DISTILLED BY OLD PRENTICE DISTILLERY LAWRENCEBURG, KENTUCKY
750 ML (25.4 FL OZ.)
AGED TEN YEARS

Capture the Eagle in all its glory.

The glory of Eagle Rare is in its uniquely rich character—the result of ten full years of careful aging. In fact, Eagle Rare is the finest 101 proof Kentucky Bourbon ever created.

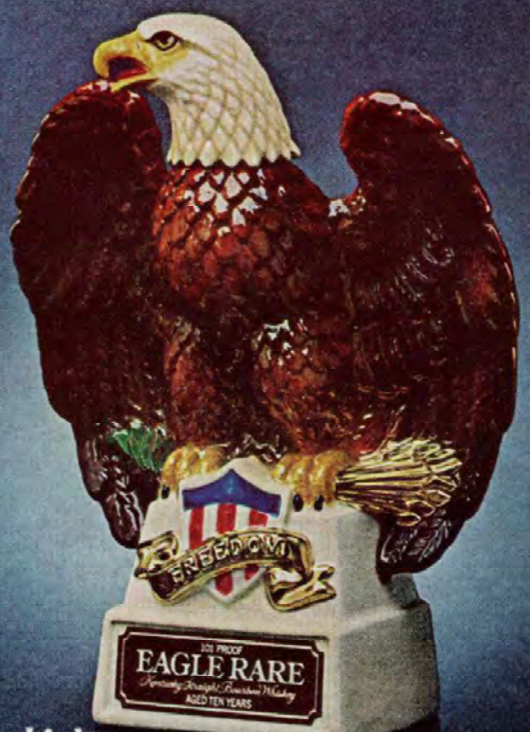
Indulge yourself in just one sip—and you'll be captured.

**Eagle Rare.
The 101 Proof Bourbon
Aged 10 Years.**

EAGLE RARE
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
101
AGED TEN YEARS

A noble gift.

During the holiday season, Eagle Rare is packaged in the finely crafted pine wood gift box at no extra charge—undoubtedly a most impressive gift.


FREEDOM
101 PROOF
EAGLE RARE
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
AGED TEN YEARS

A rare bird.

Preserve the glory of the Eagle with this majestic reproduction of the symbol of American freedom. A valuable collector's item, it's the second in a series of Limited Edition Ceramics.

The ultimate poi

© 1980 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER 100's: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Vantage
nt in low tar taste
VANTAGE
100's
20 Low Tar Cigarettes
VANTAGE
20 Low Tar Cigarettes
VANTAGE
Menthol
20 Low Tar Cigarettes

(2) By reinventing something called the Fed Funds Market, the Morgan discovered another way of putting a bank in debt. Simply put, the Fed Funds Market enables large banks to borrow the money in the vaults of small banks in places like Crown Point, Ind. The Crown Point bank will then have little money left to lend to the local industries that pay the grocery bills around town, but the large banks will have lots and lots of money to lend to favored corporations, to Japanese, and to Brazilians. Meanwhile, the provinces are starved for capital. Capital starvation means that money becomes very expensive. Expensive money also causes inflation.

(3) By backing the corporations with lines of credit, the banks enabled the commercial paper market to flourish. Commercial paper consists of promissory notes sold by corporations to insurance companies, endowments, and pension funds—widow and orphan money that normally sits and collects interest rather than circulating.

(4) By learning how to use the Euromarket, that trillion-dollar bankers' Camelot centered in London. Money in the Euromarket has escaped the control of just about everybody but the bankers themselves; the federal government is powerless to force them to place any of it in a prudent reserve. Such reserves act as a brake on the money supply. In their absence there is no theoretical limit to the number of times the banks can relend deposits. The Euromarket is also a handy source of outside funds in times of tight money, when the Federal Reserve tries to control inflation by restricting the amount of cash in circulation; the banks can thwart the Fed's policy simply by bringing some of the London money home. Because of its high interest rates, the Arabs love the Euromarket, and they have placed most of their spoils there. Like any other deposit, the Arab money is lent.

(5) By causing a huge, inflationary building boom in Florida, the rest of the South, and Puerto Rico through an incredibly stupid misuse of the Real Estate Investment Trust Act of 1960. REITs were supposed to be a way of enabling small-scale venture capitalists to speculate in real estate. As exploited by the banks in the 1970s, they proved to be a way of separating large numbers of small-scale venture capitalists from their money in order to build condominiums and shopping centers of extravagant ugliness and highly dubious construction. Before the banks were finished, they had succeeded in blowing between $8 billion and $16 billion of other people's money. The Chase alone—whose REIT was the largest in the country—committed a full billion to Puerto Rico. The bubble burst in 1976, and everybody took a bath.

All of these methods increased the velocity of money. (In the Euromarket it moves with the speed of light.) All of them dramatically increased the amount of money in circulation. All of them created inflation. Just how much is anybody's guess, but it is interesting to note that a figure between five percent and seven percent seems to be beyond the control of the classic deflationary methods employed by the Fed and the world's other central banks—and none of the above methods are susceptible to classic methods of control. It was as though the bankers had gone mad.

In June 1970 the grossly mismanaged Penn Central Corporation collapsed, despite the $300 million in credit that the banks had deemed it worthy of receiving in the 29 short months of its miserable existence. It was the largest business failure in American history, and—combined with a related emergency in Chrysler's commercial paper—it shook the banking system to its core. In 1974 the Herstatt Bank in Cologne went bust. So did New York's Franklin National. It was the largest bank failure in American history, and the rescue attempt strained the resources of the Fed to the limit. With the Franklin going down and its foreign-currency position in jeopardy, the international monetary system and the dollar itself were in horrible danger. The dollar was salvaged in the end, but it was a close-run thing.

> The new Iranian government was not abandoning the American banking system. Far from it. They disliked David Rockefeller, however. And David Rockefeller was about to strike back.

At the end of 1974, the comptroller of the currency announced that his office had 150 banks under close scrutiny. In the aftermath of Watergate, nobody paid any attention. In 1975 New York City went broke; many of its bonds were held by Chase, Citi, and the other money center banks. There were some uncomfortable questions about how these bondholders had allowed the city to back itself into the corner in the first place, but the questions were lost in the drama of the federal loan guarantees, the rescue attempts of the union pension funds, and the shouldering of yet another burden by the long-suffering citizens of New York, who were already trying to figure out how to pay for Nelson's preposterous extravagances.

In January 1976 the *Washington Post* discovered the meaning of code-name "Victor." It referred to a top-secret list in the office of the comptroller of the currency, consisting of the names of banks that were found to be inadequately capitalized, with an increase in assets of dubious value. Prominent on "Victor" were Citibank and the Chase Manhattan.

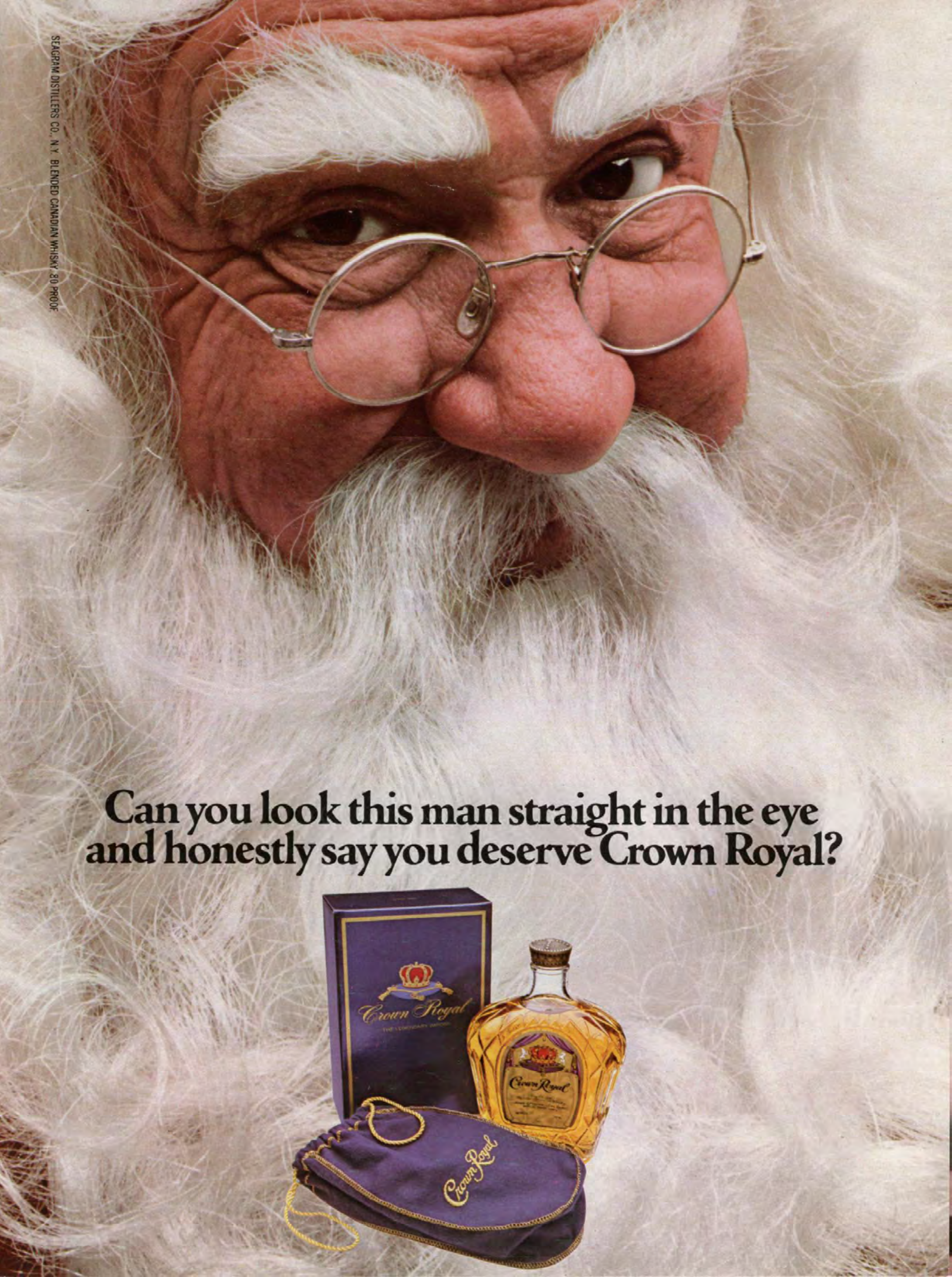
Nor was this all. Fully 30 banks were considered to be in difficulties of various magnitude. There was bad trouble at the Marine Midland of Buffalo and Union Bancorp of Los Angeles. Citibank was in somewhat better shape—in fact, its condition was "excellent, barring a worldwide catastrophe," such as, presumably, the one that had nearly occurred when the Franklin went under. The Chase's condition was listed as "fair." There was considerable waffling over just what that meant, with one government witness suggesting it implied a case of the sniffles. Dodging the question, Dr. Arthur Burns, the chairman of the Fed, felt obliged to warn that "when you cast doubt on the solvency of individual banks, you take grave risks with the welfare of the banks and their communities."

Unfortunately for Dr. Burns, the comptroller's own definition of the Chase's "fair" status was quite specific. It meant that the bank was poorly managed, with insufficient staff and inexperienced people in key positions. It meant that the bank had poor interior controls and auditing procedures. It meant that there were a large number of clerical errors in certain accounts—that stupid mistakes were being made at a very basic level. Furthermore, $109 million of the bank's loans were being carried at a loss; $375 million in loans were probably bad; $1.6 billion were substandard; and another $2 billion required "special attention," which is another way of saying that there was a possibility they might go sour, too. As if this weren't bad enough, there was the ratio of classified (that is, problem) loans to gross capital funds, including the loan loss reserve. The comptroller's safety ceiling is 80 percent. The Chase's ratio was either 66 percent or 97 percent, depending on who was talking, with the latter figure the more likely. At 97 percent, again according to the comptroller's own definition, the bank was "approaching insolvency" and there therefore existed a need for "drastic action, such as changes in control, ownership, or management."

David Rockefeller controlled the bank. With one percent of the outstanding stock—and more in the hands of his family—he also virtually owned the place, if ownership is defined as the ability to direct its destiny. As for management, David Rockefeller was chairman of the board and chief executive officer. He was where the buck stopped, and there weren't very many bucks left.

Then the REIT bubble burst. To make matters worse, Hilliard Farber, the head of David's bond-trading department, had deliberately overvalued the bank's holdings by $34 million, which meant that the bank didn't have $34 million it thought it had. It was holding $400 million worth of New York City securities and another $300 mil-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128


SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY 80 PROOF
Can you look this man straight in the eye and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?
Crown Royal
Crown Royal
Crown Royal

PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP

Normally I'm not superstitious, but somebody up there must be playing my song!" That was Kate Simmons's delightful response when she was voted Penthouse Pet of the Year Runner-Up, and this isn't the British-born beauty's only cause for celebration. Along with her success as a highly sought-after television and print model, our very fair lady has become one of Europe's hottest new rock singers and composers. "At first," she tells us, "my lyrics and my performing style were too avant-garde for most people, but the times seem to have caught up with me now."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Kate's varied and impressive background includes three years of university law and a continuing interest in natural history, astronomy, and philosophy. "American feminists," she suggests, "are a joke–overfed, overliberated, and overweight. I think my own accomplishments show that no one holds a woman back but herself!"

Our ravishing Renaissance woman believes that an interesting person is an *interested* one—in other things besides herself. "There's more to being well-rounded," she quips, "than a 35-23-35-inch figure!" Her present, hectic career requires that she keep part-time homes in Paris and Amsterdam as well as in her native London.

"I'm not a jet-setter, though, so much as a pace-setter! One career or life-style simply isn't enough for me: I'll never be part of only one country, only one movement, or, for that matter, only one man. I'm growing and changing so much that it's presently impossible for me to make anything like a long-term emotional commitment . . ."

"Someday, of course, I hope I can . . . Then I'll be able to do in my private life what I do in my public one: use my God-given sensitivity both to feel deeply and to make myself deeply *felt*." As opposed to just feeling your way along, no doubt!

The easiest way to own a masterpiece
is to tell a thief exactly what you want. He will
deliver at one-third the market price.

STOLEN ART

ROBERT STEPHEN SPITZ

"You can always tell what kind of loot you'll tag just from looking over the landscape," Turly was saying as we idled in front of a beautifully maintained Colonial on eastern Long Island. "A guy who pumps that much dough into his lawn takes even better care of himself—and he's fool enough to display his wealth on the walls inside. Christ, it's an open invitation for guys like us."

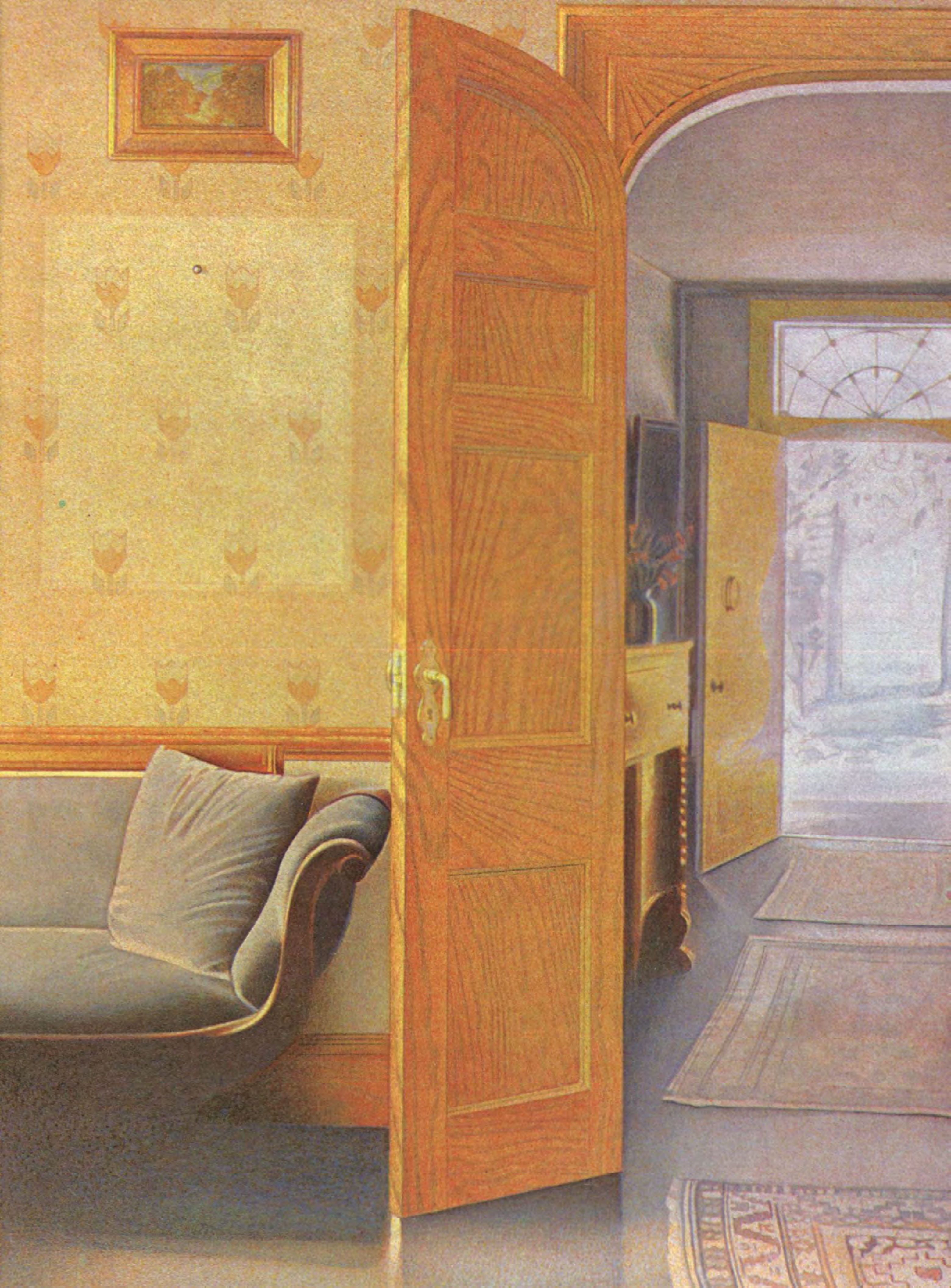
We'd been riding around in the cab of a Dodge pickup for nearly four hours, me, Turly, and a second-story man named Duke who'd been invited along at the last minute because he couldn't sleep. It was three o'clock in the morning, and one manicured lawn was beginning to look to me like the next—like endless putting greens—but Turly intended to cruise the neighborhood until he made his point, and Duke the insomniac was happy just to have company.

They were my art experts, Turly and Duke, the curators of one of the finest unsung museums in the world. The Louver, they called it, after a shingled escape route they were forced into taking on an early job. But that was during their apprenticeship; their assignments since then had been, for the most part, a cinch. Why, in the last two years alone, they claimed to have "acquired" any number of canvases by Picasso, Shahn, Bosch, Matisse, Gainsborough, and Turly's favorite, a wall-size Velázquez that had supposedly once hung in Isadora Duncan's boudoir. So much for provenance. Histories of paintings ended dramatically after passing through Turly and Duke's hands. These guys had a reputation to uphold. They passed themselves off as the foremost art thieves this side of the Uffizi Gallery, and business was booming.

The modest two-man operation, while remaining highly selective, mirrors the kind of soaring inflation that sends Wild Bill Miller into delirium tremens. Although the books Turly keeps aren't available for inspection, he and Duke claim to command more for a two-hour performance than Frampton gets at the Garden, and that's only for openers. Their ancillary services include storing, packing, disguising, and laundering, with carrying charges on anything left over 30 days. All of which, Turly assures me, is in line with the president's guidelines on wage-and-price increases.

I wonder how many of his peers show the same degree of patriotism, considering the volume of business that we're talking about. Art objects are generally regarded among international law-enforcement agencies as being *second only to drugs* as the world's most trafficked illicit merchandise. They outgross all professional sports *combined.* And someone's got to be pulling down windfall profits in the long run. Last year, in the United States alone, more than 13,000 *objets d'art* that were worth an estimated $50 million changed dirty hands (Interpol's estimate of European action is considerably higher), and this year's figures already point to a 35 percent increase in activity. Which really isn't all that bad for a high-risk growth industry.

Illustration by Alex Gnidziejko



"Remember that joint outsida Houston?" Turly interrupted Duke as he was unwrapping the second of six tuna heroes they always carry on a stakeout. Art thieves as a group, I'm told, inherited Rembrandt's tapeworm, and they rarely go anywhere without packing an arsenal of refreshments.

"Sure. Charlie the Beachcomber's," Duke mumbled between bites. He was referring to a house where, he claimed, they put the squeeze on a pair of tropical Gauguins for a fence who specialized in post-impressionists. "Geez—that was a sweet one. There was this clump of bushes surrounding the house. They blocked off any view of the living room from the road. A real fortress. Well, we camped out in there with a thermos of coffee, watching Charlie ballin' his old lady on the couch *right underneath our paintings!* Talk about dumb luck. Finally they got tired and went to bed, and that's when we went to work. We were in and outta there in under fifteen minutes. Poor Charlie got his second screwing of the night and couldn't even hang around to enjoy it."

This prompted a certain amount of knee-slapping laughter which, I guess, is the equivalent of ballplayers reminiscing on the team bus about wild nights. I laughed, too, anxious to be thought of as one of the guys, although I panicked when it suddenly dawned on me that they might be working themselves up to a "spontaneous" job with me along as their lookout.

"Please," Turly said, genuinely pained by my insinuation, "that's not our style, stealing for pleasure." These were art thieves with principles. "We're strictly professionals. We'd never work again if word got around that we were hustling for ourselves on the side.

"Look, we've gone into places overflowing with masters, grabbed the piece we came for, and left the rest of the stuff intact. Anyway, I don't really give a shit about any of the stuff we pick up. The way I look at it, each canvas is just another night's work."

Supply and demand. That's how I understand the game is played—to the letter. Art theft is a contractor's delight: theft to order. The piece under contract is the specified mark, and everything else, for the professional thief, is off limits.

"My walls have literally been raped by these 'contract thieves,'" grieves a wealthy New England collector who, to date, has parted company with more than $1,700,000 of his prizes. "To them, I'm like an all-night department store where they come to shoplift, and, so far, the most sophisticated security in the world has proved ineffective against them. I feel like a cuckolded husband. These people are discriminating as hell, taking only specific pieces—the *best* pieces. Which leads me to believe that we're up against a ring of master criminals, servicing the needs of their respective clients. It's a ruthless trade, and they're making us all suffer badly because of the cold-blooded manner in which they operate."

I flash on childhood fantasies—Cary Grant, David Niven, Alexander Mundy, all of whom worked the Technicolor rooftops along the Riviera, collecting hot heirlooms for their personal gratification—and realize how idiotic that seems now. The era of the gentleman cat burglar died along with romance, leaving imperfect specimens like Turly and Duke to handle the serious trade. They're a breed of ravenous culture vultures, picking over our national treasures like closeouts at a fire sale.

Let's face it. Not even David Begelman would endorse a "sting" script that appears to be shot full with this many holes. Nor would he be likely to hire such a preposterous cast of contract players. Yet, bizarre as it seems, they play leading parts in an all-too-frequent scenario that has made art theft the biggest epidemic to hit the modern world since Jerry Ford came down with the swine flu. Don't think twice about it: the epidemic is rampant, and no one is even remotely close to finding an antidote for it.

What we *have* succeeded in doing, though, is getting the criminal element off the streets and into our museums. Art thieves are plundering our museums, galleries, and private collections seemingly at will. Over the last three years, roving bands have systematically hit more than 40 major museums whose sophisticated security measures invite comparison with those employed by the Watergate Hotel. Most recent figures reveal that 85 percent of the world's galleries have been the victims of art theft since 1975.

"Art theft will eventually force half of this country's museums to close their rooms to visitors," says an official at Boston's beleaguered Museum of Fine Arts. "The way that things have been disappearing around here, even our days now appear to be numbered."

If that sounds just the least bit preposterous to you, then try these statistics on for size:

In 1978 a gang of thieves pulled their van into a loading dock behind the Fort Worth Historical Society, introduced themselves to security guards as movers, and, in less than two hours, cleaned out the building of nearly every significant possession. This preceded the appropriation of three important Monet paintings from the Santa Barbara Museum of Art by *its own chief of security*; the mid-afternoon disappearance of a prized 2,500-year-old Greek head from New York's "impregnable" Metropolitan Museum of Art during a changing of the guards; a daring skylight break-in at the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco, netting Rembrandt's *Portrait of a Rabbi* (valued at more than $1 million) and three additional Dutch masters; the looting of more than 140 silver antiquities, some handcrafted by Paul Revere, from a storage facility at

SANTA
Postoro

"I'd be satisfied with just your list of all the naughty little girls."

GIVE THE ONE GIFT THAT TAKES TWELVE MONTHS TO RIP OPEN.

This Christmas give the gift that will provide the uninhibited friends on your list with a ripping good time!

Give them PENTHOUSE!

Thanks to our special holiday rates, you can afford to be as generous as you feel. Spend only $26 for the first PENTHOUSE subscription (your own or a gift) and $24 for each additional gift. You save up to $7 off the newsstand price—and your friends enjoy a gift that keeps on coming!

Just fill out the attached form and enclose payment in the postage-free envelope. We'll handle the rest and send a gift announcement to everyone on your list. So do it today—and just sit back and wait for the thanks to pour in!

Photograph by Pat Hill

PENTHOUSE

Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 910,
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737.

Enter a twelve month subscription in the name of:

Address

City

State Zip

PPD80

Gift card to read:

Print clearly please. Enclose check or money order. Rates for U.S., APO and FPO addresses. Canada and elsewhere: add $6.00 per subscription. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for shipping of first issue. A handsome announcement card will be sent in time for Christmas. Offer void after June, 1981 the Smithsonian; missing Rodins in St. Louis, Remingtons in Montana, Renoirs in San Antonio, Audubons in Florida—stop me any time you've heard enough—Picassos in Montreal. Enough! The list of art thefts is literally endless, inasmuch as it continues to grow steadily with each passing week.

But the stellar attraction of this ludicrous burlesque is last year's $2.8 million theft of three Cézanne paintings from the Art Institute of Chicago. This grouping of 19th-century French masterpieces was considered by many experts to be an outstanding midwestern exhibition of postimpressionistic art and, until it was placed in storage, was one of the museum's principal attractions. Yet, a short time after the disappearance of the paintings, a curator of the Chicago Institute, shown exact replicas of the Cézannes, was unable to identify them as his museum's property, much less as Cézannes.

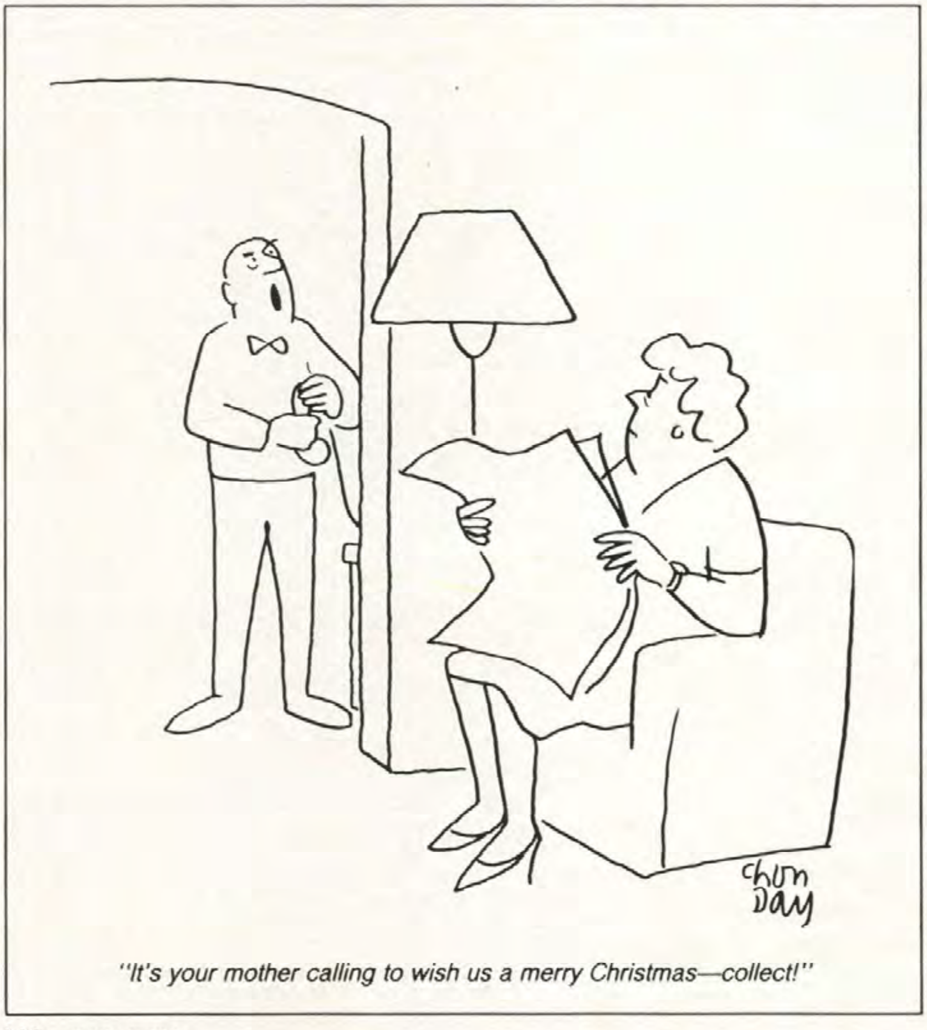
This typifies the divine ignorance that seems to have blessed art theft. We've reached a point of diminishing returns, at which the common criminal's savvy has eclipsed the so-called expertise not only of art scholars but also of the photoelectric surveillance systems employed by many of the institutions to protect their property.

"One of the first areas in which museums roll back their budgets is security," explains Donald Mason, a former FBI agent who now devotes his time solely to tracking down stolen art. "The economics of it are prohibitive, even though the biggest budget drain is caused by the increase in theft.

"This, of course, doesn't mean museums aren't security conscious. They continue to install the most up-to-the-minute, sophisticated systems, by which the works of art are wired directly to local police headquarters. And yet these are bypassed very easily by the equally sophisticated criminal. It's very similar to the way banks are robbed. Sooner or later, criminals devise a method to beat any system." It's like taking Kandinsky from a baby.

The theft of masterpieces, however, only scratches the surface of this ever intensifying headache. Major pieces are extremely difficult to negotiate because they are easily identified and their recovery rate is higher than the paltry five percent for run-of-the-mill objects. "It's impossible to fence the *Mona Lisa*," Mason points out gamely, "but *anything* less identifiable is certain to bring a buyer."

Churches, historical sites, and hundreds of small-town museums (many of which house exceptional pieces) provide the industrious thief with a veritable treasure chest of secondary works that he can convert into quick cash. The going rate ranges from about $300 to $750 for lesser-known, tasteful pieces to a few thousand dollars for pieces worth anywhere from $50,000 to $300,000. And anything that even smacks of value has become fair game: coins, silver, tapestries, books—you name it, and it can probably be moved on the black marketplace.



"It's your mother calling to wish us a merry Christmas—collect!"

The sudden interest in valuable works shouldn't be misconstrued as a flash movement toward art appreciation. The reasons for it are purely economical. In an era characterized by the mad scramble to acquire property—*any* kind of property—art has become a negotiable and highly inflationary commodity. It is fast gaining on real estate as the most popular, affordable investment, transcending its former upper-class snob appeal. As one gallery owner proclaimed, "Art is the true international currency, often bringing a higher price per ounce than gold. Everyone wants to grab a piece of the action—whether or not it's legitimate." And as far as law enforcement goes, it's practically nonexistent.

"I'd say art theft was more or less an unrestrained crime—it didn't exist at all—until 1971. That's when I entered the picture." Bob Volpe snickers and slumps farther into his chair at a popular SoHo hangout in New York City. Volpe is a professional chameleon who walks a tightrope across the art underworld. He is slight in appearance, and his diction is incongruously clipped, like a gourmet waiter from the Bronx betraying the duality of his occupation. Ten years ago Volpe abandoned what was a promising career as an artist to become a cop—only to slip back to the womb by pioneering the first police Art Recovery Team (ART). That accounts for the almost condescending manner of his speech; it allows him to fraternize with both the chic Manhattan gallery coterie and paid informers, whose timely tips often deliver him to the sleazy underside of the art world.

"Prior to '71, when a place was robbed and we made out a report, there were categories for missing jewelry, household goods, furniture, silverware, and furs. Art was grouped under 'miscellaneous,' which meant we had no descriptive complaints on file. So I began holding independent viewings of stolen objects we recovered—but you can imagine how my superiors felt about that," he says, oiling each word of his conversation with a generous amount of sarcasm. "Let's just say it wasn't one of their priorities."

Within months after Volpe's first publicized crackdown, criminals declared it open season on collectibles, and the brass had to scurry to contain the epidemic. Big, showy pieces started disappearing regularly from big, showy exhibitions, insurance companies grumbled about covering their losses, patrons raised hell, and pretty soon the priorities were reshuffled. Oddly enough, Bob Volpe is still the only police officer in the United States working full-time on the problem.

This is typical of the bureaucratic dalliance that keeps stolen art moving at such a brisk and steady pace. "But even if stolen art resurfaces," Volpe admits,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

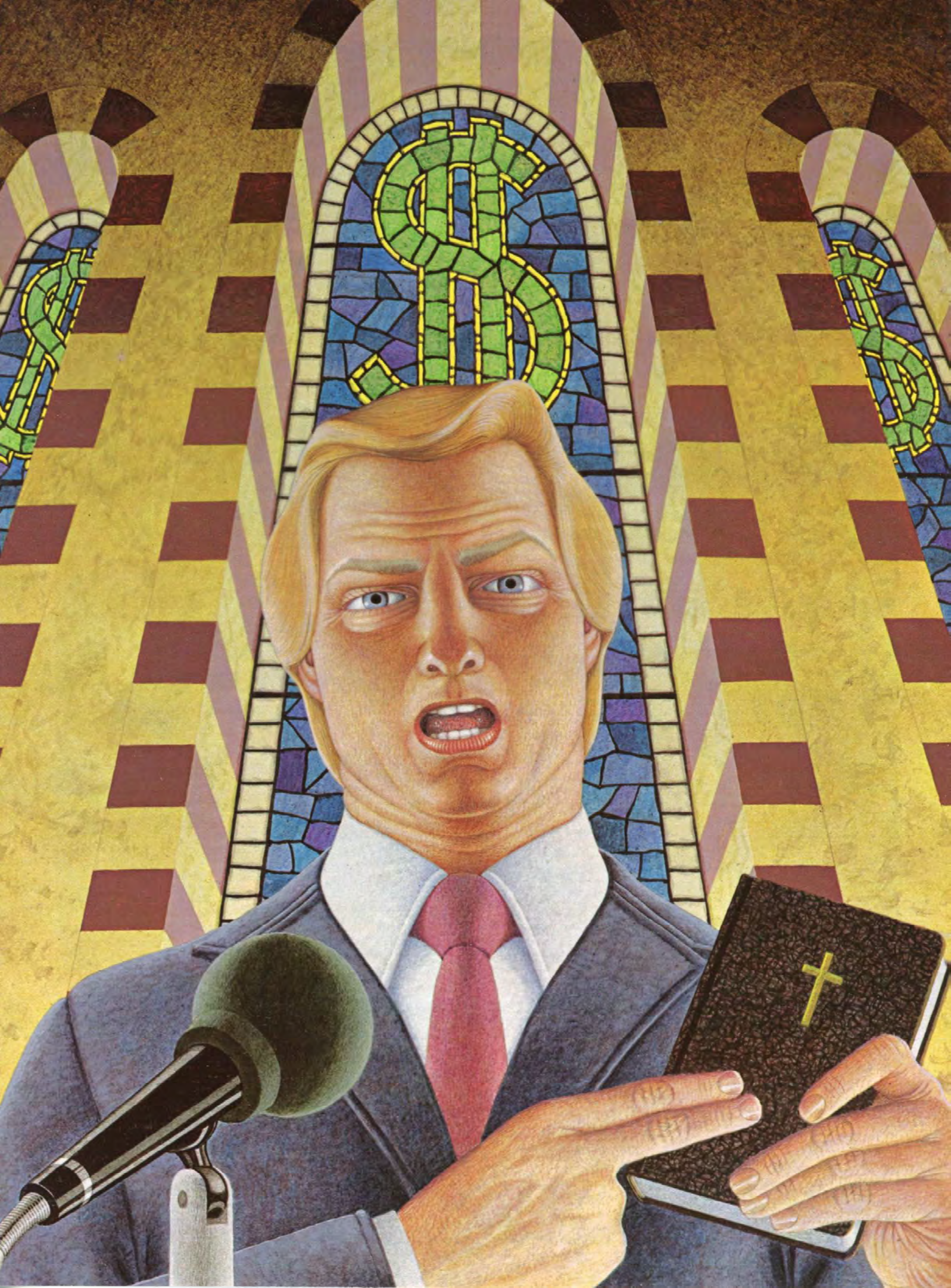
The high cost of giving.

IMPORTED
94.4 PROOF
BOODLES
BRITISH
GIN
IMPORTED FROM BRITAIN
COCK-RUSSELL & CO.,LTD.
94.4 PROOF
ESTABLISHED 1845
LONDON DRY GIN
KITCHENER RETAKING OMDURMAN, SEPT. 1898
CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA OCT. 25, 1854
750 ML
CORONATION OF ELIZABETH I 1558
RETURN OF KING RICH TO ENGLAND 119

The gift of Boodles. It will be appreciated by gin lovers who know how to mix rather well. Boodles is the ultra-refined British gin produced from the world's costliest methods. Imported from Great Britain and specially gift packaged for the holidays. After all, isn't it worth a bit more to give someone you appreciate what they will appreciate most.

Boodles. The world's costliest British gin.

94.4 Proof. Distilled From Grain. General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y., N.Y 10022



The television evangelists of the
New Right are extracting billions of dollars
a year from naive Christians.

THE GOD BIZ

BY JAMES A. HAUGHT

Gospel fervor gleamed in 3,000 faces at the $30 million city arena at Charleston, W.Va. People around me, arms upraised, jerked in spasms as they loosed the unknown tongue: "Shend-a-la-goosh-a-ma. Dee-dee-dee-dee." A young woman beside me leaped and squealed. Others wiped tears, swaying and rocking.

Evangelist Ernest Angley from Akron, a squat dynamo in a toupee, evoked the passion like a symphony conductor building a crescendo. He chanted faster into the transmitting microphone concealed in his elegant three-piece suit. His voice boomed from huge banks of speakers on each side of the stage: "You've got to have the old-time power at this final hour. How many want to be blessed during the Ernest Angley program?" All hands rose. "Just open up to God. Say, 'I'll take the anointing, Lord.' Say it: 'Lord!' " The crowd shouted, "LORD!" "All of you that God has spoken to at some time, raise your hands." Two thousand hands went up. "See, we're not so crazy. We're in touch with heaven. It doesn't matter what people say, because we're on our way to heaven. The Lord's with us! The Lord's with us! Come on, everyone: The Lord's with us! The Lord's with us!" The chant spread over the arena. Vaguely I recalled *Gott mit Uns* on Wehrmacht belt buckles.

While the fever was high, Angley launched a 40-minute collection: "Everyone say, 'Lord, tell me what to give in this offering tonight.' It's good to make a covenant with God. I'd rather give my money to God than to doctors and drugstores. I know there are some here who could make a one-thousand-dollar covenant, or five hundred dollars. Don't be afraid. God will stand by you."

He asked a show of hands by all who would make a $100 covenant. Barely a dozen hands rose. He exhorted and pleaded: "Not a penny goes to me or the singers. It all goes for TV time. Your money will reach new souls. Through TV I preach to more people every weekend than Christ did in his whole time on earth. Isn't that wonderful? And you're part of it . . . Don't worry about your finances. Put it all in the hands of God."

Then he called for $50 covenants. About 100 hands went up. "All right, everyone who can make a twenty-five-dollar covenant, stand up and say, 'Lord, I love you.' Stand up for Jesus. Stand and say, 'I love you, Jesus' . . . Now ten-dollar covenants: Stand up and say, 'I love Jesus. I love him. I love him. I love him' . . . Now five-dollar covenants . . ."

Finally, after all had stood, the stocky preacher told the crowd to sit and write checks to insert in envelopes that had been distributed. While the people wrote, Angley's gospel rock combo—with electric guitars, trap set, and grand piano—sang about going to heaven when the Rapture comes.

Afterward, the evangelist asked everyone to wave the filled envelopes over their heads. Then he called for a second offering of dollar bills to pay $1,000 arena rent and stagehand cost. Angley asked everyone to wave envelopes in one hand and dollars in the other. An ocean of fluttering mammon engulfed us. Ushers gathered the money in buckets and took it to a locked room under the bleachers.

The show concluded with a healing line. A mother presented her brain-damaged little boy. The preacher seized him with a shrieking "Heeeaaallllll!!!" and then chortled: "He felt that, all right." Arthritic crones and hard-of-hearing laborers went through the line, many falling backward in a holy swoon when they were grabbed. Angley also bestowed healing upon various cripples in wheelchairs in the front row. After the service relatives wheeled them away.

In the arena lobby assistants sold Angley books and magazines containing endless testimonial letters from followers saying their cancers or diabetes or rheumatism or warts had vanished at the healer's touch. Angley's columns say that God gave him the power to "discern spirits"; thus he can see ugly demons inside the ill. Likewise, he says, he can see an angel beside him onstage at every arena, while other angels move through crowds, plucking out demons and curing ailments.

After the show Angley's troupe boarded two vista-dome buses and two tractor-trailers for the next city and the next convention arena. On weekends the evangelist returns to his home base: a garish Akron cathedral that cost his followers $2.5 million. It has imported chandeliers, Italian statues, 24-karat gold veneer on the pulpit and piano, a red-lit "fountain of blood," and side-by-side pictures of Angley and Jesus. The cathedral is dedicated to the healer's late wife, who died of ulcerative colitis despite his demon-extracting powers. Her tomb is under a 23-foot-high, 20-ton marble angel on the church lawn.

The day after the Charleston revival, in April, I interviewed several people who had been healed onstage. A retired roofer with only four teeth claimed that he had been cured of hardening of the arteries, diabetes, and a myriad other ailments. He lapsed into the unknown tongue while telling me about it. As for a deaf-mute young man, his mother said his condition was unchanged. A plump matron mistakenly thought I worked for the Angley organization. She said her nerve and stomach trouble was improved, and "an inch-long thing that flopped in my ear is gone—praise the Lord!" She promised to begin mailing money soon. She asked if Angley's staff would pray for "my boy Jack, who has a demon in him." When I asked her more specifically what the nature of the demon was, she said: "Well, Jack got sent back to prison because he couldn't stay out of fights while he was on parole."

Glasbergen

"Ms. Harkins, send in the employees for their annual Christmas bonus checks."

That's one glimpse into the gospel gold mine that is producing billions—*billions*—of dollars in America. Angley keeps his revenue tightly secret, but the scope of his national tours and 100-station telecasts indicates a gross between $10 and $20 million a year.

Here's a look down a different shaft of the gold mine:

A young Californian, Timothy Goodwin of Long Beach, was paralyzed in a car wreck that wasn't his fault. That was his first tragedy. His second was religious. He later filed a fraud suit in Auglaize County Court in Ohio, telling this pathetic story:

He was convinced by leaders of "The Way" Bible society, a talking-in-tongues outfit, that his paralysis would be cured in a year if he moved to the sect's headquarters in Ohio and donated large sums from his accident settlement. He gave $210,000—and later paid $10,000 more for a Cadillac for a Way leader and $11,000 for a BMW auto for another Way chief and $13,000 for extraneous gifts requested by Way officials. The healing didn't work, and Goodwin felt "took." After he sued, The Way countersued him for slander. The case was settled out of court in secret, and the quadriplegic moved back to California.

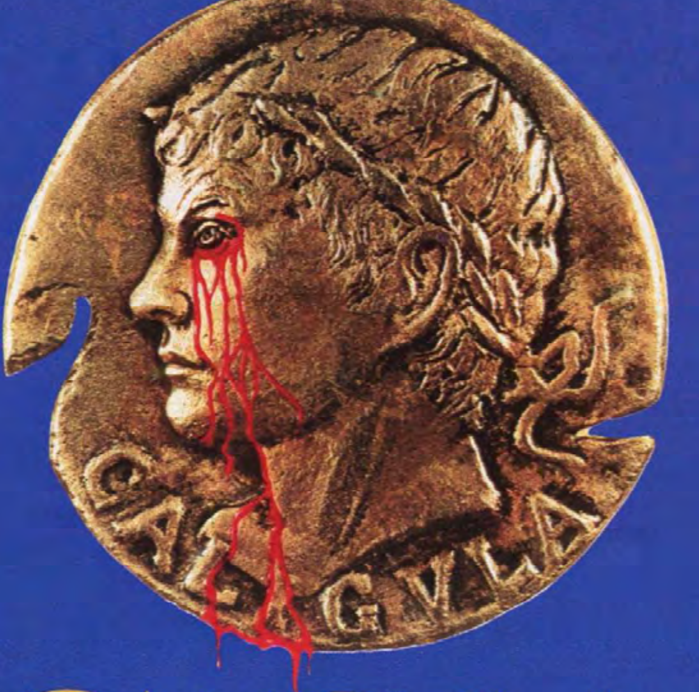
Goodwin's attorney, Craig Spangenberg of Cleveland, confirmed to me in April that the sect refunded all of Goodwin's money on the condition that he never discuss the matter. "He has kept his promise," Spangenberg said. "Tim's a decent young man. He didn't want people to know he had been such a fool."

Another vein of the gold mine was worked by Bishop John W. Barber of Alabama, a dazzler who wore white tuxedos and drove luxury cars. He persuaded believers to buy $1,000 bonds in his Apostolic Faith Church of God Live Forever, Inc. Oldsters paid $100 down and sent installments to the Christian Credit Corporation of Nashville. His operation spread over eight states and then abruptly folded, and Barber moved to North Carolina. Lawyer Henry Haile of Nashville was appointed U.S. receiver. Haile told me: "It's unbelievable. He sold $1.5 million in worthless bonds and also borrowed from twenty banks, but I can't imagine why anyone trusted him. He testified under oath he didn't file income tax returns for six years; yet he always had a new Lincoln and a big home."

Among Barber's victims were members of Highway Church of Christ at Marion, S.C., who lost $57,000. Their pastor, Raymond Davis, told me: "He sounded like an angel of the Lord, and my people thought he was rich. He told us the bonds would be worth twice what we paid for them. We trusted him to open us a bank account at Huntsville, and we sent our money to it. Later I flew to Huntsville, and there wasn't a dime left." Highway Church filed a fraud suit.

The Ernest Angley television miracle

MALCOLM M^c^DOWELL
AS



CALIGULA

“WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU HAD BEEN GIVEN
ABSOLUTE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH
OVER EVERYBODY ELSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD?”

BOB GUCCIONE AND PENTHOUSE FILMS INTERNATIONAL
PRESENT
MALCOLM McDOWELL
TERESA ANN SAVOY
HELEN MIRREN
AND
PETER O'TOOLE
IN
CALIGULA
WITH
JOHN STEINER, GUIDO MANNARI,
PAOLO BONACELLI, LEOPOLDO TRIESTE,
GIANCARLO BADESSI, MIRELLA DANGELO
FEATURING
ADRIANA ASTI
WITH JOHN GIELGUD AS NERVA

ADAPTED FROM AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY GORE VIDAL
PRODUCED BY BOB GUCCIONE AND FRANCO ROSSELLINI
PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY TINTO BRASS
EDITING BY THE PRODUCTION

CURRENTLY SHOWING OR SOON TO BE FEATURED AT A FINE THEATER NEAR YOU.
CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS.

DUE TO THE NATURE OF THIS FILM, NO ONE UNDER THE AGE OF 18 WILL BE ADMITTED

ANALYSIS FILM RELEASING CORPORATION
A NEW FILM DISTRIBUTION COMPANY

crusade, The Way International, and the Apostolic Faith Church of God Live Forever, Inc., are three eddies in the much-publicized gospel flood swirling over America. Old-time magical religion has become our chief cultural phenomenon as we enter the 1980s. Celebrity evangelists in lavish hairdos have won followings that alarm mainline churches. The Gallup poll says that 45 million Americans now consider themselves "born again," and they shell out enough money to support a booming fundamentalist industry. Sales of gospel books, magazines, and records have soared to $1 billion a year. A million families have removed their children from public schools and pay for them to attend 5,000 new evangelical schools. A consortium of born-again businessmen has joined with the Campus Crusade for Christ to raise $1 billion for the world's biggest advertising campaign to prepare everyone for the Second Coming.

Revival tents of yesteryear are forgotten relics. Now the action is in astrodomes and multi-million-dollar gospel television studios. Four fundamentalist "networks" keep broadcast dishes aimed at the fixed-orbit satellites, bouncing programs over the continent 24 hours a day. Competing evangelists buy $600 million worth of radio and television time a year, paid for by their followers. At last count the United States had 1,400 all-gospel radio stations and about 30 gospel television stations—some operated by born-again folk, some run by shrewd businessmen who know where the money is.

The boom has political power. Coalitions are trying to mobilize fundamentalists into the nation's strongest voter bloc in order to pass "moral" laws and elect "moral" candidates. In March Anita Bryant and revivalist Jerry Falwell launched a "Clean Up America" drive against pornography, abortion, and homosexuals. Other gospel big guns summoned over 200,000 born-again believers to the April "Washington for Jesus" demonstration to back "pro-God" legislation. Evangelist Pat Robertson declared: "We have enough votes to run the country. And when the people say, 'We've had enough,' we are going to take over." Antiabortion groups defeated U.S. senators Dick Clark of Iowa and Thomas McIntyre of New Hampshire and have targeted others for elimination. And fundamentalist uprisings against "ungodly" textbooks have forced several school systems around the United States to change books.

The gospel boom is under intense study by pundits. Author Jeremy Rifkin says that it's "the single most important cultural force in American life" and might lead to fascism. Some sociologists think that it's a backlash to the radicalism of the 1960s. Some say it's a breakaway from insipid conventional churches. Some say it's a search for security as the economy worsens. Some say it's part of the "me generation," in which people focus on themselves.

But one aspect has hardly been mentioned: rip-off. Part of the billion-dollar industry is cunning fraud or bald opportunism or exploitation of the superstitious or tyrannical misuse of donated money by weirdo leaders. In my job as newspaperman and religion writer, I've covered the territory for 20 years and watched it grow. While the born-again bandwagon gathered momentum through the 1970s, gospel scams and abuses surfaced with increasing frequency. In the past two years, they've become an epidemic.

For instance:

- Dapper Oklahoma evangelist James Roy Whitby was known in the gospel world as one who helped save Anita Bryant when she was a Tulsa schoolgirl. In 1978 he was convicted of swindling an 83-year-old religious widow out of $25,000. In 1979 he was charged with selling $4 million in worthless Gospel Outreach bonds. Accused with him the second time were three convicted swindlers, including the Reverend Tillman Sherron Jackson of Los Angeles, who had previously bilked the born-again in the Baptist Foundation of America—a $26 million fraud that caused a congressional probe in 1973. In the widow case Whitby's appeals ran out in 1980, and he's in prison. The Gospel Outreach case ended in acquittals, but U.S. attorney John Osgood took it philosophically. "Their kind usually show up again," he told me.

- America's all-time champion evangelist was Garner Ted Armstrong, whose national broadcasts drew $75 million a year to the Worldwide Church of God run by Garner and his father, Herbert W. Armstrong. (That's double the amount collected by Billy Graham.) Money poured in from followers, many of whom met in secret groups and donated 30 percent of their incomes. Garner lived like a maharaja in a California mansion with his own private jet, elegant sports cars—and, allegedly, female believers in bed. Trouble hit in 1976 when some members published a protest. They accused Garner of sex and Herbert of self-enrichment. Chess champion Bobby Fischer said that the elder Armstrong had used "mind control" to take nearly $100,000 from him. In 1978 the father fired the son, who started a new television religion. In 1979 the California attorney general filed a receivership suit accusing Herbert and treasurer Stanley Rader of "pilfering" at least $1 million a year for themselves. Gold bullion owned by the sect was reported missing. Financial records indicated that Herbert and Rader each got salaries of $200,000 plus fabulous expense accounts. Garner ac-

THE BOB HOPE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

Seagram's
7
750 ML

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY — A BLEND. 80 PROOF. GIFT-PACKAGED AT NO EXTRA COST.

...and one for me.

Seagram's 7 Crown makes the ideal gift for everyone on your list.
But we suggest you set aside an extra bottle for yourself. After all that shopping, you deserve it!

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.

cused Rader of taking $700,000 from the church in one year. Garner's sister said Rader had three homes, a horse stable, a Maserati, a Mercedes, and a limousine. On June 2 the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the attorney general's right to investigate the church. Meanwhile, little is left of perhaps $1 billion of believers' money that was squandered over the years.

- Handsome, tuxedo-clad faith healer LeRoy Jenkins of South Carolina grossed $3 million a year by selling miracle water and prayer cloths and healing T-shirts to believers who watched him on 67 television stations. He made an emergency appeal for $300,000 to pay church debts and then bought himself a $250,000 home two weeks later. He heavily insured a vacant cathedral just before it was hit by a mysterious explosion. In 1979 Jenkins was sentenced to a 12-year prison term for conspiring to (1) burn the home of a state trooper who had given his daughter a speeding ticket, (2) burn the home of a creditor, and (3) mug a newspaperman who had exposed his money abuses and drug arrests. Evidence came from a police undercover agent in the evangelist's staff. (The reporter, Rick Ricks, told me that police had warned him in advance he was to be "set up" by an anonymous telephone offer of information; so when the call came, he didn't go to meet the informant.) After Jenkins entered a South Carolina state prison, his staff distributed rerun tapes of his "Revival of America" show. For several months in 1979, the preacher still looked out of television screens around the United States and begged "love offerings," although he actually was in a cell.
- The Justice Department filed suit in March to force the PTL ("Praise the Lord") Club of Charlotte, N.C., to open its books on $51 million it grossed last year. The suit said the FCC wants to know whether the gospel television show broadcast "fraudulent and misleading" appeals by asking money for overseas missions but spending it on overhead. During a 1978 crisis, PTL leader Jim Bakker announced that he and his singer wife were "giving every penny of our life savings to PTL," but they soon bought a $24,000 houseboat, and their salaries and benefits rose to $90,000 a year. Because of PTL's enormous cash intake, a Charlotte radio station mockingly advertised a "Pass the Loot" Club.

(PTL attracts all varieties of fundamentalists because the show's superslick production conveys clean-cut, happy, old-time faith. But I spent a week at PTL's $20 million national headquarters last year and saw bizarreness not revealed on-camera. A worship leader gave incantations to "bind demons" and bind a "prince" devil in charge of Charlotte. She also sang in the unknown tongue and distributed written incantations to exorcise demons from miracle anointing oil. A distraught young man leaped down a stairway beside me, yelling "I'm Jesus Christ!")

- The Reverend Hakeem Abdul Rasheed (alias Clifford Jones) and a young woman aide were convicted of mail fraud in California in February 1980. They had operated a $20 million-a-year church in an Oakland movie theater. Members who donated $500 became "ministers of increase." Then, periodically, the pastor called them forward to receive $2,000 "increases from God" while the congregation cheered. Bigger gifts drew bigger returns. Spreading excitement caused joiners to donate as much as $30,000 each. The church collected up to $350,000 a night. Rasheed-Jones had ankle-length mink coats, diamonds, a $100,000 Rolls-Royce, and a million-dollar yacht. His downfall came after he reported to police that four armed robbers took more than $300,000 from him aboard his 100-foot boat, and detectives began wondering why a minister had so much money. It turned out that his church was a "Ponzi scheme," using new donations to pay former donors.

> For several months preacher LeRoy Jenkins looked out of television screens around the U.S. and begged "love offerings," although he actually was in state prison.

- The Reverend Robert Carr of Durham, N.C., was sentenced to ten years in prison in April for taking paychecks, food stamps, and welfare checks from members of his Church of God and True Holiness. He and other church leaders kept believers like slaves in a dormitory, forced them to work in a poultry plant, and pocketed their earnings. Carr's daughter and son-in-law also got prison terms, and a fourth church official is a fugitive. (U.S. attorney H. M. Michaux, Jr., told me that Carr was arrested by state police, but the case was turned over to him for prosecution under a federal slavery law.)
- Bethesda Christian Center at Wenatchee, Wash.—a gospel church, radio station, school, magazine publishing house, college, and gasoline station—was jolted in January 1980, when more than $1 million was reported missing and administrator James Eyre was jailed on embezzlement charges. About $340,000 that members lent to the church has vanished, authorities said. So has nearly $1 million that members put into deals such as diamond investments.
- American Consumer, Inc., was indicted on 1,000 counts of mail fraud for selling the "Cross of Lourdes" at $15.95 each, falsely claiming that the crosses had been dipped in France's miracle pool and blessed by the pope in Rome. The company was fined $25,000 in 1979 in U.S. District Court at Philadelphia and ordered to refund $103,000 to buyers.
- Frost Brothers Gospel Quartet of Columbus, Ohio, launched Consumer Companies of America, a 20-state chain. Born-again families that paid $534 for orders of merchandise were entitled to enlist others and collect commissions on their orders. When enough were signed up, CCA was to build discount stores and give each member a share of the earnings. Evangelist Bob Harrington, "the chaplain of Bourbon Street," boosted the plan, saying, "God wants his people to succeed . . . and I thank God I'm identified with CCA." (I interviewed several CCA leaders—ex-gospel singers in flashy suits and high-rise hairdos.) The Frost Brothers lived like kings. President Alvin Frost bought a $1 million mansion. But they were convicted of stock violations, sued for fraud, slapped with a $370,000 tax lien, and charged with running a pyramid scheme. CCA collapsed in 1979 with losses for all.
- The Reverend Jerry Duckett of Williamson Church of God in West Virginia was indicted last February on charges of stealing $40,000 from his church's building fund. (His denominational superior swore out the embezzlement warrant and then was chagrined when I made the theft public.) Earlier Duckett was fined $100 for pulling a pistol on a service station attendant who wouldn't put leaded gasoline into his unleaded-only car.
- Before the Reverend Jim Jones went entirely nuts, his People's Temple was a money machine. He required members to give 40 percent of their income and sign over their homes, insurance policies, savings accounts, welfare checks, and Social Security checks. To hook the credulous, he staged cancer cures, dramatically seizing the ill, who were stooges in disguise, and pulling out tumors—chicken gizzards. While his Temple still was in San Francisco, two disillusioned members, Al and Jeanie Mills, led defectors in leaking to *New West* magazine the information that Jones's cures were fake and he was milking followers. After Jones moved to Guyana—and led 900 believers in the cyanide horror that stunned the world—troves of money were found. More than $7 million was discovered in two Panama banks, $3 million was in Guyana banks, and $200,000 was in other Caribbean banks, while $700,000 cash and $2 million in real estate were still in California. In 1978 Al and Jeanie Mills started a refugee center for Jonestown survivors, amid reports that Jones had left behind a "hit squad" to kill defectors. In 1979 the Millses published a book about the minister's abuses. On February 26, 1980, the couple and their 15-year-old daughter were executed by being shot in the head.
- The Reverend Roland Gray of Bethel

CONTINUED ON PAGE 250

AVA

❛ I never pretend when I'm in bed, only on the stage. When I'm lying in a man's arms, full disclosure is the only way to go. ❜

"Someone up at the North Pole must like me," speculates December Pet of the Month Ava Monet. "I've never had a month quite like this–besides Christmas, I also celebrate my twenty-first birthday this December. And now here I am in *Penthouse*, making a lot of wise men even wiser!" Ava's decorative 36-23-35-inch form and festive black-haired, green-eyed, honey-skinned coloring make her look naturally gift-wrapped...even without clothing. "My mother taught me to be proud of my body," says she, "and I always do what my mother says!" Though Ava is also part German –which accounts for her headstrong nature–she admits that men like her uninhibited, sensuous side even better. "As one admirer put it, I'm German from the neck up, French from the neck down." *Vive la différence!*

FRENCH KISS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

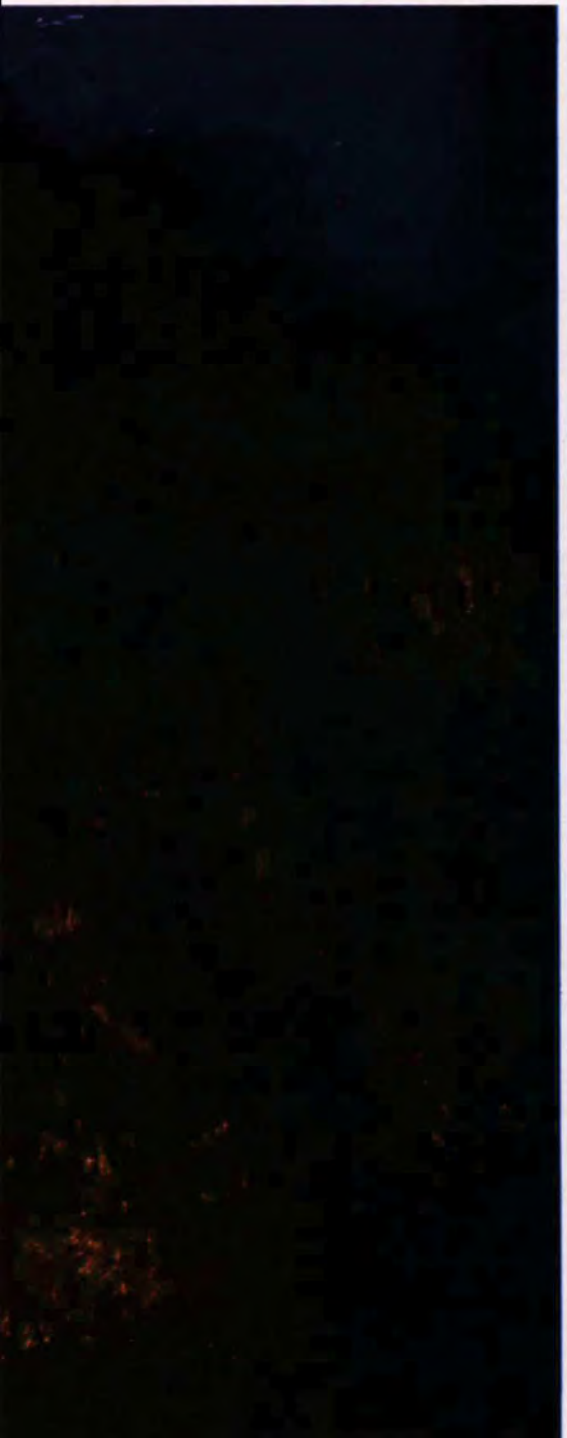
Wardrobe courtesy of North Beach Leather and Pleasure Dome, L.A., Calif.

Ava's extraordinary sexiness has always garnered her more than her share of attention, and, not unreasonably, she wallows in it. "I love it so much that I've decided to become a professional actress. In fact, I've just finished nine months of acting classes here in West Hollywood. Maybe I'll never be as good as Ingrid Bergman, but I can have lots of fun trying!"

Ava is an unabashed soap opera buff and dreams about someday landing a part on her favorite show, "General Hospital." "Can you see me as a night nurse?" she asks, foxily.

"I'll bet there would be an epidemic of miraculous recoveries...or an outbreak of strange sicknesses wherever they put me!" In the meantime, she is content to nurse a budding but visibly promising career with singing lessons and occasional modeling. "At night, though, I just get out and enjoy life--mostly skating at roller discos, vamping the men, and having fun, even when I land on my French derriere!"

Until a year ago Ava was living in Boise, Idaho, a place that, in her own words, made her "restless as a hot potato! My idea of heaven is to live here in L.A., lying on the beach, listening to the Rolling Stones on the radio. Their new album, *Emotional Rescue*, really drives me wild!" She stretches, tosses her thick, dark mane of hair, and does the same to us.



Ava has never lived with a man on a full-time basis, and won't, she vows, until she finds someone she's absolutely crazy about. "I'm very particular. He doesn't have to be a *real* knight in *real* shining armor, but he'll have to come awfully damn close!"

"It's important to me that a man look masculine and have a firm body, but he doesn't have to be handsome or muscular," she adds. "The main thing is for him to have a good mind and to be very strong with me. I want an equal relationship most of the time, but in bed, frankly, I just want to be ravished. I can't *stand* passive men," she groans. "They're a contradiction in terms!" Her one ironclad rule is that "I never pretend when I'm in bed–I reserve my acting for the stage. When I'm lying naked in a man's arms, full disclosure seems like the only way to go."

Though appearing in *Penthouse* is a three-year-long wish come true for Ava, she does have one other secret fantasy. "I'll share it with you," she says, "since this *is* the season of giving. I'd like Neiman Marcus to designate me as one of the fabulous *special* Christmas gifts, tie me up in expensive satin ribbons, and deposit me Christmas morning on Mick Jagger's doorstep!" Meanwhile, we little guys are still willing to throw in a meal!

CHASE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

lion of the obligations David's brother racked up for New York State. Between 1971 and 1974 its return on assets had fallen from .73 percent to .55 percent (and would fall further, to .33 percent). David Rockefeller ran the Chase, and the Chase was tottering.

What was to be done? He couldn't fire Butcher; the Patterson episode hadn't gone down well with his financial compatriots, and there were already some snide mutterings that the man who ought to get the sack was the man holding the bag—that it was time for David to fire himself. Though it pained him, he could cut down further on his foreign travel, and he did, but it was hard to see what good that would do; David wasn't really very interested in running his bank. He was, however, vitally concerned about his reputation. He was the first Rockefeller since Mr. Senior to hold a regular job, and his regular job happened to be directing a bank that was now in terrible shape. Butcher could get on with the urgent work of tightening up the management, and there was no question about increasing the loan loss reserve, which would have a further adverse effect on the profitability of the bank, but it couldn't be helped. The real problem was to get some money, get it fast, and lend it out. David Rockefeller was one of the richest men in the world, and his bank was short of cash. It was a humiliating position to be in.

There are certain indications that a partial solution had already been found. The OPEC price rise of 1973 was a disaster for the consumer and a tragedy of incalculable magnitude for underdeveloped countries of the world, but it was quite a nice windfall for a handful of banks, including the Chase. Between 1974 and 1978 OPEC oil revenues totaled in the vicinity of $600 billion, a vast sum. According to popular mythology, the Arabs then proceeded to spend the money on American real estate, invest in American companies, accumulate American military hardware, and fritter the loose change away at Monte Carlo. Only the last two of these are correct. The Arabs are neither fools nor small boys on a spree, and the bulk of their money went (and is going) for development projects within their own borders, with the unexpended balances held in short-term, interest-bearing deposits in the Euromarket. Although Bahrain, Kuwait, and, in its salad days, Iran have had ambitions to set themselves up as major fiduciary powers, the Gulf states in general lack the skills, manpower, and institutions for handling their own money, and the solution was obvious: like anybody else, they parked it in some banks. The Herstatt and Franklin National busts of 1974 caused them to reassess their position, but only by way of limiting their depositories; suddenly mistrustful of mid-rank institutions, they began to concentrate their accounts in the largest, most powerful, and presumably soundest banks in the world, especially Citi and the Chase. Despite the god-awful mess the Chase was about to get itself into, the choice was obvious and logical. The Arabs and the Iranians don't know any more about American banking than most Americans do, the European branches paid a rate of interest that was unavailable in the United States itself, and David Rockefeller was their friend. He was especially the shah's friend, although he has recently suggested that the acquaintance was limited to an occasional nod as he and the monarch passed each other on the sidewalks of downtown Tehran. The money was extremely nice to have, and as the Chase began to slip deeper and deeper into trouble, it became essential. This may go far to explain some extremely curious behavior on the part of that long-time Rockefeller associate and pensioner, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger.

> Henry Kissinger became so irritated with Ambassador James Atkins's attempts to keep oil prices down that he fired him in December 1975.

In 1974 the Saudis were worried men. Virtually alone among the OPEC membership, they were concerned about the consequences of their golden shower on the stability of the rest of the Third World and the soundness of the international monetary system, and they decided to take steps. With a small population and a culture attuned to scarcity, they were prepared to take a cut in their share of the spoils if they could get the price of oil back down to a realistic level. Pursuing this goal in August of 1974, they proposed to auction off a substantial amount of their petroleum.

The Saudi auction wouldn't have returned the price of oil to its artificially low, pre-1973 level, but it would have effected a reduction and might even have broken the back of the cartel. We'll never know what might have happened, because the auction never took place. The other members of OPEC were naturally distressed by the Saudi proposal, and the royal house itself was divided on the question. Sheik Yamani, the oil minister and originator of the plan, turned to U.S. Ambassador James Akins for help.

Akins was a respected career diplomat with 22 years of service. Yamani asked him to fly to London in his official capacity and take up the matter of the auction with Crown Prince Fahd. Akins later told the Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations what happened.

Mr. Levinson (chief subcommittee counsel): Did you request permission of the [State] Department to go to London and discuss the matter with Prince Fahd?

Mr. Akins: Yes.

Mr. Levinson: What reply did you get?

Mr. Akins: I was turned down. . . .

Mr. Levinson: So, although urged by Yamani to pursue the matter with Prince Fahd, you were not able to pursue the matter. Did this cause some subsequent inquiry on the part of Yamani and other Saudis as to why you didn't pursue the matter?

Mr. Akins: Yes. Yamani and several other Saudi officials were, and I think still are, convinced that the United States is not entirely serious about wanting to bring down world oil prices.

When Kissinger visited Riyadh in late 1974, the Saudis told him they were still eager to reduce prices or at least hold them steady, but there was a problem. Within OPEC they were a minority of one, and they needed support, preferably from Iran. Kissinger gave the Saudis (and Akins) the impression that he would attempt to prevail upon the shah when they met in Switzerland later in 1975. But after the meeting occurred, the Iranians told the baffled Saudis that Kissinger had said precisely the opposite; he had told the shah that the Americans understood why the price of oil had to go up, not down.

Senator Church: [The Saudis] must have been baffled, because the secretary of state, when he had an opportunity to object to the high prices in his meeting with the Iranian government, apparently failed to do so.

Mr. Akins: I couldn't say that. He might have done it, and the Iranians might have told the Saudis something which was quite untrue.

Senator Church: But in any case, the Iranians told the Saudis that he failed to do so.

Mr. Akins: That's right.

Senator Church: Did you then report that to the State Department?

Mr. Akins: Yes, I did.

Senator Church: And what were you told in reply? Were you told that the secretary had in fact objected to the higher oil prices, or what were you told?

Mr. Akins: No, I was told that they didn't know how the Iranians could have gotten that idea. . . .

Mr. Levinson: Were you told as well, Mr. Ambassador, that you should stop pressing the question of oil prices, that this was becoming increasingly irritable to the secretary?

Mr. Akins: Yes.

So irritated did Henry Kissinger become with his ambassador's attempts to pursue

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

GIVE YOUR DRINKS OUR GOOD NAME.

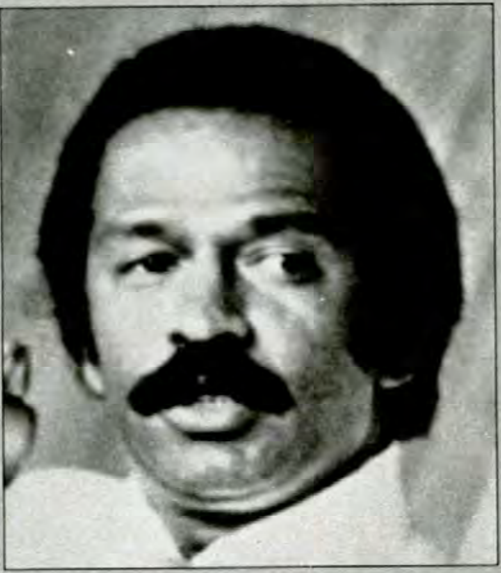
The smooth and refreshing taste of Seagram's Gin
makes the best drinks possible. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's

Seagram's
Extra
Dry
THE
PERFECT
MARTINI
GIN
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
Extra Dry
Gin
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons
LAWRENCEBURG, IND., LOUISVILLE, KY., RELAY, MD
750 ML (25.4 FL. OZ.) • 80 PROOF
DISTILLED DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
G
N

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 80 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



BY REP. JOHN CONYERS, JR.

The author has represented the First Congressional District of Michigan in the House of Representatives since 1964. He was instrumental in organizing the Congressional Black Caucus. He is a ranking member of the House Judiciary Committee.

THE SELLING OF AMERICA

Every few weeks we lose part of America. Foreign purchases of American farmland, banks, industries, and real estate are accelerating rapidly, and each new acquisition seems bigger and bolder than the last.

Nobody in the federal government really knows how much of America foreigners own. When citizens wonder why foreigners have such an easy time buying U.S. banks while our banks are barred from purchasing foreign ones, or why British companies, financed by their government, own coal mines in Kentucky while U.S. companies are prohibited from owning British coal mines, no one has any good answers.

Growing numbers of Americans are getting angry about losing control of our basic resources—domestic oil and gas, which foreign companies own a large share of; bank deposits and loans, which foreign-owned banks have enormous control over; technology, which foreigners can transfer abroad through their domestic-owned firms; farmland and timberland; and industrial plants upon which the economic well-being of thousands of communities depends.

Consider the following facts:

- Foreign-owned banks in the U.S. have $172 billion in assets, control more than 15 percent of major business loans in the country, and in major financial centers like New York control almost one-third of commercial bank deposits.
- In an 18-month period (1977–78), foreigners purchased nearly 1 million acres of farmland and currently own a minimum of 5 million acres and lease another 63 million.
- Some of America's oldest retail businesses are being bought out, for example, A&P by a German firm and Korvettes by a French one.
- Arab oil-producing countries have invested as much as $100 billion in the United States, which includes controlling interests in such major airlines as TWA and Eastern, and wield significant influence over American international economic and foreign policy.

This all reflects an American economy that is in deep trouble. Big companies, like big cities, are going bankrupt. Major industrial plants are closing down, throwing tens of thousands of workers out of jobs. The remains of small businesses that have gone under cover the landscape.

The only prosperous points in an otherwise grim economic picture are American multinational corporations and foreign companies, over which we have no control. Their ownership is growing, profits are soaring, and power over essential resources is expanding. Yet the fortunes of these private corporations bear little relation to our well-being.

> ❛ Some of us have had enough. The farmers in Iowa have given up waiting for the federal government to help save their land. So the state of Iowa slapped the toughest prohibition of all states on foreign ownership of farmland. The legislator who wrote the law explained: "It is best for Iowa farmers to own Iowa land."❜

Some of us have had enough. The farmers in Iowa, for example, have given up waiting for the federal government to help save their land. So the state of Iowa slapped the toughest prohibition of all states on foreign ownership of farmland. Horace Daggett, the state legislator who authored the law, explains why: "It is best for Iowa farmers to own Iowa land. . . . We have interests in the schools, the churches, and the economy of the state."

It is incredible that the U.S. government does not know how many farms are owned by foreigners. It is estimated that they own or lease at least 7 percent of the approximately 1 billion acres of private farmland. During 1977–78, 20 percent of Vermont's and 13 percent of Georgia's land were sold to foreigners. Huge chunks of choice cropland (28,000 acres in Minnesota and 125,000 acres in Oregon) and grazing land (a 27,000-acre cattle ranch in Texas) were sold to foreign interests. And be sure to bear in mind the fact that foreigners can buy and sell farmland or real estate at a profit without paying capital gains taxes, a windfall not available to Americans.

But, as I noted above, the loss of our farms is only one part of this shameful story. In the last several years, foreign-owned banking has jumped from $18 billion to $172 billion in value. Glaring loopholes in the law and in bank regulatory practice permit foreigners to purchase American banks without American authorities' being able to examine the purchasing bank's books. Many foreign banks are controlled by their home governments, and it is not hard to imagine that their lending and foreign-exchange policies can easily tip in favor of the home countries to the detriment of American interests. Many foreign banks also are part of larger, integrated industrial enterprises (which American banks are prevented by law from being). As these banks obtain greater control over American investment, they naturally extend preferential treatment to their own national companies.

New York State has been the target of the majority of foreign takeovers. Muriel Siebert, its superintendent of banking, recently observed: "On the basis of discussions with my counterparts in other countries, no developed country other than the U.S. would permit any significant local bank to be acquired by a nondomestic bank." One result of all this is a growing patriotism among Americans.

We are beginning to realize that each nation in the world ought to take care of its own citizens before it seeks to influence the affairs of others. We are beginning to demand that American enterprise provide new capital investment for industry and new jobs and businesses in our communities rather than allowing them to be sold to foreigners. After 30 years of American generosity toward Europe and Japan, including the expenditure of hundreds of billions on their defense, Americans are realizing that these countries used that aid to create stronger economies than our own and then ignored our pleas for reciprocity and assistance.

Americans are not against all foreign ownership. The real question is whether the new owners, foreign or domestic, are contributing to the American economy. Few people object when a foreign company builds a new auto plant in the United States and creates many new jobs. But there is obviously something wrong with foreigners' buying up America purely for speculative gain, caring little for its effects on Americans and being able to do this with the help of American tax laws. That is why I am introducing legislation in Congress which will require that appropriate federal agencies monitor foreign purchases of significant American resources and give approval before deals are consummated. Foreign investors will be required to notify the government in advance and desist from purchases until we determine their impact and value. At the same time American companies will be prohibited from cavalierly shutting down factories, unless they are willing to pay the costs to the employees thrown out of work and to the communities that stand to lose significant tax revenues.

The legislation will create a national development bank to finance alternatives to foreign or absentee domestic ownership. Workers, communities, and nonprofit corporations will be able to obtain financial assistance to purchase firms that are strong yet are being shut down by their parent companies. Farmer cooperatives will have funds to buy farmland that would otherwise go under foreign control.

Certain tax laws that benefit American companies overseas would be changed to encourage these companies to rebuild their bases at home. I propose a new set of tax incentives to American industry to modernize and expand domestic industries and rehabilitate industries in depressed urban areas.

As a last resort, under this legislation, local and state governments as well as the federal government would be in a position to purchase strategic enterprises that we cannot lose. For example, foreign interests would be prohibited from purchasing domestic energy companies or energy resources unless this were done through joint ventures with American-majority ownership and with the approval of the government.

The problem of foreign ownership will be a major issue in the 1980s. America has to stop selling itself short and selling out to foreigners.

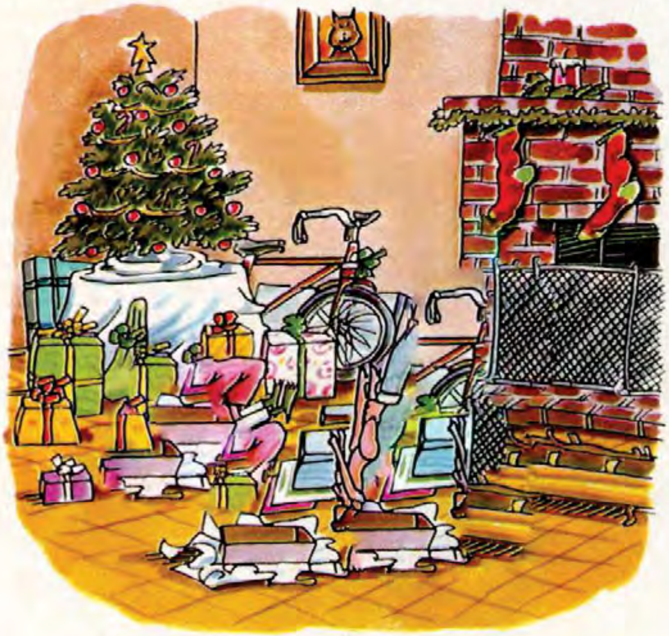
PENTHOUSE (UGH) PRESENTS

THE WORLD'S SIK-EST CHRISTMAS FEATURE

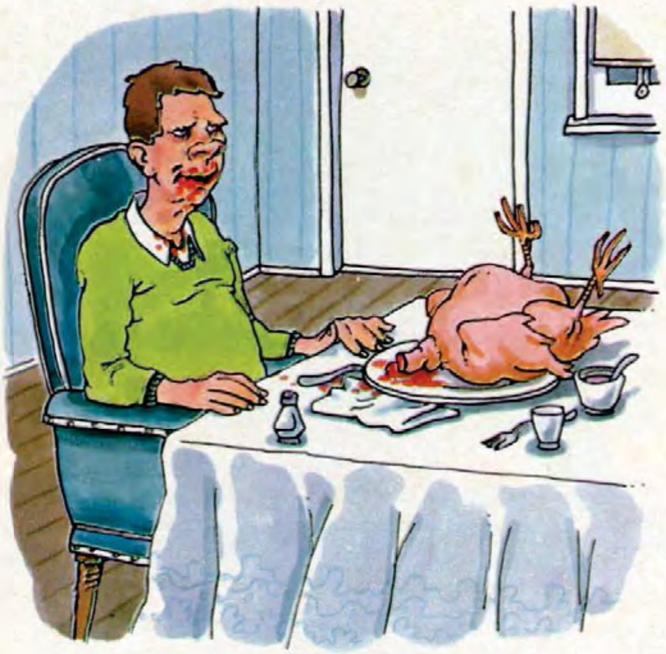
FROM THE WORLD'S SICKEST CARTOONIST

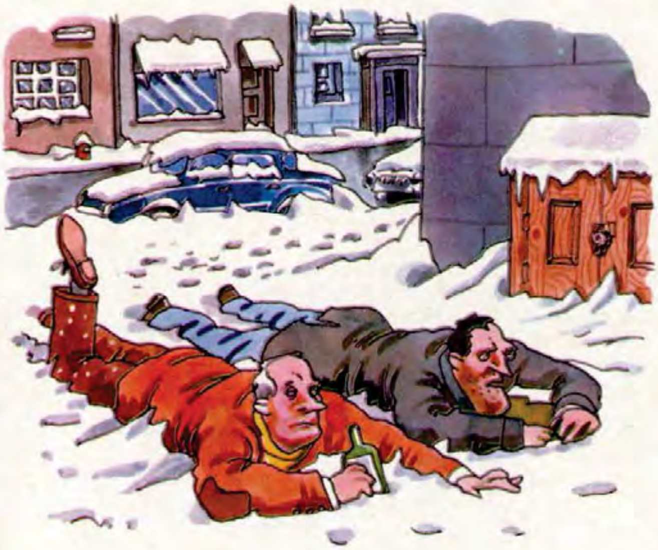
REVILO

In the joyous tradition of inflation, recession, and high unemployment, we proudly present "Revilo" (Oliver Christianson) to "cheer up" an otherwise depressing holiday season. Revilo is to Christmas what Jack the Ripper was to Mother's Day.—Bill Lee, Humor Editor

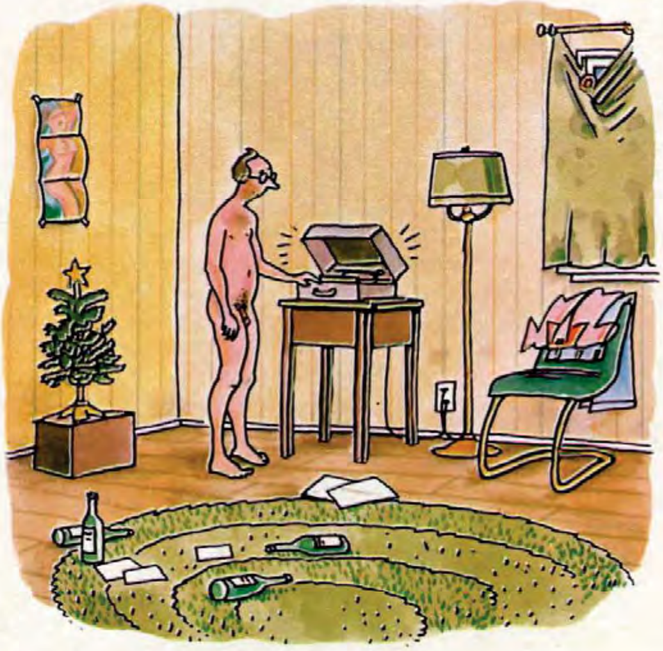


"Mommy! Timmy's putting my Barbie clothes on his Alien doll!"

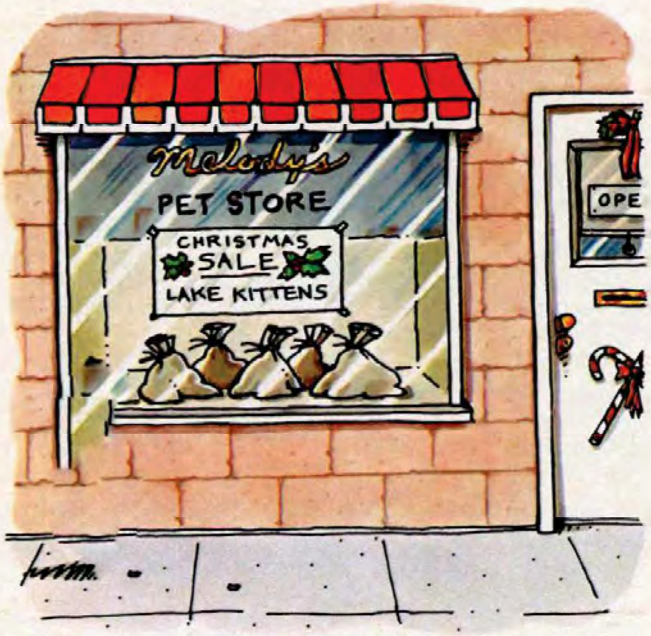


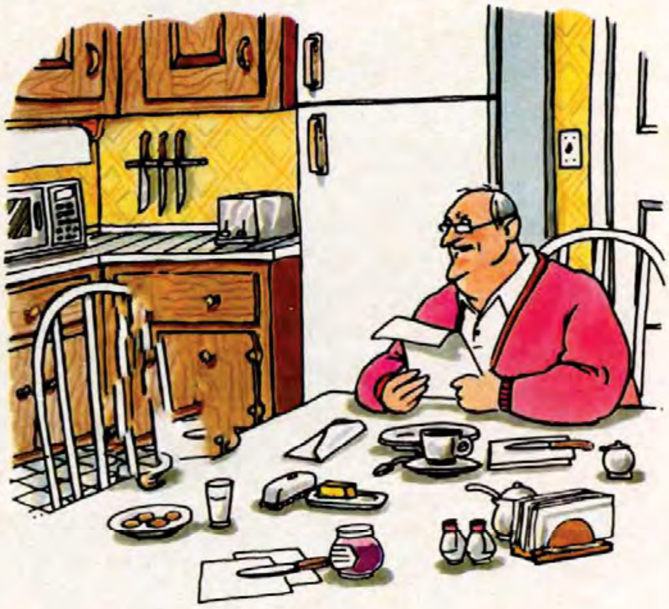


"You know what I love about Christmas office parties? Throwing up in the snow!"

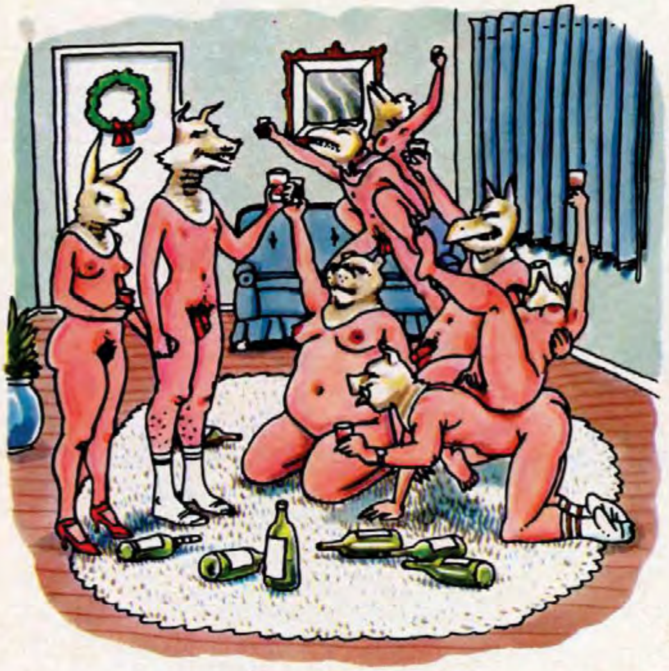


"Hi there, monster meat! I'm Trixie, and this is Babs! Are you ready for a Christmas you'll never forget?"

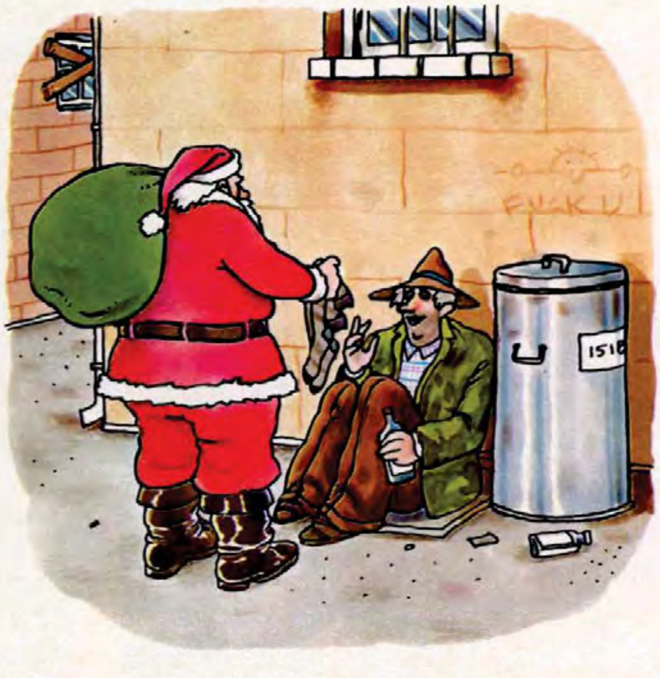

Melody's
PET STORE
CHRISTMAS
SALE
LAKE KITTENS
OPE



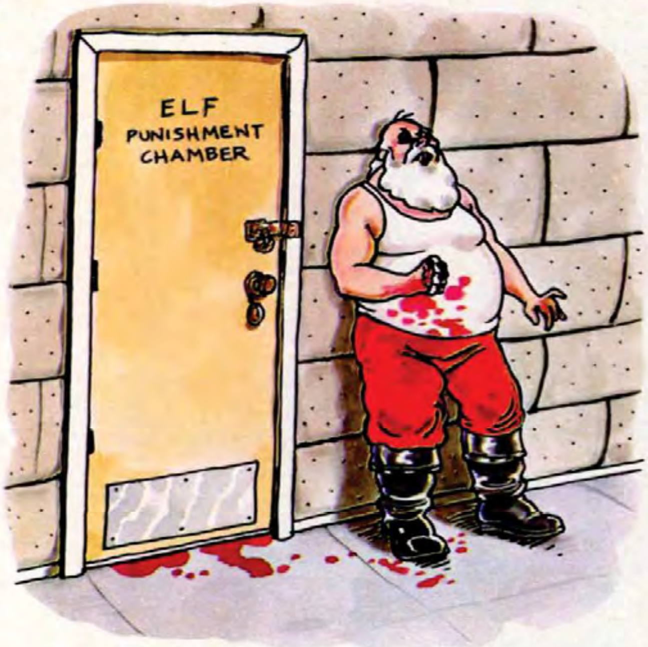
"It's customary for kids to write to Santa, but who in the hell is Desdemona the Diabolical Dominatrix?"



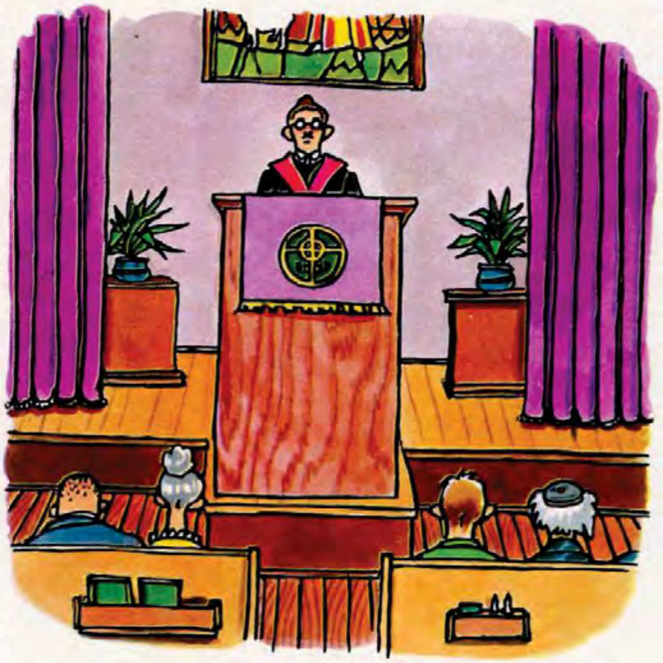
"There's nothing like a traditional Christmas at home with the family!"



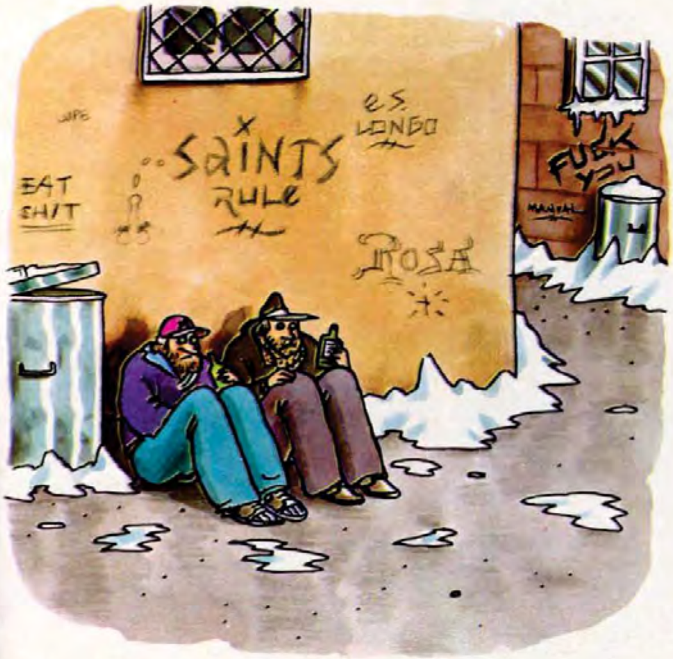
"Oh, boy! Nylons!"



ELF
PUNISHMENT
CHAMBER

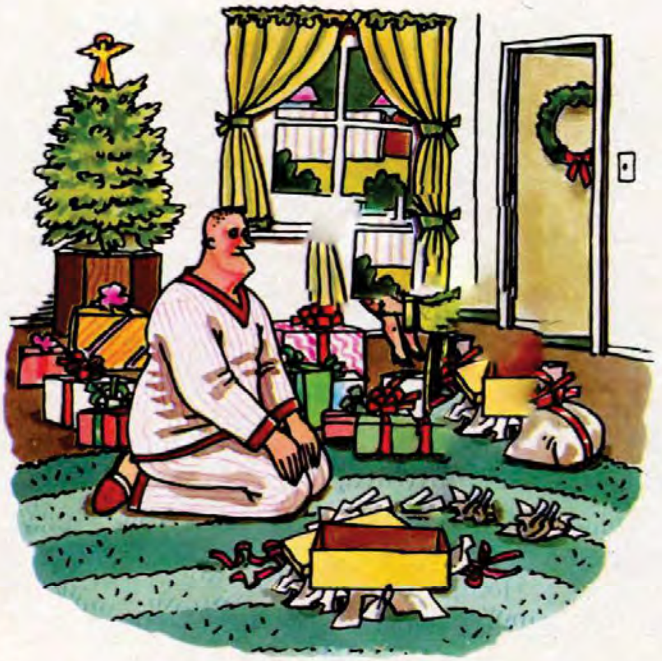


"Today's Christmas message comes from the Book of Indigestion, chapter seven, verse nine: 'And lo, the angel forced the shepherds to their knees and made them taste of spoiled pork and tainted mayonnaise.' "

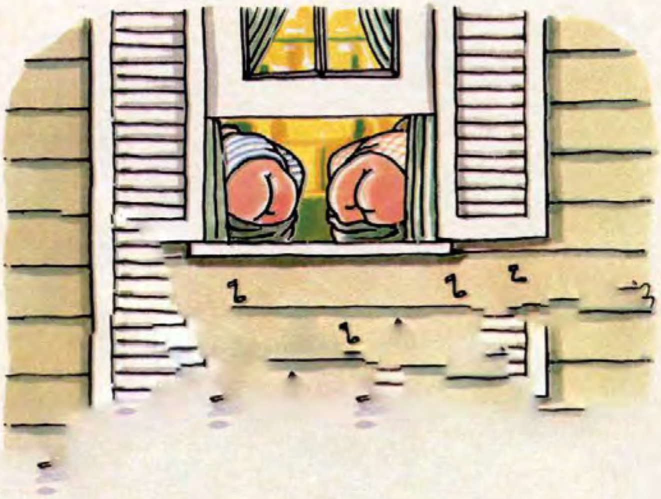


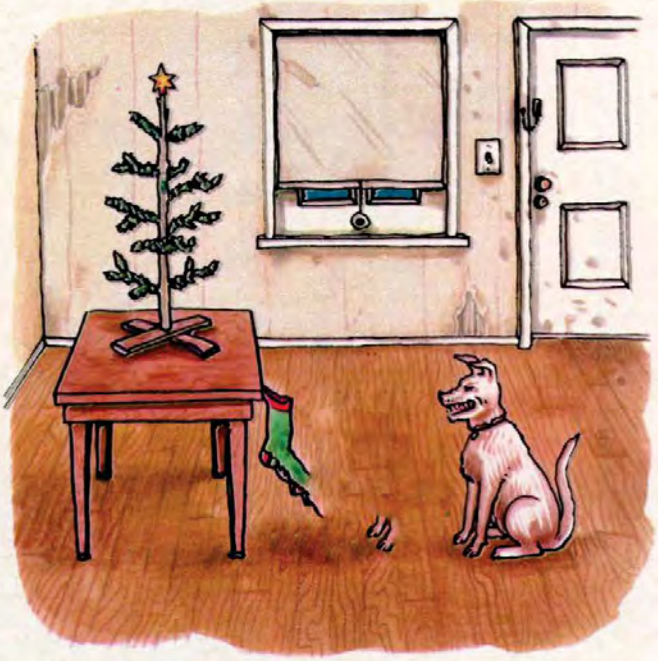
e.s.
LONGO
SAINTS
RULE
EAT
SHIT
ROSA
FUCK
YOU

"This is the first time in years I've been home for Christmas!"

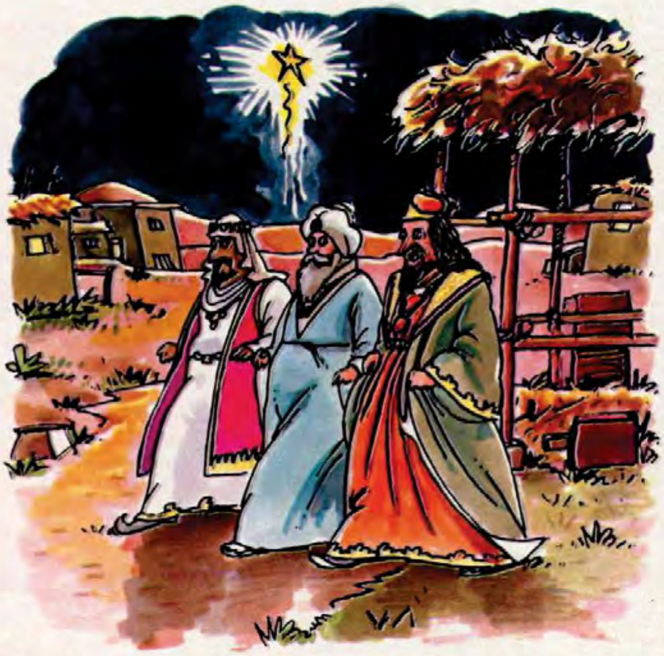


"Look, Daddy, Baby Bondage not only cries, but she also whimpers and begs for mercy!"

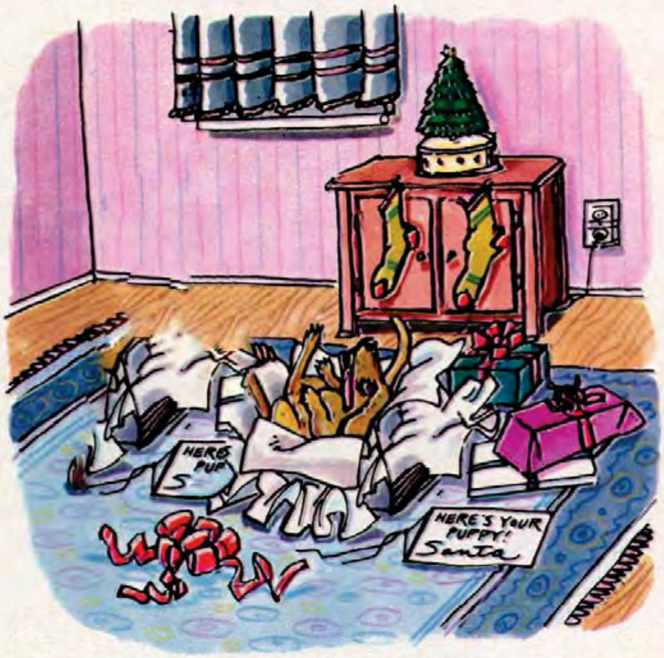


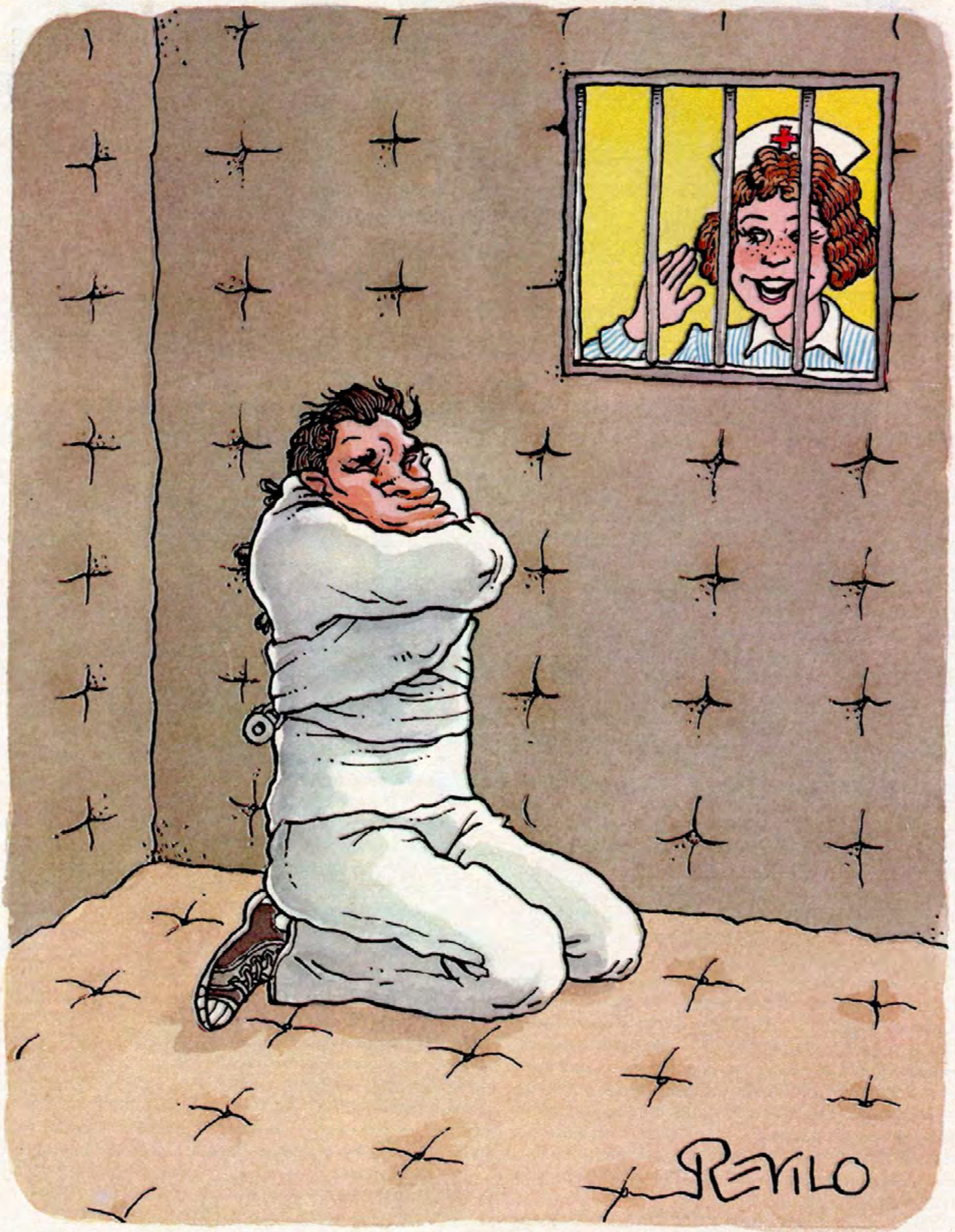


"Biff, there's something in my stocking! It feels like . . . soft candy bars!"



"The baby's okay, but I can't swallow the bit about the father."


HERE PUP
HERE'S YOUR PUPPY! Santa



"Merry Christmas, Mr. Porter! I'm Miss Grey, the Red Cross lady! Can I get you a magazine or anything?"

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ROBERT REDFORD

> ‘
>
> I think there's a built-in resentment to actors' speaking out on issues. Being an actor isn't synonymous with giving up citizenship papers. I think I have the right to speak out.
>
> ’

The actress Jane Alexander was talking recently of how actors can be transformed by makeup. "Except Robert Redford," she said. "He's unique. No matter what you did to him, even if you threw a bag over his head, you would know it was Bob."

Redford is certainly unusual, if not unique. He is a polite man who enjoys the company of friends and meeting new people, but he has one of the lowest "bullshit thresholds" in the entertainment world and is easily capable of telling an obnoxious fan to "go fuck off."

At 43 he is one of the world's most attractive and charismatic actors, but he reached that position only after a bored youthful period in which he stole hubcaps and "broke into rich folks' houses for the hell of it." He admits he probably would have ended badly had it not been for his marriage to a woman who willingly shared his early poverty and who straightened him up, dusted him off, and sent him out to achieve his destiny in a profession he had never even considered until he was almost 23.

Redford's Anglo good looks, which are only enhanced by a disfigured right jaw, are dominated by blue eyes that can change expression so fast that a director need never worry about people getting bored with a Redford close-up.

Unlike Brando or Lee Marvin or others of the barely-suppressed-violence school, Redford doesn't fill the audience with fear that he will explode and wreck the place, though he's a very physical man and is capable of it. Instead, his eyes widen in disbelief, narrow to slits, stare hard, then signal a smile—and just when you think you're safe, you find he's giving you the cynical stare again.

Since 1969, when *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* made him what Hollywood calls a "bankable star," Redford's career has gone steadily up. His two biggest hits, *The Way We Were*, in which he played opposite Barbra Streisand, and *The Sting*, with Paul Newman, pushed his per-picture salary over the $1 million mark. For his role as the Georgia prison warden in *Brubaker*, he received the sum of $3 million.

But Redford is a hard business head, and he reaches out beyond acting. He began directing last year with *Ordinary People*, starring Mary Tyler Moore and Donald Sutherland. He picked the story, based on Judith Guest's novel about tragedy striking an upper-middle-class family, because it reminded him of his own growing up in Van Nuys, Calif. He was born in Santa Monica on August 18, 1937, to Charles and Martha Redford. He found the fifties a spiritual wasteland. Too late for the dramas of the depression era and World War II, the children of the fifties, says Redford, had no way to identify.

"We didn't project anything of our own, unlike the sixties generation. It was maddening, and I wanted out." Though he was good in athletics, winning a baseball scholarship to the University of Colorado, he soon dropped out and headed for Europe, where he spent several months trying to become a painter while flirting with starvation.

He returned to California in 1958, depressed about himself. There he met and married Lola von Wagenen. With her encouragement they moved to New York, where his interests shifted from painting to set designing. Then, on the advice of his instructor, he enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Discovering acting was, he says, "like an explosion." An agent spotted him, and in 1960 he had a walk-on part in *Tall Story*, a Broadway play about a basketball player. There followed other parts in *The Highest Tree* and *Little Moon of Alban* and starring roles in *Sunday in New York* and *Barefoot in the Park*.

He went back to Hollywood to make his first film in 1962, a low-budget melodrama called *War Hunt*. No one noticed. Then came *This Property Is Condemned* and *Inside Daisy Clover*, both with his friend Natalie Wood, and *The Chase*, which brought him wide recognition. But it wasn't until 1969, when he and Paul Newman struck sparks as *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, that Redford became famous. There followed a string of star vehicles. They included *The Great Waldo Pepper*, about barnstorming pilots of the 1920s, comedies such as *Hot Rock*, in which he led an unlikely

Photograph by Douglas Kirkland/CONTACT Press Image

gang of jewel thieves, and a Western with a social message, *Jeremiah Johnson*—which remains his favorite role.

For the most part Redford has played troubled loners with a Don't-Tread-On-Me look in their eyes. Since he has been able to call his own shots, there has not been much in the way of overt sex in his films. In *Electric Horseman* he barely touches Jane Fonda, and in *Brubaker* his relationship with Jane Alexander is entirely platonic. It may reflect Redford's personal attitude of being a "one-woman man."

Also, he obviously feels there are more important subjects for the movies. He once commented that people who didn't find sex and enjoy it in their teens and twenties have only themselves to blame. "I get bored with forty-year-old swingers who have just discovered sex and want to tell me, or show me, all about it."

His maverick personality has taken him in the direction of social activism. People still think of him as young Senator McKay, a part he played in *The Candidate*. In real life he has served on the board of the National Resources Defense Council and the Environmental Defense Fund. He produced a short movie called *The Solar Film*, which is a plea for solar energy. He wrote a historical-ecological book called *The Outlaw Trail*, recounting his three-week horseback journey across the West. His Utah retreat, Sundance, which he built with the help of his wife and a Hopi Indian, is located near Provo. He and Lola and their three children (Shauna, Jamie, and Amy) divide their time between Sundance and a spacious Fifth Avenue apartment in New York.

In line with his preference for privacy, Redford has rarely granted interviews in recent years. He does, however, occasionally make appearances at colleges and other select forums. *Penthouse* contributors Jeffrey Wells and Dan Yakir recently caught up with him on such an occasion at Yale. Redford agreed to speak before an invited group of listeners during a time when he was appearing as a Chubb Fellow at the college. Various reporters and students asked him questions, among whom were Wells and Yakir. Although the questions were posed by several persons, for ready reference in the dialogue below, all of the questioners are identified as "Penthouse." All of the answers were, in fact, given by Mr. Redford.

Penthouse: Why did you decide to direct *Ordinary People*?

Redford: Well, since I've always had a sociological-political interest in the country, I was interested in the family unit and what's happening to it—the changing mores in this country. That seemed to me a good subject. I liked the book because it dealt with feelings and behavior, which are two things that have interested me most as an actor. And it also had something I had felt about my own upbringing—the camouflage of feelings, the inability of people to get in touch with themselves. The film is about young people, kids like my own, who are struggling to be who they are, to be heard, to be understood.

I had real problems with that when I was younger. I had good parents—they were perfectly fine—but I just heard different sounds, I guess, and that bothered people. As a result, I didn't feel I was being heard, which made me doubt my own sanity. And *Ordinary People*, to me, was clearly a highly dramatized version of that same thing. And it touches so many elements at the same time. It's not just about this Holden Caulfield-type character but about his mother and father and their relationship. So that's why I went after it.

Penthouse: But why choose such a personal subject? Why not make the kind of film the public is used to seeing you in?

Redford: At first, I felt that the easiest thing to do, directing for the first time, would be something that involved action. Because I'm a person of physical action—I like it, and I'm good at it. Or something that would have involved a lot of personality, and maybe be in it myself to serve myself as an actor. But that wasn't the way it was. I decided that if I was going to do this, then I wanted it to be *hard*. There would be no purpose in it if I couldn't really test myself. That was it, really. But I had a lot of arrogance about my ability to do certain things, about my working with actors, catching their off-center moments.

Penthouse: Did you have the technical experience necessary to direct a film?

Redford: At first, I had no idea how it was going to go technically. I assumed it wouldn't go well at all, because I had always resisted the technical jargon, the technical knowledge of filmmaking. I'd always assumed it had nothing to do with my craft as an actor. But what I hadn't counted on was the thrill and excitement of directing.

Since I had started out my life as an artist, a painter, I felt I was totally unprepared for the role of film director. But I found out I had very strong images—as I have always had in my mind—about what something should look like. And I was able to sketch them and give that to the cameraman to translate into film. I couldn't always be as accurate as I wanted to, but it came close. I found that I was able to do things that I'd assumed I couldn't do. I'm still not that good at the technical language of film, but I can *see* it.

Penthouse: Did your experience as an actor help you in your directing?

Redford: Over the years, working on *Jeremiah Johnson* with Sydney Pollack, watching George Roy Hill on *The Sting*, Michael Ritchie in *The Candidate*, *Downhill Racer*—a lot of knowledge seeped in. I had produced, taken part in rewrites, developed ideas. So I wasn't a complete stranger to the process. But I didn't want to borrow somebody else's vision. I wanted to take my own point of view and let the style dictate itself. I never had any school training in film—it wasn't available when I was starting out. But that might have been lucky, because I had to find my own way. I've always done that. I've always broken the rules. You begin by breaking rules. But now I've moved through that, and I've come to respect form a little more. Now I'm more interested in cutting away the fat and making simple, lean films.

One of the strongest influences in my life, as an artist, was those comprehensive exams that you take when you're young. The thing that got to me was that page that said, "What's wrong with this picture?" It seemed to be perfect. And you strained and looked and looked and finally said, "I got it! This woman has only one sock on!" And for that I got to go home early from school. I think that had a lot of bearing on the way I looked at making the film. On what was right, what was missing.

Penthouse: You weren't nervous when you first walked on the set?

Redford: Well, I remember saying to myself, "What am I going to feel like? Will it be like the first time I went on stage? Opening night? Am I going to feel the way I did when I first acted in a film? What about nerves and excitement and all that?" Anyway, the first night I walked on the set and suddenly saw all those trucks and generators I panicked. I absolutely panicked! I thought, "My God! All this is for me! And they're going to expect me to know what I'm doing!" I saw the arc lights, and I saw the actors standing around, and I suddenly felt their approval. And I was thinking, "Gee, this is really something! This is for me!" It was a little sweaty, but once we started shooting, it was fine. But now my first shot has been cut.

Penthouse: How come?

Redford: It was boring!

Penthouse: How does it feel to see yourself on the screen?

Redford: Awful. I can't stand it. As a result, there are some of my films that I haven't seen to this day. It just has no value to me whatsoever. The hardest thing to do is produce a film that you're in. You have to look at the dailies in the editing room and see yourself.

In the last couple of years, I've become more and more interested in going back to the stage, even though in the end I'd be more satisfied with film as a complete process. But I miss the stage, the feeling of being in front of an audience, of testing your acting ability. I'm most excited by regional theater—Yale Rep or Long Wharf—and not so much by Broadway.

Penthouse: You seem to get tired of acting every few years. You walked away from movies twice during the 1960s and then again a few years ago. What happened?

Redford: Well, after *All the President's Men*, I was really tapped out. I had worked so hard on it that I had no feeling left. When it came out and was successful, I couldn't enjoy it. Not that I've ever enjoyed *any* success, really, but that's another thing. But I was having problems. I kept seeing people coming up and congratulating me, wearing expressions that I thought *I* should have. And I thought, "Well, I'm in trouble here. Real trouble. And I'm gonna stop."

Penthouse: What's the matter with success?

Redford: The thing is, I never set out to be a star. A lot of what happened to me came about by accident. I mean, *Butch Cassidy* started something. *The Way We Were* definitely started something. I didn't have any idea at the time it was going to have the impact that it did. Same with *The Sting*. But as far as I was concerned, I was just making films that personally appealed to me.

I feel flattered by fame, but I guess I'm also dismayed by it. It's nice to know that people care, that you're appreciated. But the flip side of it can be so awful that it overshadows the good part. The one thing I miss the most is watching people in cafés and bars. When I hitchhiked across the country, which I did at least 20 times before I was an actor, I'd take my sketchbook with me, take notes, sketch people and talk to them. I just loved going to diners and talking to truckers. And I love going to a strange city and just walking around. It's the greatest entertainment in the world.

But I can't do any of that anymore. As much as you try to be a regular guy and say, "Let's go have a couple of beers," you can't. That's gone, and you have to find some replacement for it. And it gets harder and harder. You run the risk of being treated like an object, and consequently acting like one. And the ultimate danger is *becoming* one. That worries me.

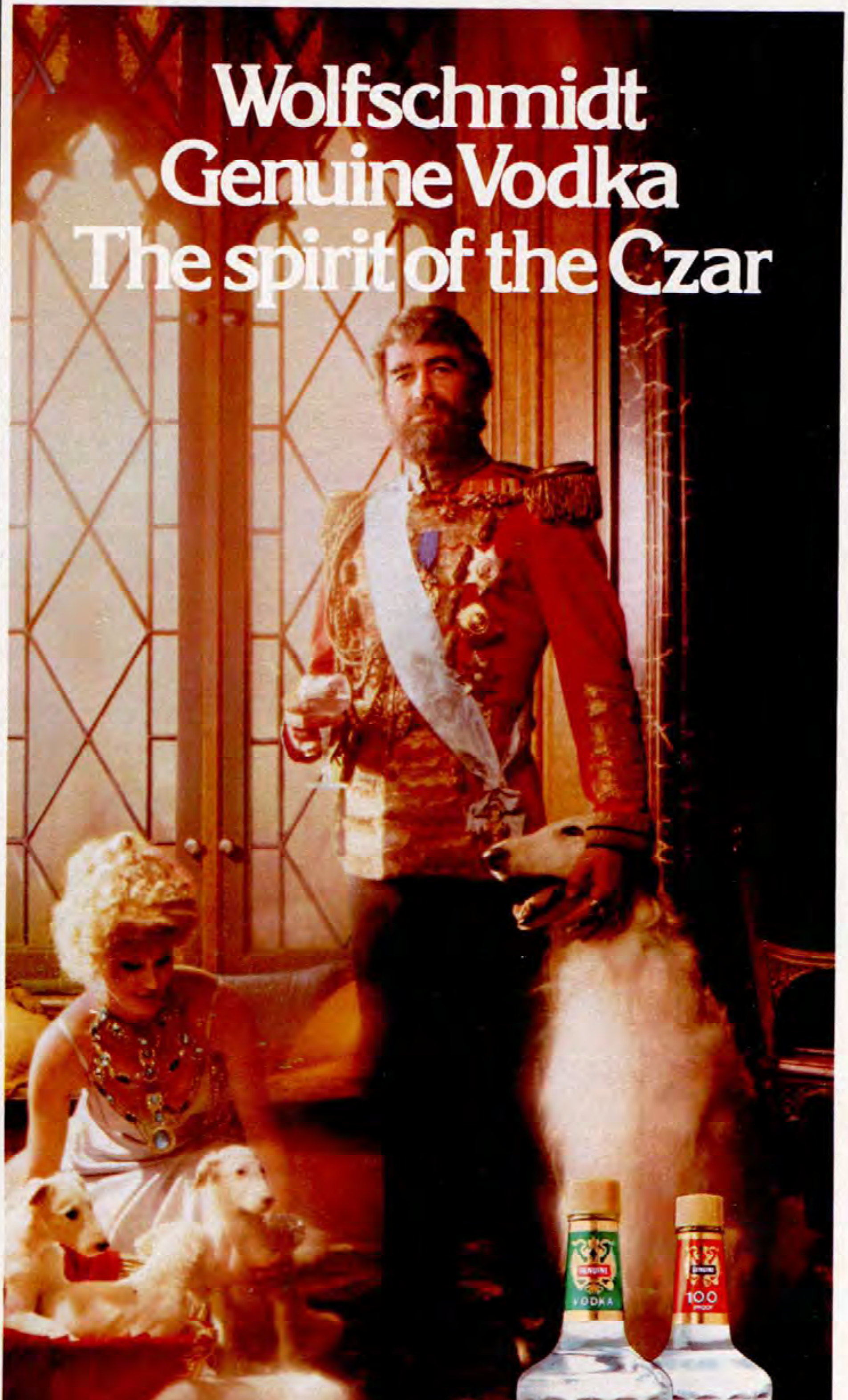
Penthouse: But haven't you brought this upon yourself by playing roles that people tend to idolize, such as those in *The Sting* and *The Way We Were?*

Redford: No—that's a mistake. I started out playing very unlikable characters. It's only the commercial things that have succeeded in conveying those heroic proportions. A lot of that is due to the critics. They say they're tired of seeing golden boys, tired of seeing heroes. It's got more to do with their own needs and their own problems than with what I have done. They simply haven't looked at the record.

When I was in television, I didn't play one part that was likable. They were all psychopaths and crazies. So that part of my career, I guess, has been forgotten, or no one's aware of it. The same goes for the movies. I played those parts, but no one saw them. The character in *Downhill Racer* was not a good guy. He was one-dimensional. In *Little Fauss and Big Halsy* he was an outrageous shit. In *Inside Daisy Clover* I also played a hardly likable character.

I still have no aversion to playing so-called bad guys as long as they're understandable. As long as the character grows

CONTINUED ON PAGE 216



Wolfschmidt is made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.
The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

Product of U.S.A. Distilled from grain • Available in 80 and 100 proof • Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.

ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT

Now that you have a sophisticated
35 mm camera, you may want to increase your
creative potential with extra
lenses, filters, flash units, and auto-winders.

BY RICHARD TROUT

Konica
KONICA HEXANON AR 40mm F1.8 LENS MADE IN JAPAN

In the Chinese calendar system, 1980 was designated as the Year of the Monkey. If the Japanese industrial complex had a similar way of marking time, 1980 would clearly have been the Year of the 35 mm Camera. Since January the American public has spent over $1.5 billion on 3 million Japanese-made 35s and related camera accessories.

Why did 1980 see such a boom in 35 mm photography? Basically, camera manufacturers have made picture taking relatively foolproof through more and more automation, stripping much of the mystery from 35 mm photography and attracting a whole new class of dedicated amateurs. There are cameras on the market today that not only select the correct exposure but even load and focus themselves automatically. In addition, such accessories as auto flash units and supersharp, computer-designed lenses give even the greenhorn photographer's photos that professional look. With such a plethora of equipment from which to choose, it is difficult to decide which accessories—lenses, flash units, auto-winders, filter kits, etc.—suit your needs.

All 35 mm camera systems start with a 35 mm camera body and a normal (usually 50 mm) lens. It is called a normal lens because it gives you an angle of view equivalent to your normal field of vision; that is, the 50 mm lens records a scene the way you normally would view it.

The major camera manufacturers offer a complete line of lenses and other accessories. Canon, for example, makes a 17 mm full-frame fish-eye lens that gives you a 180° angle of view. This lens takes in much more of a scene than the normal 50 mm lens, making it ideal for impressive landscape shots. At the other end of the spectrum is the Canon 1200 mm lens. This supertelephoto lens brings you 14 times closer to your subject, which is advantageous when photographing faraway subjects.

For the amateur photographer who wants to capture the fastest sports action, there are auto-winders and motor drives that automatically advance the film and recock the shutter after each exposure. These automatic film-drive units let you keep your eye on the action in the viewfinder without having to look away to make a camera adjustment and risk missing the best shot of all.

Auto-winders like the Pentax Winder LX, for the new Pentax LX camera, advance the film at the rate of two frames per second. Pentax also has the Motor Drive LX, which advances the film at

Photographs by Ted Kaufman

minolta
AUTO 200X
minolta
XD11
MD ROKKOR-X 50mm 1:1.4
MINOLTA
CONTAX
Planar 1.7/50
Carl Zeiss

(left to right) The Konica FS 1 ($445) comes with a built-in auto-winder. It is equipped here with a 40 mm f/1.8 lens ($110) and a flat-field teleconverter ($130) to bring your subject up close. The Canon A1 body ($499) is fully equipped for almost any photographic situation with a 15 mm f/2.8 wide-angle lens ($625), MA motordrive ($355.30), and 199A Speedlight with wide-angle adapter ($167). The Minolta XDII comes with a 50 mm f/1.4 ("normal") lens ($750). It is shown here with the Auto Winder D ($130) and the Auto Electroflash 200X ($75). The XD can also be fitted with any of 75 filters from its Cokin Creative Filter System, which requires no complicated metering. The Contax 137MD ($516) can be equipped with an assortment of sophisticated accessories. One of the most useful lenses is the Contax 50 mm f/1.7 lens ($168). (All prices are suggested retail.)

the rate of up to five frames per second. Perhaps the ultimate in motor drives can be incorporated into the Nikon F2H. This marvel of ingenuity features a fixed beam splitter that replaces the moving mirror and permits high-speed operation of up to ten frames per second with the MD-10 motor drive.

One of the problems in photographing sporting events, or of any situation in which you need to record those once-in-a-lifetime moments, is running out of film at the height of activity. If you have encountered this problem, you'll want to look into different film backs. Olympus has designed the Exposure Back 250 to fit its OM series of cameras. With this back, you can take over 200 consecutive frames without stopping to change the film.

For the photographer who gets bored taking "straight" shots, Minolta offers the Cokin Creative Filter System, which features 75 filters that can be used one at a time or in different combinations with 35 mm cameras. Using the Cokin filters on Minolta's XD and XG cameras is simple, thanks to Minolta's through-the-lens, center-weighted metering system. To turn a "blah" sky into a brilliant sunset, simply place Cokin's tobacco filter over your lens and meter your scene as usual. With Minolta's superbright Acute Matte Focusing Screens, focusing is easy, even with a combination of filters over your lens.

When shooting with a 35 mm SLR (single-lens reflex), the image you see in the viewfinder is the image that is recorded on film. If you feel you should be closer to your subject, you don't have to change to a longer-focal-length lens; instead, you can insert a 2X converter between the lens and the camera. (A 2X converter doubles the focal length of a lens; that is, a 100 mm lens becomes a 200 mm lens.) Konica has a new Hexanon Flat Field 2X converter for Konica Hexanon lenses that retains all the optical quality and sharpness of the original lens. The converter fits both the Konica TC shutter-priority camera and the Konica auto-load/auto-start FS-1 with built-in auto-winder.

There are many situations where extreme close-up photography is called for. If you are photographing flowers, for example, and want to fill the frame with a butterfly on a rose, you'll need to get as close as possible to your subject. This is usually accomplished by placing an extension tube or bellows between the camera and the lens. Fuji offers an auto-bellows that can be used on its automatic-exposure AX-1, AX-5, and AX-3. With the bel-

OLYMPUS
CHINON
CE-4
CHINON AUTO S-550
CHINON POWER WINDER

lows mounted on one of Fuji's cameras, you'll be able to fill the entire frame with the butterfly. If you feel your presence might frighten your subject, whether it's a butterfly posing on a flower or a deer grazing peacefully in the forest, remote-control units that release the shutter automatically from a distance are available for most 35 mm cameras. Chinon's remote-controlled unit, the RC-500, works on radio waves and mounts easily on the Chinon CE-4 Memotron. A remote-controlled unit is also available for the Contax 137-MD, but instead of working via radio waves, the Contax system utilizes infrared beams of light. The

(clockwise from far left) The Osawa 70-to-150 mm lens ($292) is a medium telephoto lens that lets you work close to your subject while retaining zooming capability. The Vivitar 70-to-150 mm lens ($266.95) can be fitted with a matched multiplier ($83.95) to give you a micro-focusing zoom. The Tamron 80-to-210 mm zoom ($310) has one-touch control for focusing and zooming. The AIC Soligor 35-to-140 mm auto-zoom ($599) has a maximum aperture of f/3.6 for easy focusing. The CPC 300-to-600 2X multiplier mirror lens ($300) gives you the effect of a long-focus lens in a lightweight package.

Nikon
F3
PENTAX

(left to right) The Olympus OM2 ($548) can be equipped with an Exposure Back 250 ($560), enabling you to take more than 200 consecutive frames without stopping to change the film. It is shown here with a 50 mm f/1.8 lens ($93) and a Winder II ($158). The Chinon CE 4 Memotron comes with a 50 mm f/1.4 lens ($490) and can be equipped with a PW 530 auto-winder ($139.50) and a Strobe S280 ($111.25). The Nikon F3 ($947.50), probably the most advanced camera available, can be enhanced through use of a MD 4 motor drive ($380) and an SB 12 flash ($138). It is shown with a "normal" lens: a 50 mm f/1.4 ($227.40). The compact Pentax Super ME ($315) should meet all your photographic needs, especially when outfitted with a 50mm f/1.7 lens ($123) and a Winder ME II ($139).

Contax 137-MD also has two totally separate metering systems for flash and available-light photography, enabling you to set the correct exposure from a distance.

If you find you are shooting a lot of flash photos, Sunpak's AP-52 Auto Thyristor flash unit features automatic flash exposure and mounts quickly on most 35 mm SLRs.

Lenses are an integral part of any camera system, but deciding which lenses are necessary for your particular photographic style is often the most difficult decision of building a system. For the photographer who wants to travel light, zoom lenses are the answer. For wide-angle and portrait photography, as well as macrophotography, Soligor offers the 35-to-140 mm zoom. This lens features a maximum aperture of f/3.6, which permits easy focusing, even indoors. Photographers who want a zoom with a wider angle of view can shoot with the Kiron 28-to-85 mm zoom. Want to go even wider? Try Sigma's 21-to-35 mm zoom. Photographers interested in bringing travel and sports action in close will find Tamron's 80-to-210 mm zoom or Vivitar's 80-to-200 mm zoom easy to use, both with one-touch control for focusing and zooming. Medium telephoto lenses, like the Osawa 70-to-150 mm and the CPC 35-to-100 mm, are also available. These lenses are designed for the photographer who likes to work relatively close to his subject but still wants the zooming capability for composing his shot.

Even after you have decided on a camera system, you should remember Murphy's Law before you go out on your first self-assignment. The law simply states: "Anything that can go wrong will go wrong." With this in mind, you might want to take along a spare camera in the event of a breakdown. Minox offers the ultracompact 35GL, which fits neatly into your camera bag or jacket pocket. With shutter speeds from 30 to 1/500 second and a built-in hot-shoe for an on-camera strobe, you'll be able to shoot in any type of photographic situation with this tiny Minox.

One last thought on camera systems: no matter what accessories you have on your camera, it is you, the photographer, who takes the picture. Granted, with the increasing automation of 35 mm cameras and the sophisticated accessories available, there is a greater tendency to let them do the work for you. However, if you *stop*, *look*, and *think* before you shoot, you will transform your snapshots into professional looking photos.

Mark was being murdered. He knew it; he could feel the knife slip down between his ribs. He lay, peaceful and unmoving, on the living-room floor of his home in a suburb of Boston; his eyes were closed, his breathing deep and regular. The knife plunged into his chest again.

Diane Swygard, the coauthor with her husband of several books on the occult, sat, unconcerned, nearby. She had led the young photographer through a series of "consciousness" exercises, finally directing him to return to a former life.

Finding out who you were may help you find out who you are.

PAST LIVES THERAPY

BY CRAIG R. WATERS

Suddenly, inexplicably, he had become aware of images and impressions—he had begun to see and feel, to sense things; it was like closing one's eyes and reliving a vivid memory. When Diane asked him questions, answers percolated up irresistibly, unexpectedly, from his unconscious mind.

"What's your name? Do you have a name?" she had asked.

He was shocked and surprised, but, yes, he had an answer—yes, he had a name. "The name Almalgi," he had answered and spelled it out. "A-l-m-a-l-g-i."

He had then gone on to describe the life of a young warrior in Central Africa: a member of a tribe known as the Tzenti, married to a woman named Mala, the father of two children, living in a hut of branches plastered with sun-baked mud. And now

—now he was being murdered.

"It's as though . . ." He hesitated, studying the pictures playing on the inside of his eyes. "He has me pinned down to the ground. He's stabbing me in the left side of the chest with . . . with a knife. There's a very long handle on the knife; it looks like a pointed stick, but underneath the handle there's a long, very, very thin blade . . ."

"Was this a weapon you used in hunting?" Diane interrupted.

"No," he answered after a second. "It was for skinning animals; it would slide up underneath the skin, between the skin and the flesh—sever it away."

"And what was the fight about?" she asked.

"We were hunting together . . . and I killed an animal. I had killed the animal, and he took it from me."

"Did you die instantly?"

"No, I lived for three days," he said.

"What happened when you died?"

"My wife wept—she wept for a very long time."

"What did they do with your body?" she asked matter-of-factly.

"They threw it outside of the stockade—outside of the mud walls that ran around the village—and let the animals take it; the animals took the bodies away."

"Did you stay around to see that?"

"I see that . . . ," Mark answered solemnly.

At first, Mark had been skeptical of his impressions, had doubted the reality of his own answers, believing that it was all illusion, the product of a fertile imagination. But as the sensations and scenes had continued to unfold, he had found himself intrigued and, finally, compelled by the rich detail, unfamiliar notions, and powerful emotions of the experience.

He had felt the hard, cracked leather that covered the entrance of a hut and had smelled its smoky interior; he had spoken of "old men who know about the gods" and of a mountain where the gods lived; he had described a special ceremony at which a child was given its name; and he had referred to white men as "ghosts." When Diane inquired, "What was the word for *man* in your language?" he had answered, "I know this is ridiculous, but I want to say the word *mandingo*—I want to say something like . . . man-deeng'-go." He had sung it; the second syllable rose strangely, musically. "Man-deeng'-go . . . man-deeng'-go," he had repeated.

When Diane had asked whether he was a man or a woman, he had flushed with indignation and shot back, "I am a warrior!" And, finally, he had felt the hot needle of that knife threading its way between his ribs. It was a disturbing, disorienting experience; everything indicated that he had slipped, somehow, into someone else's life. When, after an hour, the past-lives session ended, Mark was physically exhausted but intellectually eager; he pulled out an encyclopedia and began checking. Could anything that he had said have been real?

Mandingo, he knew, was the name of a film dealing with slavery; as he flipped through the pages of the *Britannica*, he discovered that it was also the name of a group of people native to the Niger and Congo River basins of Africa. There was no reference to a Tzenti tribe, but similar names appeared, and some tribes did practice a name-giving ceremony. There was, however, little else.

The word *mandingo*, the location, and a few other small facts checked out. But where had the information come from, he wondered—from a book he'd once read, a movie he'd once seen? Or had he once been Almalgi—had he lived the life of a primitive tribesman in another, earlier time?

Months later he was still wondering and slightly worried: he could recall no story, book, or film that might explain the details he'd know or the tale that he'd constructed around them, and twice he had dreamed of himself as Almalgi. Finally, he sought out a psychologist who used hypnotism in his practice and who agreed to help him pinpoint the source of the material.

The psychologist tested Mark, found that he would make a good subject, and, on a frigid February evening, put him under hypnosis for the first time: "Now, I want you to imagine yourself in an elevator, and as the elevator descends you will slip deeper and deeper into a trance," a soft voice that was laced with Russian suggested. "All right, now beginning at the tenth floor and descending . . . nine—going deeper . . . "

By the time they had reached the subbasement, Mark was pleasantly stoned; he felt relaxed, nicely numb, cut off from the outside world. "I want you to go back to the time when you first heard about Almalgi," the psychologist told him, but nothing happened. Mark lay on the couch, feeling good, experiencing nothing other than lovely patterns of colored light. "I want you to go back to the time when you first encountered this African warrior."

A sharp pain pulsed in his right calf; Mark grimaced and reached down to massage it. "What's wrong? What's happening?" the psychologist asked him, and once more Mark found himself on a sun-bleached plain. In front of him he saw flat ground spiked with tufts of dry grass and, rising in the distance, a few small trees; behind him a mountain rose gently from the plain. "What's happening?" the question echoed.

"I had come to the mountain to be with the mountain . . . and to understand the god of the mountain," Mark answered in a dull monotone. "It's a much lovelier place than the village, but we can't come any closer because it's a holy place. If you spend time with the mountain, it gives you strength; if you stay with it too long, it destroys you."

"This is a fantasy," the psychologist explained. "I want you to tell me where this fantasy comes from."

"I've fallen on some rocks and sprained my leg very badly," Mark continued. "It takes me four days to return to the village; it should only take two."

The psychologist persisted, attempting to isolate the source of the imagery but to no avail; for more than an hour, Mark related the life's story of Almalgi—he described his village, the weather, how houses were built, the respective work of men and women, another tribe he traded with. Again a few verifiable facts came out, but their source remained elusive. Two later sessions proved equally unproductive; each time he was asked about the character's origin, Mark became Almalgi.

Finally, reluctantly, the psychologist relented. "I find it hard to believe," he told Mark, "but there doesn't seem to be any other explanation—your memories seem to be real."

Reincarnation, past lives, souls that come and go as easily, and as endlessly, as fashion. From Boston to Los Angeles, tens of thousands of Americans are tripping out on remembrances of things past. They do it for a variety of reasons—curiosity, a desire to find oneself, a quest for spiritual enlightenment, even therapy—and employ a variety of techniques. They may be regressed into a past-life experience hypnotically or reach it via mediation or, like Mark, transcend time by exercising their consciousness.

The latter technique, described by Diane and William Swygard in a number of their books (by Awareness Techniques, Dover, Mass.), is probably the simplest approach; it requires only a quiet room and the willingness to concede that consciousness may exist apart from one's body.

Their directions are simpler than those required to assemble a ten-speed Peugeot:

- Lie down, relax, and close your eyes.
- Envision your consciousness as a form of energy. Extend it to a point several inches beneath your feet; draw it back into the body. Extend it to a point one foot beneath your feet and then return. Repeat the exercise several times.
- Extend your consciousness to a point one foot above your head; do this several times. Extend your consciousness around your entire body "like a balloon"; repeat the exercise, creating a much larger balloon.
- Now direct your consciousness to the outside of the building. Describe the scene in detail—the building's appearance, its surroundings, the weather, the time of day, etc.
- Direct your consciousness to a point 500 feet above the ground and describe the scene in detail. Change the scene from day to night to day.
- Keeping the scene very bright, direct your consciousness to return to the earth in an earlier lifetime. When you reach ground, look down at your feet. Describe them; then describe yourself, your clothing, your surroundings, people nearby, what's happening, etc.
- Don't dwell on individual details. Keep raising questions—your name, the location, the date, your occupation—allowing your consciousness to provide the answers. Direct your consciousness to interesting events in that life—a wedding, a birth, your death.
- When you are tired, direct your consciousness to return to the present.

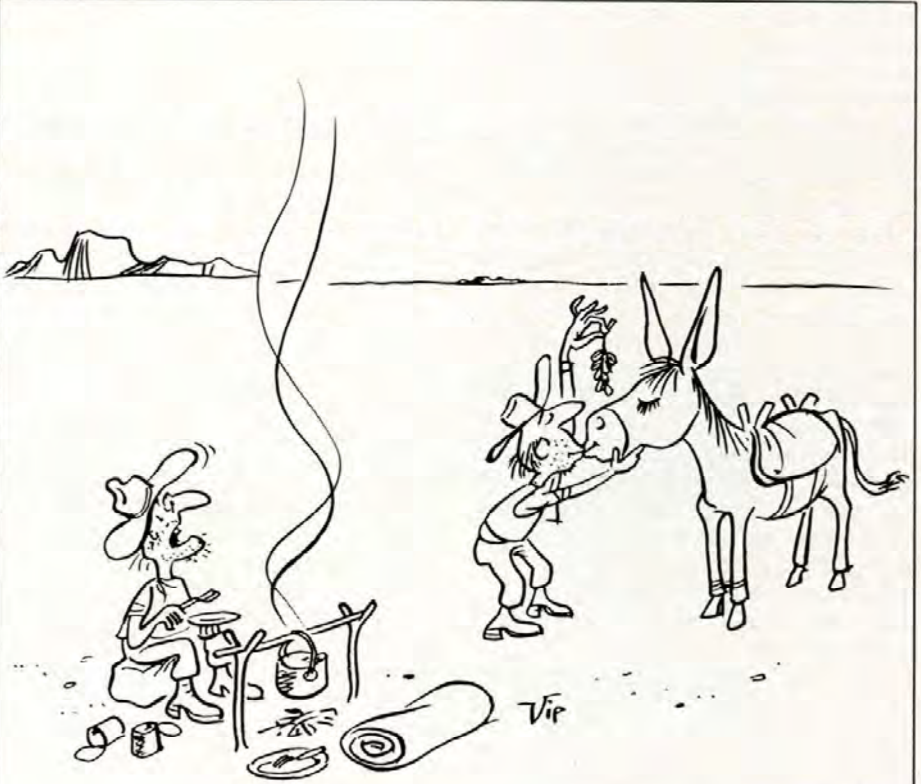
It is a natural, uncomplicated affair, as simple as breathing or daydreaming; it requires no gurus or drugs or hypnotists or mantras, and, if done properly, it produces surprising results. Depending on ones preconceptions, it thrusts one either into memories of a former lifetime or into an elaborate and strangely logical fantasy. The experience—whatever it is—is fascinating.

A few serious researchers are attempting to explain the phenomenon—to uncover its cause, describe its operation, and discover its relevance or importance. Also, a few reputable practitioners—therapists and psychologists—are using the past-lives effect in treating patients. But, as in any field where theories outnumber facts, one will find many opportunists and outright phonies; pseudoscientists whose research consists of gathering anecdotes for books and television talk shows and con men who have false credentials and set themselves up as healers of the psyche.

Past lives is not, in that sense, unlike Laetrile. It seems to contain an element of truth—perhaps even a significant element—but its true worth is buried beneath a thick layer of exaggeration, myth, and lies. The work of credible investigators is obscured by the razzmatazz spiel and thrilling sleight of hand of the hucksters—those who claim that the past-lives experience is a certified history of one's eternal soul or a panacea for every ailment from cancer to the common cold; one California therapist uses it to increase the size of a woman's breasts.

The concept of reincarnation has been around for more than 2,500 years; it was known in ancient Persia, Egypt, Greece, and China. It has been espoused by poets, philosophers, scientists, and saints from Ovid to Nietzsche to Henry Ford—a long line of talented and thoughtful men have endorsed it. Even Napoleon, who would himself prompt so many counterfeits, believed that he had been someone else. "You wish to treat me as if I were Louis le Débonnaire," he once told a group of church dignitaries. "Do not confound the son with the father. You see in me Charlemagne . . . I am Charlemagne, I . . . yes, I am Charlemagne."

Reincarnation is a major tenet of Buddhism, Hinduism, and Jainism and, as such, a belief held by more than 900 million people, or approximately one-half of



"Where'd you get that mistletoe?"

the world's population. The notion has never been popular in the United States. That, however, is beginning to change.

A growing number of Americans not only believe in reincarnation but also accept it as an established fact. Psychologists and therapists employ past-lives theories in treating patients. Laymen trip out on earlier lifetimes at "Who You Were" parties. Books, brochures, and self-help tapes describe recommended techniques. *Time* certifies the phenomenon. Glenn Ford announces that he was a trail boss and a Scottish piano teacher in two previous lives. In singles bars intense young men tell tempting women, "I knew you in a prior life. We were married, but I was killed before the marriage could be consummated." And Tom Snyder interviews the leaders of the atavists—Ralph Grossi, a Pittsburgh hypnotist, and past-lives therapists Morris Netherton and Jason Levine.

Reincarnation is the psychological/mystical Hula-Hoop of 1979.

The phenomenon is not without its detractors. Alexander Rogawski, former head of the psychiatric section of the Los Angeles county medical association, has called past-lives therapy "a mystic takeoff on psychoanalysis . . . one of those fads that come and go like mushrooms." And Paul Kurtz, founding chairman of the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, observes unsympathetically, "it seems to me to be a good deal of hogwash.

"There's a kind of epidemic of belief in the paranormal," Kurtz explains, "almost a reversion to the pseudoscience of the Middle Ages. Our society has become quite gullible. There's also a deep craving for immortality—for some form of independent existence both prior to and after human life—and reincarnation fits into that nicely."

But, its critics notwithstanding, the movement is growing and, unlike Rogawski's mushrooms, shows no sign of fading. Rather, it seems to be gaining respectability and making inroads into the establishment: a paper on past-lives therapy was presented at the last convention of the American Society of Clinical Hypnosis; past-lives seminars are being held for mental-health professionals; Bantam has paid a $50,000 advance for yet another book on the subject. Even Kurtz is forced to concede, "Because of the media buildup, it has become quite fashionable—millions of Americans now believe in reincarnation."

All of this activity springs from what might be called the Bridey Murphy syndrome. In 1952, Virginia Tighe, a Colorado housewife, assumed the identity, under hypnosis, of Bridey Murphy, a woman who had allegedly lived in Ireland from 1793 to 1864. The story was reported in *Life*, yielded a best-selling book, and sparked a flurry of investigations by a variety of researchers. Not surprisingly, some concluded that Mrs. Tighe had acquired the Bridey information through ordinary means while others decided that she could not possibly have done so.

But what was most important was, not the historic reality of Bridey Murphy but rather the reality of Mrs. Tighe's experience. While hypnotized, she had reviewed an elaborate scenario that described the life of someone else; she had heard, seen, felt, and even acted it out. And, in so doing, she had demonstrated a largely unrecognized skill of the unconscious mind: a strange ability to compose detailed, coherent, and emotionally compelling biographies.

It was like learning that everyone in the world knew how to tap-dance.

Those interested in reincarnation saw the phenomenon as a new research tool; in the past they had had to rely on individuals (most often children) who claimed memories of former lives. Those who thought it was a natural function realized that it nonetheless provided a valuable access to the unconscious. Others saw financial possibilities. Virginia Tighe had found a way for everyone to cash in on the possibility of reincarnation.

> Past-lives therapists believe that traumas suffered in earlier lives may cause problems in this one. A woman raped in one life is now frigid; a man shot in the head suffers migraine headaches.

Helen Wambach is a clinical psychologist, a researcher rather than a healer; she is also one of the self-annointed gurus of the past-lives movement. During the past six years, she has taken nearly 5,000 people on hypnotic tours of their prehistories. She has written a book on the subject, is working on a second, and has plans for at least two more; the books have underwritten a beautiful hillside home in Northern California.

She is a fitting addition to the ranks of contemporary gurus; a short, squat woman with the girth and jowls of Buddha, a gravelly Marie Dressler voice, and a remarkable Marlboro habit. Her rap is an easygoing synthesis of clinical and pop psychology, medicine and holistic health, science and poetry—a tenuous truce of skepticism and wonder.

On a recent Saturday she sat, dumplinglike, in an armchair beside the flickering, gas-fed fireplace in her living room. Her eyes were closed; her words were a deep, drugged monotone: " Let the muscles of your face relax," she crooned. "The relaxation moves now from your facial muscles to the jaw . . . and as your jaw muscles relax, your tongue falls to the back of your mouth."

In front of her, ten people lay on a crazy quilt of blankets and sleeping bags spread on the floor; their eyes were shut; their breathing was deep and regular. Each of them had paid $30 to take part in this workshop; it was sort of a gang-bang of former lives.

Wambach deepened the trance and began to guide them back. "You're drifting now, back through time . . . ," she droned. "You're drifting back, and it's 1850." One by one, she evoked earlier periods—1700, 1200, 1000, 25 A.D.—finally directing her subjects to choose one. "You are alive in that time period," she told them. "Become aware . . ." Slowly, methodically, she helped them explore the images of their inner experience. "Look at the skin of your hands. Reach up and cross your arms across your chest. Do you have breasts? Are you a man or a woman?" One subject snored, but the others remained attentive and quiet; beneath some eyelids seeing eyes burrowed like frantic moles.

Wambach directed them to the details—clothing, food, architecture, landscape, commerce, community events—before leading them to the finale. "Now hear my voice and follow my instructions; I want you to go now to the day that you died in that lifetime."

Finally, after nearly an hour, she brought them back to a waning Saturday afternoon in December 1978. Her subjects first filled out questionnaires concerning what they'd seen and felt (the questionnaires are the basis of Wambach's research); then they discussed their experiences. Mary, a middle-aged black woman, was numb with disbelief. "I'm sorry, but I'll never believe that I was a drummer boy," she swore.

"But," she continued uncertainly, "I was walking with this boy, and he was drumming. His shoes were leather with large buckles; his shirt was of white cotton, and he wore short woolen pants; he had soft chestnut hair and grayish blue eyes. I walked to a building . . ." She paused, disturbed by the unintended shift in pronouns. "I walked to a building and got drumsticks. And there was a graveyard—a graveyard inside a circle of little one-story houses . . .

"When I died, I was shot in the head—it was very calm, very peaceful; it was Virginia . . . 1798.

"But I don't believe a word of it," she averred.

A young man described a primitive life—"I was filthy . . . my hands were beaten up, and my feet were wrapped in rags. I lived in a dismal stone cottage: I was eating off a piece of rough wood set on a little stone niche; all I had to eat was water and a potato. . . ." Others told other stories, but three had none to tell;

CONTINUED ON PAGE 258

FOR A SENSUAL CHRISTMAS.

E6168P

87

89

810

C717

B606

C603

PPS

9120

2707

4181

- Seductive nightgown in black nylon, sheer tricot inset embroidered with a flowering vine, split past thigh high. P-S-M-L (E6168P) $39.00 (1.50).
- Two piece play outfit in poly/cotton Terry. Machine washable. Beige with brown trim and brown Penthouse key logo. In 8/10, 12, 14 and 16. (PPS) $14.98 (1.50).
- Imported European designed, hidden, preshaped bra. STAYKUPS, a beautiful uplift but you're completely bare. Black lace over nude. Reusable. A-B-C or D cup. #87. (SPECIFY CUP SIZE) $12.00 (2.00).
- Matching lycra high cut string bikini. One size. #89. $7.50 (1.75)*.
- Charming old-fashion satin and lace corset, laces up front, fully elasticized back, also hooks up in back. In Champagne/Chocolate #C603 and Black/Red #B603. Size 32—38. $45.00 (2.50).
- Men's nylon leopard bikini with side rings. S-M-L #9120. $10.00 (1.75)*.
- Nylon/Leopard bra/bikini with string closing under bust, halter neck. Bikini has chain straps. One size. #810. $19.00 (2.00)*.
- Snug fitting fluted camisole style Teddy gently framed by lace with high french cut leg.* In champagne #C717 or Black #B717 in Small or Medium. $19.00 (2.00).
- A polka-dot satin corselette trimmed with white lace. Fully elasticized back and hooks up in back. In royal blue and white #B606 or in red and white #R606. Sizes 32-38. $46.00 (2.50).
- Alluring sheer black nylon baby doll edged in lace. Matching bikini. P-S-M-L. #2707 $9.00 (1.75)*.
- Sheer black nightgown piped in red nylon. Embroidered red lips all over the bodice and on front panel of string bikini. P-S-M. #4181 $17.50 (2.00).

Send check or money order in U.S. funds or charge orders over $15.00 to AE, VISA, MC. Include signature, account #, expiration date plus Interbank # for MC. Mail to: EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD., Dept. PX, P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631. To expedite your charge order call our toll free number 800-526-4797.

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD

* These items not returnable because of health reasons. Please select size carefully.

ALL ORDERS WILL BE SHIPPED UPS OR FIRST CLASS IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS

Some like it cool.
Some men love the cool fresh mountain air, deep woods, the quiet streams.
That's the kind of man I give Timberline...the After-Shave and Cologne with the scent of the great outdoors.
TIMBERLINE®
Toiletries for men.
TIMBERLINE COLOGNE
by English Leather
ENGLISH LEATHER, Northvale, N.J. 07647
© 1980. Available in Canada.

CHASE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

this urgent goal of U.S. foreign policy that he fired him in December 1975.

Washington observers, thinking hard about the problem, decided that Kissinger's acts of sabotage were in the service of a higher goal of *realpolitik*: to beef up the shah's treasury so that he could afford to become our surrogate policeman in the Gulf. No doubt there is some truth in the interpretation, but it should not be forgotten that 1974 and 1975 were also the years when the bank belonging to Dr. Kissinger's once and future employer was getting itself into a simply enormous amount of trouble. It needed those OPEC deposits, especially the Iranian ones, and it needed them badly; with its REIT taking a billion-dollar bloodbath, it was in danger of running out of money. At that fascinating moment in its history, almost nothing could have been worse than the success of the Saudi initiative to reduce the price of oil and therefore the size of the OPEC deposits. But as we have seen, Dr. Kissinger saw to it that the Saudis did not succeed, and a more pliable ambassador was installed in Riyadh.

Oil money kept flowing into the bank, and a good thing, too. Not only did profits continue to decline, but in late 1974 the Consolidated Edison Company, New York City's giant utility, skipped a dividend, and in early 1975 the Federal Power Commission revealed that no fewer than 20 other utility companies were in danger of bankruptcy. To avoid another catastrophic loss, the Chase had to come up with more loans that would tide them over. Then the W. T. Grant Company failed, the largest bankruptcy by a major retail chain in the country's history. The sins of the go-go years continued to come home, and in the whole world there existed only one steady and reliable source of large, new deposits: OPEC.

There remained the question of how best to employ the money, but there was little doubt in David Rockefeller's mind. The country might be entering another period of capital starvation and credit inflation that would lead to the recession of 1980, but David and his colleagues had finally figured out how the Euromarket could be made to work.

International banking is not a business for kids and country bumpkins.—David Rockefeller

International bankers regard democracies as dangerously unstable. Under this pernicious system, Mayor Ed Koch and even the chief of state himself are compelled to appear at the hustings once every four years and throw themselves upon the mercy of a fickle electorate. Strong-man regimes are infinitely preferable. Not only are dictators often charming in their rough fashion, but their plans for their people are stern, bold, and backed by a powerful police force; if trouble threatens, they can always shoot someone. Adding to the harsh beauty of the system is the fact that it is centrally directed, with the reins gathered in a single fist. It is also much easier to understand than a democracy; once you've figured out the character of the leader, you've pretty well figured out the government, or you can delude yourself that you have. Lastly, strong-man rule is almost always actuarial; the strong man plans to be around for a long, long time.

The existence of strong-man regimes simplifies the world wonderfully. It brings back the dear, dead days of colonialism. Dictatorships make things ever so much easier to understand, as if the world were a cocktail party. International bankers are busy men, and they are properly appreciative.

The richer less-developed countries are mainly cast in this congenial mold, with the possible exception of Malaysia (a rotating constitutional monarchy) and Hong Kong (a colony), and it was to the bluff, honest fellows in charge that David Rockefeller and the others now bent their attention. The OPEC price rises had created deposits, but they had also created an opportunity: the LDCs needed money to pay the oil bill. Replaying the scenario of the sixties as though they had learned nothing, absolutely nothing, from their follies, David and his colleagues proceeded to lend the strong men an average of $20 billion a year between 1974 and 1979, channeling the funds through the Euromarket. This looks pretty good, and it has certainly proved very profitable, but the bankers have persistently ignored an important fact: 80 percent of the debt is concentrated in Brazil and Mexico, and Brazil and Mexico never had that kind of money, don't have it now, and have no way of getting it. (Mexico's oil wealth, like its democracy, is another myth; the reserve figures are jiggered by including natural gas in the totals.) To pay off their loans, Brazil and Mexico have been taking new loans (just like the Penn Central), and a day of reckoning is fast approaching. David and the others conveniently ignored another factor in the equation. The money comes from OPEC deposits, OPEC gets its money by jacking up the price of oil, and Henry Kissinger has taken care of any possibility of significant Saudi restraint. The richer LDCs' oil bill will probably top $80 billion this year, precipitating the sort of crisis that usually results in the strong man's departure on the first plane out of town provided he has managed to avoid being stood up against the nearest wall. And the people who invariably take the strong men's places are not the sort who are overjoyed by international banks.

Nevertheless, by 1976 David Rockefeller had deemed it prudent to place $3.9 billion of the Chase's money into just such countries, a figure that will have to rise to $16 billion this year just to stay even—an intolerable situation.

But it worked. Or, at least, it kind of worked. The profits on the LDC loans helped turn the earnings picture around. Never mind that the Chase was, in effect, lending itself the money through the rollovers and the sums that found their way back into the bank through OPEC. Forty-six domestic branches were closed, and Butcher's management strategies at least give the appearance that something is being done. It has also been impressed on the officers of the bank that they ought to drum up some business. And so it would seem that our story has a happy ending; Chase ended 1979 with the highest profits in its history ("What about inflation?" asked a perceptive stockholder at the annual meeting. "With inflation added in, the profit stood still." "Well, it didn't go down, did it?" replied David Rockefeller), and the chairman of the board can exit peacefully into the twilight of his life, his reputation restored, his honor intact, and his bank on the verge of a crisis in the LDCs for which poor Butcher will have to take the blame.

Swell. Only two small questions remain. Where the hell was the Federal Reserve when all this was happening? And: how long will we have to hold our breath before David Rockefeller apologizes to the hostages in Tehran?

First, the Fed. The smart answer is that it was right where it always was, down at 33 Liberty Street in lower Manhattan, sitting on top of the nation's gold supply. The smart answer is not far wrong; as the country's economy began to collapse in 1974–76, the Fed was doing exactly what it was designed to do when Junius P. Morgan, David's great-uncle, William, and his maternal grandfather, Sen. Nelson Aldrich, sketched in its rough outlines at Jekyll Island in 1913. While the Fed is frequently characterized as a central bank on the European model—and while the New York Fed made an industrious attempt to behave like one during the 1920s—it actually consists of 12 regional institutions loosely directed by a board of governors. In other words, it is a confederation. The ostensible reason for such a diffuse setup was to enable the regional Feds to counter the natural tendency of cash to gravitate to New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, thus inducing capital starvation in the provinces. And, indeed, the Fed has actually worked a little like that some of the time, but 12 regional banks mean that giant national banks find their activities subjected to a fragmented scrutiny. It's hard to figure out what they're up to and—since each regional Fed sets its own day-to-day policies—harder to control them. In fact, although the money center Feds make a great show of activity, it is relatively easy for a giant bank to checkmate their policies. The Fed's actual

Some like it hot.
Some men can't get enough of the sun, the sea and the surf. That's the kind of man I give Wind Drift After-Shave and Cologne...the fragrance for sea lovers.
WIND DRIFT®
Toiletries for men.
WIND DRIFT
COLOGNE
FROM THE MAKERS OF ENGLISH LEATHER
ENGLISH LEATHER, Northvale, N.J. 07647
©1980. Available in Canada.

purpose is to act as a lender of last resort, to keep the smaller banks in line, and to flatten out the business cycle. Viewed in this light, Winthrop Aldrich's activities on behalf of banking reform in the early days of the New Deal take on a new and different meaning; he wasn't merely currying favor with the traitor to his class who dwelt in the White House; he was helping the traitor to render the banking system as fail-safe as possible, at public expense. Instead of the old cycle of boom and depression, boom and depression (which had gotten the working classes to thinking rather hard about, among other things, banks), we now have a flattened cycle of boom, inflation, recession, boom—much more preferable from a banker's point of view and much harder for the lower orders to understand. It keeps them quiet.

The upshot of all this cumbersome, costly apparatus is that the big banks set the nation's economic policies, and the Fed ratifies them. Walter Wriston's invention of the negotiable certificate of deposit meant that any bank could issue CDs if it could afford to; the Fed stepped in only when things began to get out of hand, and then it made the CDs official by choosing to regulate them rather than abolishing them. By allowing its books to be used for the channeling of Fed Funds, it permits the great banks to circumvent one of its primary ostensible purposes, and by failing to alert Congress to the possible consequences of the Bank Holding Company Act, it has allowed whole new areas of banking functions to escape its jurisdiction—REITs, for example. By weakly caving in to the great banks' contention that a reserve requirement in the Euromarket will destroy their ability to compete, it makes the Euromarket and the dangerous LDC loans possible. And the list goes on and on.

All of which means that we are back in the golden days of laissez-faire, at least as far as the Chase is concerned, with the Fed in the position of Ida Tarbell: it can't do much to control what David Rockefeller does with his depositors' money, but it can embarrass the hell out of him when he uses it to get his bank in a mess. (Note: the Fed, like the Comptroller's Office and the FDIC, is extremely tender when it comes to the sensibilities of great banks. All these bodies act in great secrecy when they make their examinations and enforce their rules—for example, the Comptroller's Office had known for years that Bert Lance was a rotten banker; it just didn't tell anybody about it—and they frequently behave as though they wished that the public, Congress, and the press would dry up and blow away. In part this is a matter of simple prudence; no one wants a run on a bank. Runs are dangerous, the great nightmare of the capitalist system. At the same time, the mask of secrecy means that the public, Congress, and the press have very little notion of what is actually going on—and going wrong—in its banking system, cannot propose corrective legislation until after the fact, cannot protect the deposits, and cannot be warned of impending disaster in time to do anything about it.) Disclosure may be the Fed's ultimate weapon against a great bank and perhaps its only effective one. It is hardly possible that the 1976 leaks to the *Washington Post* were accidental, no matter what Arthur Burns said afterward.

By an ironic twist, the impotence of the Fed means that the banks are at the mercy of their depositors and debtors, and not their small depositors and debtors, either—their big ones. It has always been thus, ever since the first Florentine lent the first ducat to his first Medici, and it is the way that a few wealthy families control the economic life of even the smallest town. David Rockefeller may possess a great name and a great personal fortune, but as his bank began to recover from the REIT crisis with the help of the OPEC money and the Euromarket, he forgot something. People are perfectly free to put their money into a bank. But they are also perfectly free to take it out.

> David Rockefeller was one of the richest men in the world, and his bank was short of cash. It was a humiliating position to be in.

One of the keystones of the Chase's recovery plan was David's good friend (or remote casual acquaintance—take your pick) Mohammad Reza Pahlevi, the shah of Iran. It was the shah who had gotten the price of oil and the resultant deposits up in the first place, in 1973, and it was the shah whom the secretary of state conveniently failed to inform of the Saudi initiative in 1975. This was the same shah whose central bank ran some $15 billion through the Chase between April 1977 and November 1979. It was quite a tidy operation, as such things go. The money from the oil sales moved from the accounts of the U.S. petroleum companies to the Iranian central bank's account in the head office at One Chase Plaza, from which it departed to a short-term, interest-bearing account in the Chase's London branch. It was all a matter of punching a few buttons. Although the revolutionary regime that replaced the shah was eager to terminate the relationship, it was difficult to set up an equally efficient substitute, and between February and August of 1979 an additional $6 billion flowed smoothly through Chase's computers. Still, all good things come to an end, and the Ayatollah's men finally figured out how to run down their accounts. By the crucial month of November 1979 the Iranian deposits totaled only $443 million, $396 million of it in London, and $253 million of that in the volatile call acount. It should be borne in mind that the Iranians were not abandoning the American banking system. Far from it. While they were running down their account at the Chase, their deposits at the London branch of the Bank of America grew to $1.8 billion. There was an additional $659.4 million in Manufacturers Hanover Trust ($243.8 million in New York and $415.6 million in London), $396 million in Citibank, $332 million in Banker's Trust, and various smaller accounts scattered here and there ($87 million in Marine Midland, $85.5 million in Irving Trust, $27 million in Morgan, and others). Moreover, 1,632,918 troy ounces of fine gold were held for the Iranians in the vaults of the New York Fed. The Iranians didn't dislike the American banking system. They disliked David Rockefeller. And David Rockefeller was about to strike back.

It was his last year as chief executive officer at the Chase, the last year of his three-year plan to restore the bank's profitability, and his next-to-last year in the chairmanship. It was also the year he proposed to salvage his reputation as a banker. And all of a sudden a bunch of guys with towels on their heads halfway around the world were running down his deposits by hundreds of millions of dollars, with hundreds of millions more at stake. Hundreds of millions in lost deposts meant less money to lend, especially in the profitable Euromarket. Less money to lend in the Euromarket meant less money to lend to finance the LDCs' rollovers—business that would be lost to the competition, that was already being lost to the competition. Worse, the Treasury was laying plans to freeze Iranian assets in the event that relations deteriorated further, and a freeze under present circumstances would do the Chase no good; somewhat like a reserve deposit, the money would just sit there, the legal property of the Iranians, until the thaw, when they would undoubtedly take out the rest of it. A way had to be found to scrub the books, to save what could be saved. The future, as always, could take care of itself.

There was a way. In 1976, 1977, and 1978, the Iranians took $3.8 billion in loans from the international banks. Five hundred million dollars of it was in the form of a seven-year credit syndicated and managed by the Chase, with the Chase's own participation standing at $366 million. There was danger here, too; given the way the Iranians felt about David Rockefeller, they might default.

Now return to the other side of the ledger. The Iranians still had $433 million in the Chase, $292 million of it in worrisome demand deposits (the $253 million in Lon-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

THE PENTHOUSE®

1981

DESK CALENDAR

1981

JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

FEBRUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

MARCH

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

APRIL

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

MAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

JUNE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

JULY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

AUGUST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

OCTOBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

NOVEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

DECEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

Copyright© 1980 Penthouse International Ltd. All rights reserved.

TAMARA KAPITAS PHOTOGRAPH BY PAT HILL JANUARY 1980

JANUARY

1 T New Year's Day
2 F
3 S
4 S
5 M
6 T
7 W
8 T
9 F
10 S
11 S
12 M
13 T
14 W
15 T
16 F
17 S
18 S
19 M
20 T
21 W
22 T
23 F
24 S
25 S
26 M
27 T
28 W
29 T
30 F
31 S

PENTHOUSE ®

LINDSAY EKERT PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL MILLER FEBRUARY 1980

FEBRUARY

1 S

2 M

3 T

4 W

5 T

6 F

7 S

8 S

9 M

10 T

11 W

12 T Lincoln's Birthday

13 F

14 S Valentine's Day

15 S

16 M Washington's Birthday (observed)

17 T

18 W

19 T

20 F

21 S

22 S

23 M

24 T

25 W

26 T

27 F

28 S

PENTHOUSE ®

MARY KNIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL MILLER MARCH 1980

MARCH

1 S
2 M
3 T
4 W
5 T
6 F
7 S
8 S
9 M
10 T
11 W
12 T
13 F
14 S
15 S
16 M
17 T St. Patrick's Day
18 W
19 T
20 F
21 S
22 S
23 M
24 T
25 W
26 T
27 F
28 S
29 S
30 M
31 T

PENTHOUSE ®

ANNIE HOCKERSMITH PHOTOGRAPH BY PAT HILL APRIL 1980

APRIL

1 W
2 T
3 F
4 S
5 S
6 M
7 T
8 W
9 T
10 F
11 S
12 S
13 M
14 T
15 W
16 T
17 F
18 S
19 S Easter Sunday
20 M
21 T
22 W
23 T
24 F
25 S
26 S
27 M
28 T
29 W
30 T

PENTHOUSE ®

MAY

1 F
2 S
3 S
4 M
5 T
6 W
7 T
8 F
9 S
10 S
11 M
12 T
13 W
14 T
15 F
16 S
17 S
18 M
19 T
20 W
21 T
22 F
23 S
24 S
25 M
26 T
27 W
28 T
29 F
30 S Memorial Day (trad.)
31 S

PENTHOUSE ®

MONIKA KAELIN PHOTOGRAPH BY PAT HILL MAY 1980

DANIELLE DENEUX PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN COPELAND JUNE 1980

JUNE

1 M

2 T

3 W

4 T

5 F

6 S

7 S

8 M

9 T

10 W

11 T

12 F

13 S

14 S

15 M

16 T

17 W

18 T

19 F

20 S

21 S

22 M

23 T

24 W

25 T

26 F

27 S

28 S

29 M

30 T

PENTHOUSE ®

JULY

1 W
2 T
3 F
4 S Independence Day
5 S
6 M
7 T
8 W
9 T
10 F
11 S
12 S
13 M
14 T
15 W
16 T
17 F
18 S
19 S
20 M
21 T
22 W
23 T
24 F
25 S
26 S
27 M
28 T
29 W
30 T
31 F

PENTHOUSE ®

SAMANTHA FAYE PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL MILLER JULY 1980

DIANNE JAMISON PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL MILLER AUGUST 1980

AUGUST

1 S

2 S

3 M

4 T

5 W

6 T

7 F

8 S

9 S

10 M

11 T

12 W

13 T

14 F

15 S

16 S

17 M

18 T

19 W

20 T

21 F

22 S

23 S

24 M

25 T

26 W

27 T

28 F

29 S

30 S

31 M

PENTHOUSE ®

SEPTEMBER

1 T
2 W
3 T
4 F
5 S
6 S
7 M Labor Day
8 T
9 W
10 T
11 F
12 S
13 S
14 M
15 T
16 W
17 T
18 F
19 S
20 S
21 M
22 T
23 W
24 T
25 F
26 S
27 S
28 M
29 T
30 W

PENTHOUSE ®

JOANNE LATHAM PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB GUCCIONE SEPTEMBER 1979

OCTOBER

1 T
2 F
3 S
4 S
5 M
6 T
7 W
8 T
9 F
10 S
11 S
12 M Columbus Day
13 T
14 W
15 T
16 F
17 S
18 S
19 M
20 T
21 W
22 T
23 F
24 S
25 S
26 M
27 T
28 W
29 T
30 F
31 S

PENTHOUSE ®

TAMMY HILL PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL MILLER OCTOBER 1979

It doesn't happen all at once. You become. It
takes a long time. That's why it doesn't happen to
people who break easily or have sharp edges or
carefully kept. Generally by the time
most of your hair has been loved off
drops out and you get
shabby but these
atter
at a
excep
ugly,

NOVEMBER

1 S

2 M

3 T

4 W

5 T

6 F

7 S

8 S

9 M

10 T

11 W Veterans Day

12 T

13 F

14 S

15 S

16 M

17 T

18 W

19 T

20 F

21 S

22 S

23 M

24 T

25 W

26 T Thanksgiving Day

27 F

28 S

29 S

30 M

PENTHOUSE ®

DANIELLE GINIBRE PHOTOGRAPH BY STAN MALINOWSKI NOVEMBER 1979

JUDI GIBBS PHOTOGRAPH BY STAN MALINOWSKI DECEMBER 1979

DECEMBER

1 T

2 W

3 T

4 F

5 S

6 S

7 M

8 T

9 W

10 T

11 F

12 S

13 S

14 M

15 T

16 W

17 T

18 F

19 S

20 S

21 M

22 T

23 W

24 T

25 F Christmas Day

26 S

27 S

28 M

29 T

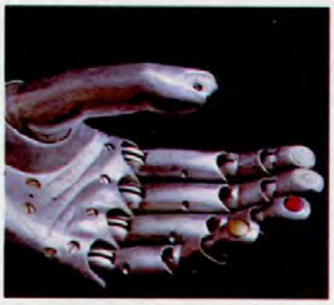
30 W

31 T Happy New Year

PENTHOUSE ®

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

GIVE THE BEST PRESENT POSSIBLE... THE FUTURE.



OMNI
CARL SAGAN TOURS THE COSMOS • THE UNBREAKABLE CODE
LIFE ON A NEUTRON STAR • SHAPING TOMORROW'S DREAM CARS
INSIDE THE HALLUCINATING BRAIN • ROBERT SILVERBERG RETURNS

This holiday season give your special friends something *really* special. Give them the world, the universe, and beyond. Give them Carl Sagan and B.F. Skinner and Alvin Toffler dissecting the mysteries of the universe and the human mind.

Give them Ray Bradbury and Frank Herbert and Robert Heinlein creating imaginary worlds that have a way of becoming real. Give them thinkers like Stephen Hawking...planners like Buckminster Fuller...and doers like Harrison Schmitt.

Give them OMNI.

OMNI is the magazine of the future that started a revolution in the way people view the incredible scientific and technological breakthroughs of the 1980s. It's the bold, graphic, plain-language science magazine that has become a forum for discussing scientific questions that both stimulate and trouble us... and a platform for those of us who believe our country must have more realistic policies toward science in general and space in particular.

A full-year gift of OMNI–12 thick, dazzling issues–costs only $18. That saves you $6 off the newsstand price and includes a handsome gift card to announce your thoughtfulness.

Next Year in Omni...your friends (and you) can look forward to such exciting and informative pieces as:

The Energy Puzzle. Year-long emphasis on the exciting new technologies that can end energy shortages starting with a special issue on *fusion*.

Robotics. Machines that move, talk, work on assembly lines and at the bottom of the ocean, make their own decisions, and do jobs that humans cannot perform.

Genetic Engineering. From cloning to test-tube babies, from microbes that gobble up oil spills to new cures for killer diseases, the biological revolution is transforming our lives.

The New Space Program. NASA's space shuttle will reopen the High Frontier, taking men and women into orbit for new advances that will lead to solar-power satellites, lunar mining, and factories in space.

The U.N.'s Moon Treaty. It could be disastrous for Western space operations. We'll show you why, and how you can help to prevent this disaster.

Plus...award-winning science fiction...and photography... regular columns on space, the arts, life, the earth, and UFOs... our Continuum data bank... games and outspoken opinion ...and more.

OMNI

Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 908, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737

Yes! Enter a one year subscription (12 issues) to OMNI in the name listed below. I enclose my check ☐ or money order ☐ for $18, a savings of $6 off the newsstand price. (For United Kingdom Subscriptions, send payment of £11 to OMNI Subscriptions, 2 Bramber Rd., London W14.)

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

City ______________________________

State ____________________ Zip __________

Gift card to read from ______________________

Print clearly please. Rates for U.S. APO, FPO and U.K. Canada and elsewhere add $6 to U.S. subscription rate. Payment must accompany order. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of first issue. Offer void after May 31, 1981. POD80

don and another $39 million in New York). If the Iranian deposits could somehow be used to wipe out the Iranian loan, the competition would never get them, the danger of default would be removed, and the books would be balanced. No further costly additions would have to be made to the loan loss reserve, no further funds deposited in the Fed to compensate for the lost deposits. The bank would be spared another $800 million bath, and David's tarnished reputation would be secure unless somebody figured it out. The only problem was to find a way to do it before the Bank of America got the rest of the deposits. An incident had to be provoked.

In the context of this personal and fiduciary crisis, David Rockefeller's activities in late 1979 suddenly make a lot of sense; otherwise they don't.

Thanks to the good offices of Robert Armao, formerly of Nelson Rockefeller's personal staff, and David Rockefeller's aide, Joseph Reed, the exiled shah had finally gone to the mattresses in a Mexican hideout. David Rockefeller and Henry Kissinger, now back at work in the old stand as a trustee of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund; had tried to arrange sanctuary for him in the United States, but the State Department had turned them down, as well it might; there was a danger of hostages being taken, and a departmental report had urged that additional guards be laid on at the embassy if the shah was ever admitted to the country. Rockefeller and Kissinger, aided by the durable 85-year-old John McCloy, now suggested that the shah should fly to New York for medical treatment. David flew Dr. Benjamin Kean of New York Hospital to Mexico. Dr. Kean announced that the shah had cancer, something the world had known for the past six years. He also recommended that the shah, a very sick man, be flown to New York for treatment. Dr. Kean is a specialist in tropical diseases. The shah was suffering from a gallstone. New York Hospital is heavily endowed by the Rockefeller family.

Without bothering to check on the shah's condition or to inquire about the quite splendid medical facilities available in Mexico City, the State Department relented in what proved to be another triumph for the consistently peculiar foreign policy directed by a peanut farmer and a Polish count. The Polish count was Zbigniew Brzezinski. The peanut farmer was the president. Both were members of The Trilateral Commission. The Trilateral Commission was founded by David Rockefeller in 1973.

The chronology is interesting. The Iranians began to run down their account at the Chase in September 1979. Shortly thereafter Rockefeller, Kissinger, and McCloy began their new initiative at the State Department. The shah arrived on October 25 and entered the Cornell Medical Center, where his condition immediately proved an enormous professional embarrassment. The Iranians blew up, and on November 4 the embassy and the hostages were seized. On November 5 the Iranian central bank sent a cable directing the Chase to withdraw $4,052,951.39 from its London account and use the proceeds to pay the next installment on its loan. The installment was due November 15. On November 14 Iranian Foreign Minister Bani Sadr suggested at a news conference that Iran might withdraw all of its funds from U.S. banks. At 4:00 A.M. on November 15, State Department officials set the freeze plan in motion, and the order was signed by the president four hours and ten minutes later. It extended to Iranian deposits in foreign branches. The European bankers didn't like that very much, but even more surprising was the part of the order that authorized the banks to use the overseas deposits to pay off any outstanding Iranian indebtedness at the overseas branches where Chase's share of the $500 million Iranian loan was conveniently located. Nothing like it had ever been done before.

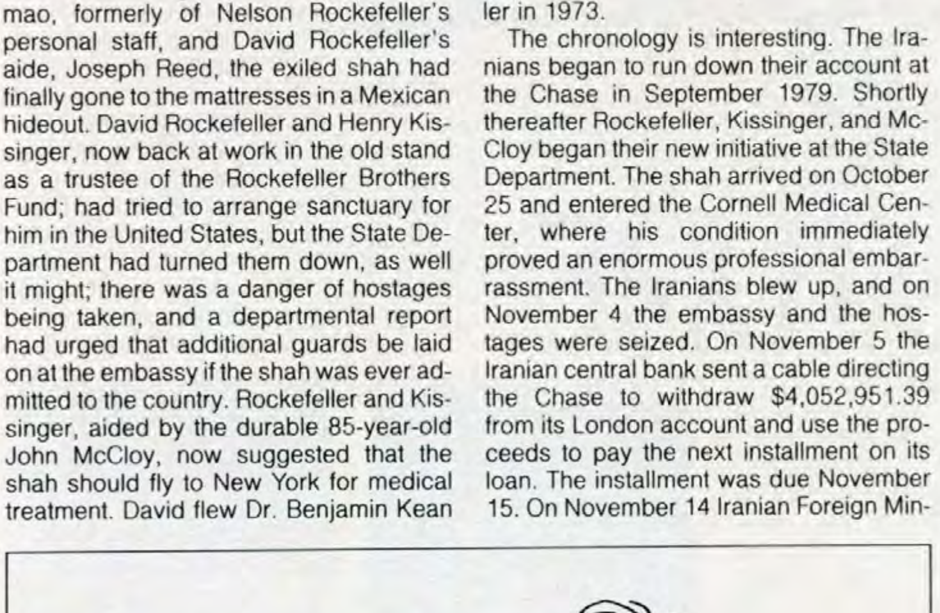
The Chase cabled the Iranian central bank that it was unable to transfer the installment because of the freeze, despite the fact that the transfer order had come ten days earlier. On November 19 the bank informed the other members of the syndicate that the loan was in default.

Amid the subsequent wave of seizures, attachments, defaults, mutual recrimination, and arcane legal maneuvering, a salient fact was forgotten: the Iranians had ordered the payment of the regular installment on November 5, from funds that remained fluid until the morning of November 15, and the Chase hadn't done it. All it would have taken was a few punches of the computer keyboard, and yet the Chase did not act. It sat on the money until it could legally grab it. There is also a curious coincidence. The Iranian installment was officially due at 10:00 A.M. on the morning of the fifteenth. The State Department was roused out of bed at 4:00 A.M. on the morning of that very day, and the president signed the freeze order at 8:10. The pretext was the Bani Sadr press conference. But it took the Iranians a full seven months to figure out how even to begin their withdrawal from the Chase, a bank they detested, and the process was still hundreds of millions of dollars short of completion when the roof fell in.

Whether he had planned it or not (who knows?—maybe he just wanted the shah's gallstone removed), David Rockefeller got his incident. The hostages were taken. The Europeans were outraged. A wave of revulsion swept through the Muslim world. The Great Mosque in Mecca was seized and retaken at a horrible loss of life. The embassies in Tripoli and Islamabad were burned, and two more died. While Islam was thus distracted, the Russians walked all over Afghanistan and received hardly a slap on the wrist; no one knows how many have died there, are dying yet with rusty Mausers in their hands, will die in the future. A cobbled-together rescue mission came to grief in the Iranian desert, and the toll was eight more. It has been a massacre, and it isn't over yet.

And on April 15, 1980, at 2:30 in the afternoon, David Rockefeller was looking pleased with himself. The bank was looking pretty good.

It was the Rockefeller style.



"When did Santa move his workshop to Japan?"

JOB
DOUBLE WIDE
JOB 1.5
Baker and a Half
JOB 1.25
CIGARETTE PAPER
JOB
CUTCORNERS
EASIER ROLLING
Pick a Pack!
JOB has your size.

JOB DOUBLE-WIDTH
Fine white, pure gummed **JOB** cigarette paper. The generous paper for those who formerly glued two papers together.

JOB 1.5 MIDDLE-WIDTH
Popular **JOB** 1.5™ cigarette paper cut a bit smaller than a double-wide for less waste and bulk. The perfect size.

JOB 1.25 PRECISION-WIDTH
The precise amount of paper for the seasoned roller, cut bigger than a single-wide, yet smaller than **JOB** 1.5.™

JOB SINGLE-WIDTH
Traditional single-width in a Classic **JOB** White/Gold Soft-pack or **JOB** Cutcorners easy-roll notched corners.

TRY 'EM OR BUY 'EM LIMITED OFFER

Try your favorite size **JOB** cigarette papers at home! Choose a specially priced **JOB** 24-pack or 4-pack sampler* sent post-paid directly to you.

Complete and mail coupon with payment. Quickest delivery with money-order, cashier's or certified check (un-certified checks must clear bank prior to shipping; no stamps or coins, please; sorry no C.O.D.'s). Offers limited; void where prohibited. Limit one sampler or box per family, please. Act today!

*Sampler includes one pack new **JOB** 1.25™, two packs **JOB** 1.5™, and one pack **JOB** double-width cigarette papers.

Please send the following item. **I am over 21 years of age.**

☐ **JOB** Double-width cigarette papers 24-pack . . . $9.60 $______
☐ **JOB** 1.5™ Middle-width cigarette papers 24-pack . . . $9.60 $______
☐ **JOB** 1.25™ Precision-width™ cigarette papers 24-pack . . . $9.60 $______
☐ **JOB** Single-width 55's Classic White 24-pack . . . . . . $7.20 $______
☐ **JOB** Single-width Cutcorners 25-pack . . . . $7.50 $______
☐ **JOB** Favorite Hits 4-pack cigarette paper sampler . . . . $1.00 $______
TOTAL (Check enclosed) Includes postage & handling. $______

SEND TO: **PAPERS**
Adams Apple Dist. Co.
5100 N. Ravenswood
Chicago, IL 60640

CIGARETTE
JOB
PAPERS

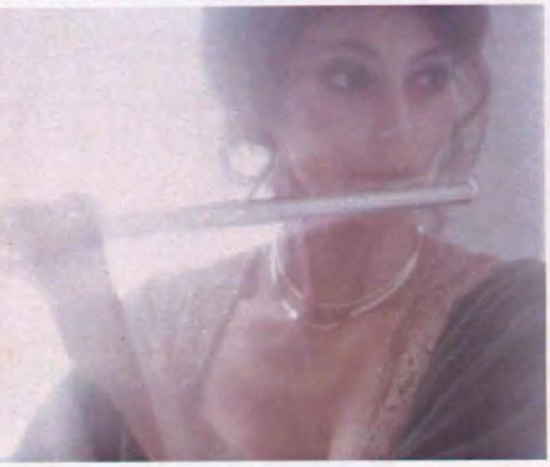
MS/MRS/MR ________________
Address ________________
City/State/Zip ________________

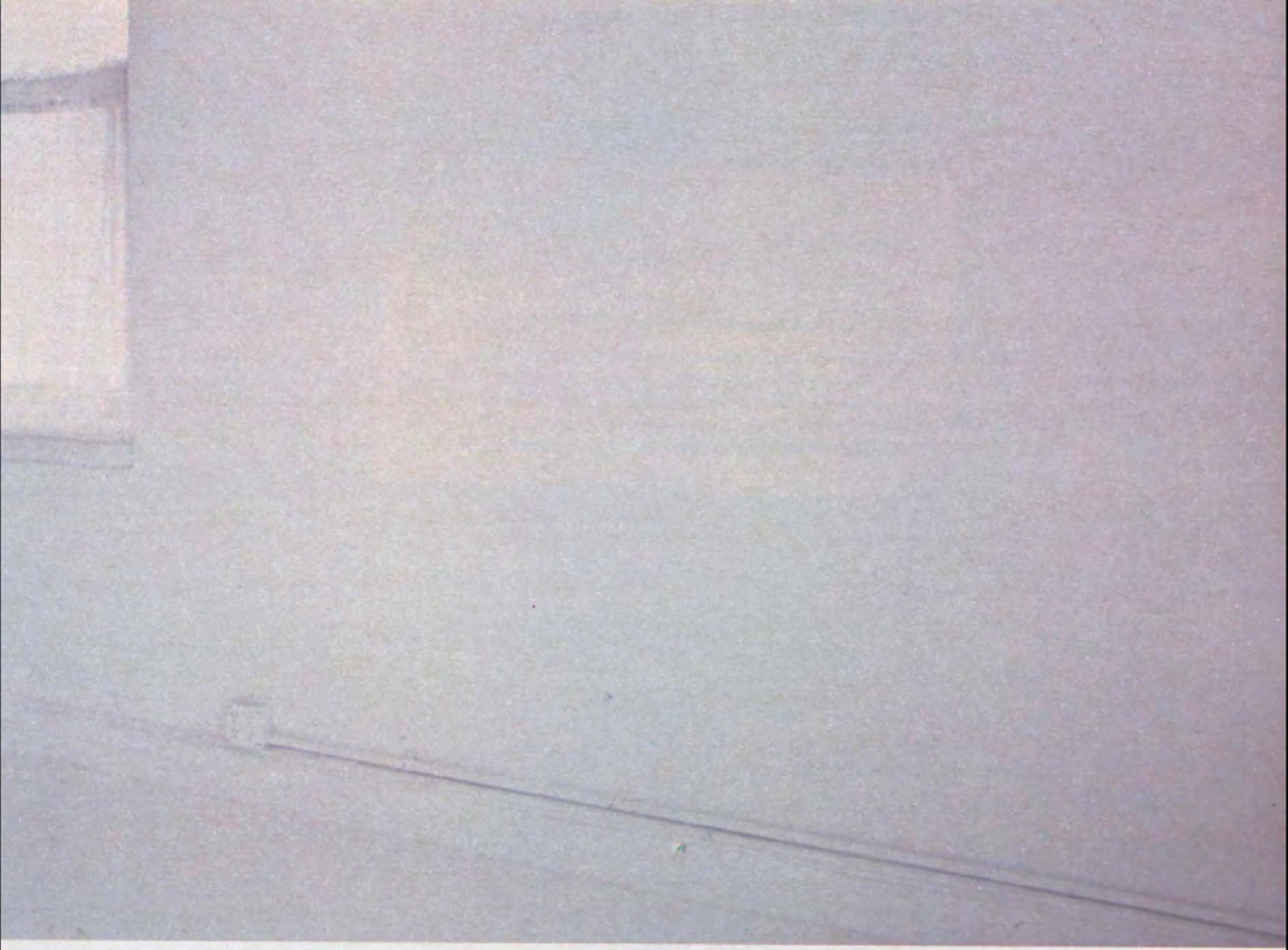
Brought to you from France by Adams Apple™
DISTRIBUTING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60640 USA

Illinois residents add 5% sales tax. Allow three to four weeks delivery.

PUB-7912

Fashions by John Haggins, New York City



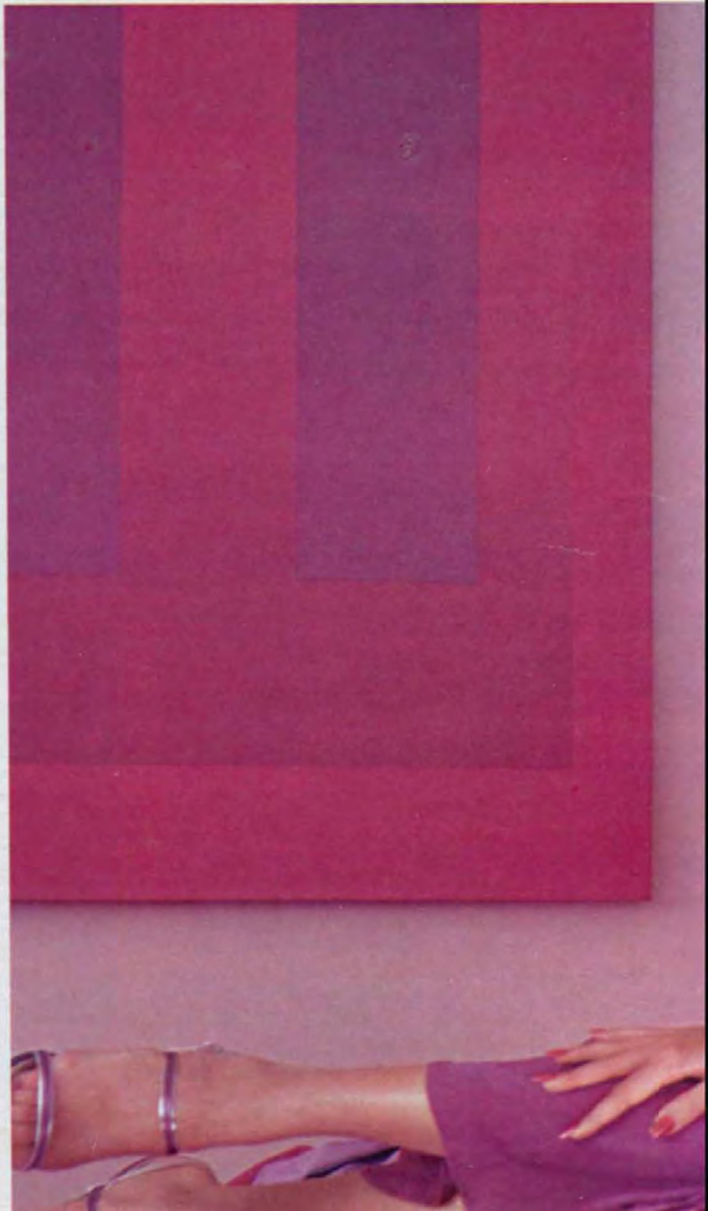


SOME LIKE IT HOT

"Whether I'm making love or making a scene, I'm always thoroughly outrageous, utterly uninhibited, and out to have a really great time!" declares celebrated porn star Marlene Willoughby. The willowy, five-foot-ten-inch Polish-Italian actress has starred in 50 films to date, the kind, she says, "I call 'inspirational'–from the waist down!" Marlene has also been a pulse-racing pioneer in New York's experimental theater scene, acting in the Off-Broadway production of *Ché* (disguised as Fidel Castro) and in *Dracula Sabat*. She has also appeared on the searingly explicit syndicated cable-television program "Midnight Blue."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT HILL

"Unlike Johnny Carson," she says, "when I come into your living room, I tend to inspire a lot of audience participation!" Appearing in *Penthouse* is a special thrill for Marlene. "It's such a sophisticated, prestigious magazine, and it's wonderful exposure for me–because I'm certainly no vampire when it comes to the bright lights of good publicity!"



Any question gets a ready (often wry) response from the glib Ms. Willoughby. Her ideal man? "A generous millionaire, of course!" Her pet peeves? "Party poopers, negative thinkers, cigar smokers, prudes, boxer shorts . . ." Her biggest idol? "Pope John Paul II," she tells us. "Piety and promiscuity are not mutually exclusive traits. I not only pray for guidance and inspiration, I also burn candles: pink for career gains, green for money, and white for peace!"

Marlene also uses the titillating tools of her trade for worthwhile causes. "I've worked as a sex surrogate for therapists and in sex education films, and recently I had a behind-the-scenes part in an upcoming Robert De Niro film."

"I was on the set as a 'fluffer,' the term for a person who gets an actor physically aroused. My 'client' was Robert De Niro's stand-in, who was needed for an especially risqué scene in the upcoming film *Raging Bull*. Believe me," she says, grinning, "after I did my job, I would have felt sorry for any china shop!" And that's the story of her career ...Every time she gets a good break, she "fluffs" it!

STOLEN ART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

"there's no international system of indexing it and it makes it virtually impossible for us to run any kind of a check."

"My suggestions to the FBI to index stolen art pieces were originally denied," Mason laments. "Now, however, they're doing everything they can to make up for that mistake. But the problem is international in scope."

According to another disgruntled source, "If Interpol runs a check on a stolen piece through its normal channels, it takes anywhere from a month to three months for that information to filter down to someone who will pick up the telephone and begin an investigation. By that time the piece has already been hurtled across several frontiers, and it's impossible for us to pick up the trail."

Volpe's heard that one before. "On one case," he laughs mockingly, "I recovered one to one and one-half million dollars of Byzantine ivory in less time than it took certain officials to identify the piece."

Similar shortsightedness has blindfolded art-theft investigations on an even more elaborate scale. In Italy, where as many as 10,000 art thefts occur yearly on the peninsula alone, police refuse outright to cooperate with recovery specialists, nor will they provide them with any information already in their files. Likewise, Interpol publishes extensive lists of missing artwork, only to have them find their way into the right hands months after the fact. These lists contain only the barest thumbnail descriptions of the pieces, they rarely include photographic reproductions, and they are sent only to newspapers and the central offices of the Antique Dealers Association rather than to the art dealers themselves.

"There are plenty of professional dealers, though, who don't want to be well informed," suggests Marc Tenens, a French businessman who publishes a private magazine listing stolen art objects. "It's much easier for them to tell the police 'I didn't know' when a stolen object shows up on their shelves—even if they bought it in good faith." There's no penalty on the books for ignorance. If they're lucky enough to get away with the crime—so much the better; if not, they turn the piece over to the police, and then they lie low until the heat is off.

"Of *course* the theft of valuable art is rampant," confirms Leo Castelli, owner of a prestigious Manhattan gallery that bears his name and one-time godfather to such luminous sidekicks as Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, and Andy Warhol. "Even in my own gallery, and on many occasions, paintings have been stolen and you never see them again. Never.

"Last year I lost a very well-known grouping worth over ninety thousand dollars which, thank God, was covered by insurance. But the art can never be replaced." One of the stolen pieces was Warhol's *Portrait of an Indian Chief*, which Castelli particularly regrets losing. "A painting that well known never resurfaces," he sighs. "It gets moved very quickly into cities in Europe and South America—great places for disposing of hot items. Especially in South America, where questionable money abounds. People there have a fondness for investing their cash in valuable art—they love Johns and Warhol—and know how to turn a profit."

But as a former president of the distinguished Art Dealers Association of America, Castelli refuses to acknowledge that there is a professional problem. He shuns the thought that a less-discriminating dealer exists in America who will accept pieces whose origins are questionable. "It's not our job to identify these men," he says, "and I doubt very much that they are visible. Not reputable dealers."

"Dealers have been hopping in and out of bed with art thieves forever," Volpe concurs, tossing off the fact as though it were standard operating procedure. "It's always been part of the art world—the part they like to conceal behind that facade of respectability." He mulls that one over and smiles. "Respectability? Eighty percent of my recoveries are made through the hands of reputable dealers, appraisers, auction houses, and collectors. They're all involved with art thieves!"

Even the white-gloved houses that are used to catering exclusively to the carriage trade have been known to rub shoulders with petty criminals. Their propensity to look the other way has perhaps done more than anything else to advance the sorry state of the art. It's not unusual for an informal police inquiry to turn up several questionable pieces on exhibition at Christie's and Sotheby Parke Bernet. Of course, hardly anything ever comes of it. There's a lot of nervous shrugging of shoulders, and a few wrists are slapped; pieces are confiscated as evidence in an investigation. But that's not too humiliating, considering the ones that manage to slide by unnoticed. Until recently, the auction houses' sole criterion for auctioning off a piece was to have the seller sign a standard release form, naming them as agents. Nothing more.

Don Mason considers their security measures in need of a moral transfusion. "Stolen art moves very easily through the big auction houses," he asserts, having witnessed a number of dubious transactions over the years. "Not enough questions are asked about the ownership of the pieces they receive. In fact, a recent survey disclosed that often an auction house never even asks where a piece comes from at all!"

But the big guns are quick to stand their ground. Mitchell Zuckerman, legal counsel for Sotheby Parke Bernet in New York,

"I left a little something for them on the roof."

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky, © 1980 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

J&B. It whispers.
RARE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISK
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
JUSTERINI & BROOKS LTD
St. James's Street, London, England
J&B
BY APPOINTMENT TO THEIR LATE MAJESTIES
KING GEORGE III
ING GEORGE IV
ING WILLIAM IV
KING EDWARD
KING GEOR

says, "We have security procedures that we refuse to discuss. But our standard agreement says, in plain language, that a consignor warrants the piece of art up for auction belongs to him."

But wouldn't any thief worth his weight in contraband sign the release with an assumed name?

Zuckerman hesitates and then confesses, "I wouldn't know."

"If we challenged the ownership of all the items that pass through our salesrooms," a director of Christie's told the *New York Times* last year, "London would lose its position as the premier art capital of the world. We have to trust our clients." Try passing Christie's auctioneer an IOU the next time that you win the bid on a Louis Quinze chiffonier and you'll see how far trust gets you.

Even a consultant to Sotheby's questions the integrity of clients. "Trust a client," he scoffs, "and you'll soon be hanging on to the short end of an insurance claim. They'll try to slip you anything they can get their hands on. That's the kind of people we deal with every day."

Art thieves themselves are an unusual and varied breed, ranging from the teenager with a habit to the executive putting two kids through college to skilled professionals like Turly and Duke. Among the professional ranks a hierarchy seems to be emerging, an invisible, self-contained society whose class structure consists of thieves, fences, launderers, forgers, dealers, auctioneers, and collectors.

"Once a particular piece has been lifted," Turly boasts, "it's child's play getting rid of it or, better yet, sending it out to be cleaned. The more hands it passes through, the more spotless it becomes until, believe it or not, it resurfaces as a legitimate piece."

The best way to accomplish that is for a fence to transfer the object over to a reputable dealer. All he has to do is to present the dealer with a phony sales slip showing that the piece belongs to him. The dealer purchases the painting with a check made out to the thief who carries a fake identification card. No questions are asked—not even when a valuable piece is offered at an unusually low price. "It's amazing what a bargain can do to someone's morality," Mason explains. It's a trade, and both the buyer and the seller have followed the rules. The dealer has a legitimate claim to his new acquisition, a receipt to show for it, and he is absolved of complicity in any crime. Neat.

Major pieces are unloaded by more elaborate methods, usually involving an international cast of rogues bent on high drama. For example, a thief will place an ad in the paper ostensibly on behalf of a "nice little old lady in Brooklyn Heights." People who answer the ad find exactly that—a nice old woman, obviously strapped for cash, living in a perfectly respectable brownstone. After negotiating a price, she agrees to sell a family heirloom—a Picasso or a Renoir—for half the price a legitimate collector would ask. The honest person who bought it is covered, the little old lady receives a generous commission, and the stolen work has been laundered in such a way that it enters the legitimate art market undetected.

"You'd be surprised how many warm, loving, decent folks are willing to participate in a scam like that," Duke says, chuckling with delight. "They're more interested in getting a bargain than they are in accepting a hot piece. And God bless 'em, every one."

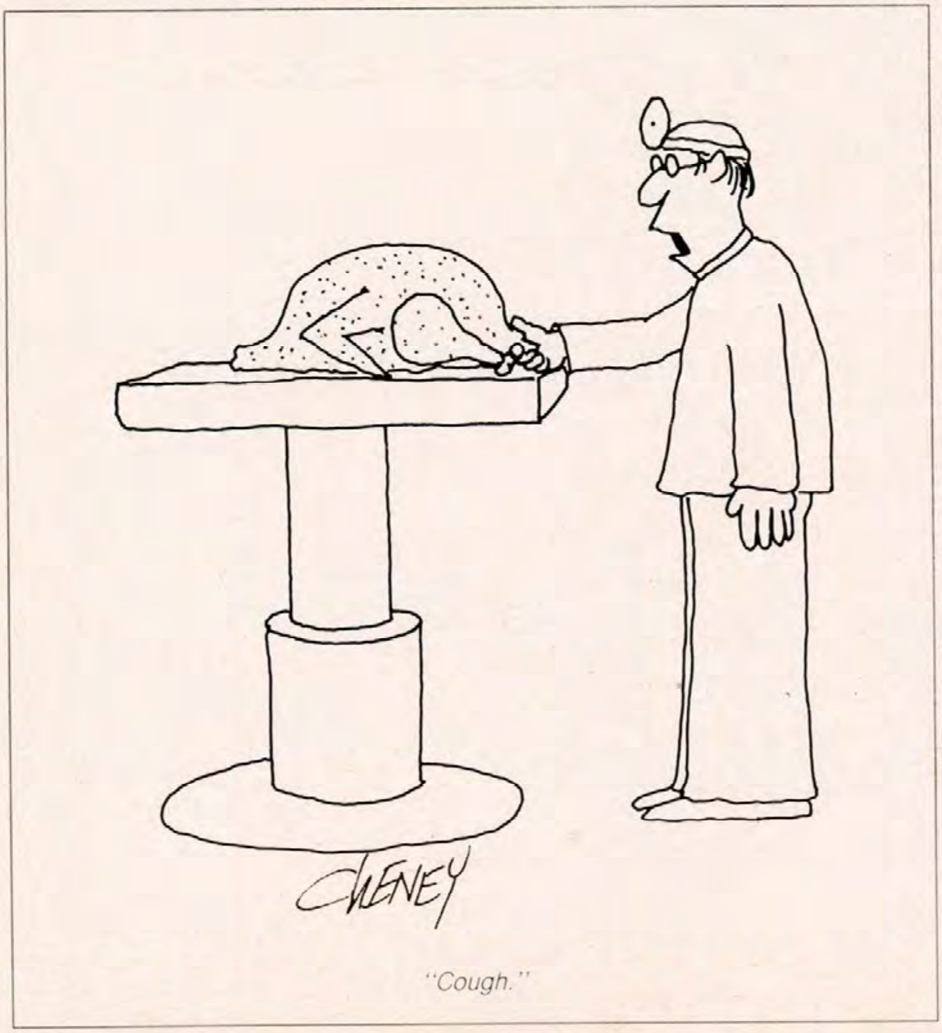
John LeMarre, who is one of the country's leading art appraisers, says that theft is so lucrative among the middle-to-upper-class collector that "people have begun stealing their own art in order to collect the insurance and then selling the pieces overseas." It is an artful approach to double-entry bookkeeping. "I was called in by an insurance company on a case involving an important piece valued at over a half-million dollars. A very, *very* substantial New York dealer—*very* well known—claimed it had been stolen from his gallery. I traced it to London—where he attempted to sell it but didn't get his price—and then to Switzerland before Interpol was called in and retrieved it. But this is only one instance. It's a relatively new area of art theft, but it's one that's catching on quickly."

Thieves may constitute the nucleus of this mongrel race, but the fence is the paterfamilias, the stellar orchestrator of the three-ring circus. Like their subordinates, art fences fall into definitive categories. Some work directly through less-than-scrupulous dealers, while others sell to associates who specialize in a certain period or school of art. And there are many on retainers who make purchases with certain clients in mind. All of them make out . . . well, like bandits.

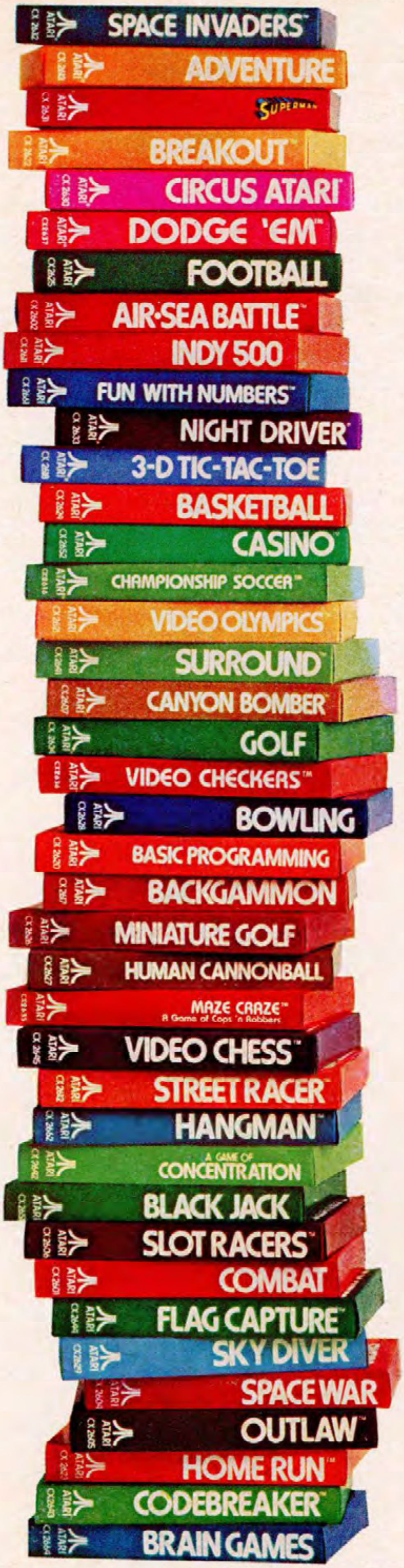
"There are plenty of educated fences known through the trade and to collectors," says Bob Volpe. "In fact, an international fence I'm familiar with speaks five languages; he's knowledgeable, socially prominent, and has a penchant for acquiring stolen art. He's the same man who acted as a fence for that Byzantine ivory I intercepted, and he represented it to the finest galleries.

"When he arrived at places like Christie's, he'd speak French to some of the house's young women, Italian to others. He dressed well, moved well, and was liked in the best art circles even though everyone knew he was a fence. These same people were stupid enough to invite him to parties at their homes and then wonder why things were missing when he left. And although he's recently been detained in Italy, I can guarantee you that he'll be back on the scene before long because he's good at what he does."

The fence's turf has been reapportioned somewhat because of the wide-



"Cough."


SPACE INVADERS
ADVENTURE
SUPERMAN
BREAKOUT
CIRCUS ATARI
DODGE 'EM
FOOTBALL
AIR-SEA BATTLE
INDY 500
FUN WITH NUMBERS
NIGHT DRIVER
3-D TIC-TAC-TOE
BASKETBALL
CASINO
CHAMPIONSHIP SOCCER
VIDEO OLYMPICS
SURROUND
CANYON BOMBER
GOLF
VIDEO CHECKERS
BOWLING
BASIC PROGRAMMING
BACKGAMMON
MINIATURE GOLF
HUMAN CANNONBALL
MAZE CRAZE
A Game of Cops 'n Robbers
VIDEO CHESS
STREET RACER
HANGMAN
A GAME OF CONCENTRATION
BLACK JACK
SLOT RACERS
COMBAT
FLAG CAPTURE
SKY DIVER
SPACE WAR
OUTLAW
HOME RUN
CODEBREAKER
BRAIN GAMES
ATARI

No other video game stacks up to Atari.®

You can't top Atari for fun.

In fact, the Atari Video Computer System™ is so much fun you'll want to play it all the time. And you can because Atari has more game cartridges to play than anybody else.

Right now you can choose from forty different Atari Game Program™ cartridges.

There are fast action games like Dodge 'Em™ and Circus Atari.® Thinking games like Video Chess™ and Backgammon. You can play real life sports with Football and Basketball. And you can learn words and math from Hangman and Fun With Numbers.™

Our most exciting game yet comes straight from the arcades, Space Invaders.* Only Atari has it.

And more are coming. You'll never outgrow the Atari Video Computer System. Instead, it grows on you.

ATARI®

©1980, Atari, Inc. A Warner Communications Company. *Trademark of Taito America Corporation.
Atari reserves the right to make changes to products or programs without notice.
Atari, Inc., 1265 Borregas Ave., Sunnyvale, CA 94086 • (800) 538-8547 excluding Hawaii and Alaska. In California (800) 672-1404.

spread belief that organized crime is slowly creeping in to the market. Certain surveillance experts, like Gilbert Raguideau, the chief of the French Cultural Office for the Repression of Art Thefts, consider that rumor to be nothing more than a diversionary tactic started by the experts to weed out the competition. But Bob Volpe is convinced otherwise.

"Organized crime is *definitely* moving into the art theft market," he cautions, without his customary good humor. "I know of one individual—a fence—who crossed a major crime family by intruding on their territory. The next week he was found, with two bullets in his head, in an oil drum floating in the East River. We interpreted that as a policy statement: if the mob was to be involved in art theft, it was going to be its own action. That, to me, is a very positive sign that crime families are taking over."

And Mason's evidence is perhaps more conclusive. "My proof," he concludes, "is the conviction of Peter Niccovoli, the head of Detroit's Purple Gang, who has been convicted of moving any number of stolen canvases in recent years, most notably a very major seventeenth-century work that was recovered in his possession. There are others, too—that we're sure of—but it will take some time for us to put them away."

Customs officials at Kennedy Airport mourn the mob's newly espoused art interests and count on stepped-up traffic at all points of entry along the East Coast. "They already have established channels for exporting their contraband," a Treasury agent confesses, "so why not this new action? Stolen art is simply another of their fifty-seven varieties on its way overseas. We really don't stand much of a chance stamping it out."

Customs must be an art thief's conception of heaven. Whatever "experts" are posted, they aren't trained so much to spot stolen art as they are to make sure there's a duty paid on it. And to make matters worse, there's an attractive loophole on the books that classifies a wide range of antiquities as duty-free items. No wonder more passengers than ever are wearing that take-me-along smile of late. No one really cares what you leave the country with anyway—only what you're bringing in under that London Fog folded over your arm.

"If I was a resourceful thief," Volpe muses, "I'd walk right up to Customs with a stolen canvas rolled up under my arm—and declare it! Why not? It's a great way to wash bad money. If a Customs official challenged my ownership of the painting, I'd nonchalantly say: '*What*—are you kidding? Would I *declare* it if it wasn't mine? I may be a bit of a spendthrift, but I'm certainly not a fool.' " In any two-bit heist film, that would be the moment when federal agents moved in, slapped cuffs on the smuggler, and retrieved the stolen piece. But Volpe's account is based on the remake. "I guarantee you that you'd get a Customs sticker on it without any trouble whatsoever. Then you simply walk across under the auspices of the United States government."

All it takes is a forged passport—and not a very good one, at that. Rarely is proof of ownership requested by a Customs official—which accounts for the fact that nearly 50 percent of all stolen works are smuggled abroad within 24 hours after the crime. And a Concorde gets you there in half the time. Only one piece in 20 is ever seen again. Is this any way to run a business? "You bet it is!" Turly cheers.

The number of obstacles that confound the recovery of stolen art is mind-boggling. Last year an insurance adjuster was caught pulling policy cards of his wealthy clients from the company files and letting thieves know which pieces were the most heavily insured. The thieves didn't even have to worry about disposing of the booty. They simply telephoned the insurance company and ransomed the piece back. Most times the insurer came out ahead. If a $1 million piece was being held, the company paid out $800,000 in claims and gave a fence $200,000 to get it back. Then they owned a masterpiece that appreciated hand over fist. In dollars and cents they were far ahead of the game.

But according to Jim Mellors, an art insurance investigator for Chubb and Sons, that little swindle is apparently over. "The rules are changing, making it exceedingly more difficult for an insurer to negotiate directly with a fence. If we agree to pay ransom, we put ourselves legally in the position of being a common, ordinary fence. And most of those spineless little bastards have no idea what they're doing.

"I can't tell you how many times a week I get a call where a voice says: 'Pay me ten thousand dollars, or we're going to burn the canvas or tear it up.' They're full of shit—and they know I know it. They'd lose their bargaining position in a puff of smoke. I've learned to ignore their threats and, instead; play the game according to the rules."

It gets sillier all the time. Museum security is a bad joke. No piece is safe unless it's displayed behind bars, and curators are reluctant to clutter exhibits with devices that will distract the appreciative eye. Even more absurd is a gallery's or museum's unwillingness to report all of its losses, fearing that it would reduce the number of contributions it receives from its benefactors. And still more alarming is their failure to admit there's much of a problem at all.

Sometimes, though, the thief himself is still the best judge. When a package containing the missing Renoir, *Still Life with Blue Cap*, was returned by mail to the Brooklyn Museum in 1977, a cautionary note was attached to the painting. It said: "The museums in the U.S. need armed guards it won't be long before armed robbery's of art museums happening believe me I know!"

"The subject of today's sermon—'Our Changing Moral Values.' "

Blue sky, clean air—a perfect day to hit the dirt. But that good off-road trail is down the road some 90 miles.

No sweat. Getting there in your four-wheeler can really be half the fun. And that's where the Sparkomatic Sound comes into play.

If your ears listen to ears of experience, Sparkomatic sound equipment is the best there is—# 1. That opinion from "the source" in consumer reporting. We won out on the things judges judge. Sparkomatic out-performed every name you can name, and then some.

Don't just take their word, judge for yourself. We do think your ears will agree with the experts. Test our SR 303 auto reverse cassette AM/FM Stereo (one of a wide range of models we offer). It's a perfect example of first-place sound and value. It delivers all the watts you want with distortion-free (less than 1% THD) efficiency. If specs on frequency response, sensitivity and capture ratio count with you too, you'll surely give the SR 303 consistently high marks. Pick it for your own and virtually forget "picket fencing". And the auto reverse cassette player clearly turns in prize winning performance.

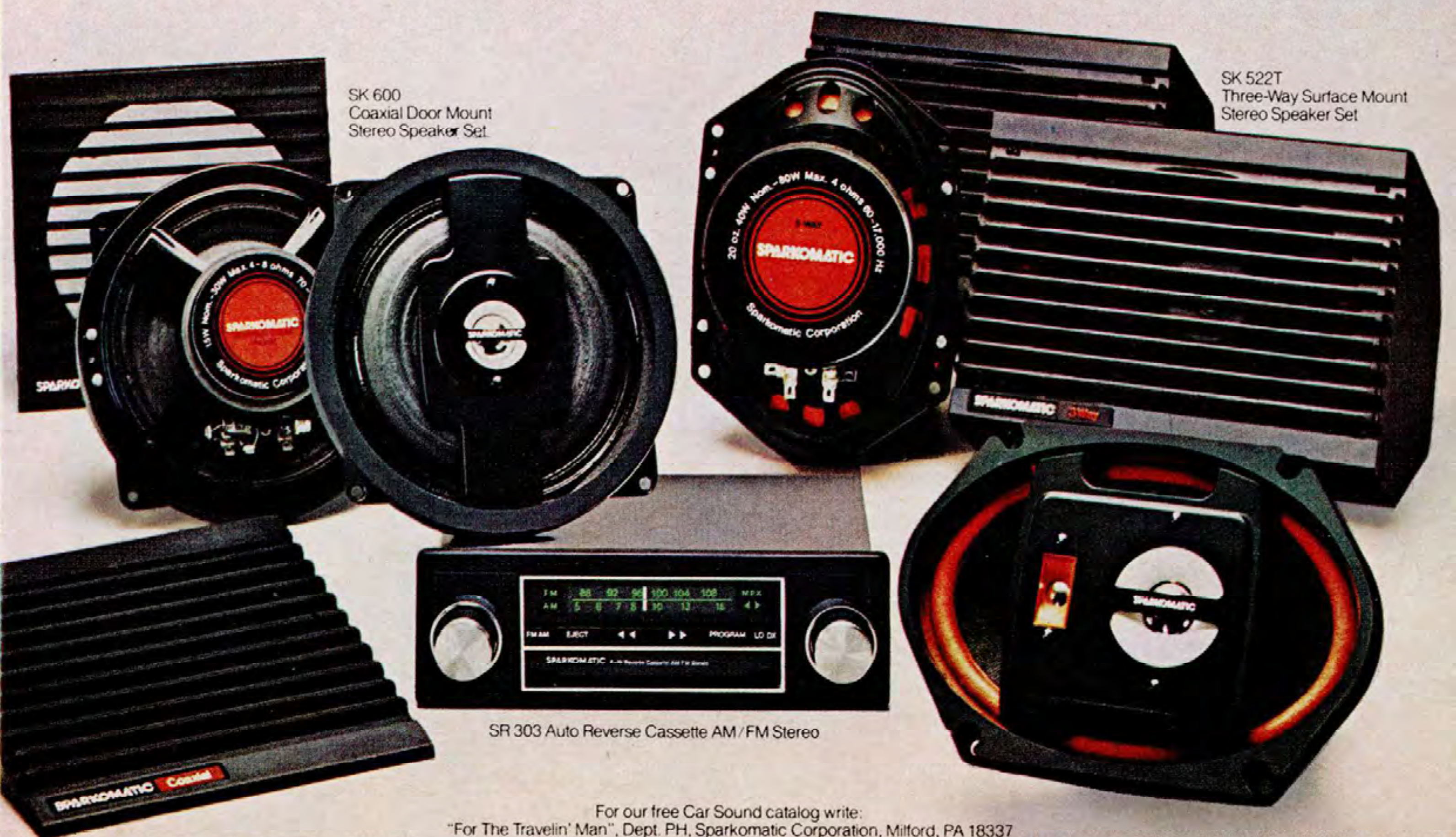
You won't have to spin your wheels looking for the optimum speaker package either. Sparkomatic's SK 522T three-way surface mounts combined with SK 600 ultra-thin coaxial door mounts for limited space installation will fill your driving space with beautiful sound. They take tremendous power in stride and give back superbly separated high fidelity reproduction. It's like hearing it live.

Don't wait. Make tracks for your nearest Sparkomatic dealer. Now that's using your head.

SPARKOMATIC®

For the Travelin' Man...and Woman®

THE SPARKOMATIC SOUND. FOR THE TRAVELIN' MAN'S EARS AND WHAT'S IN BETWEEN.



SK 600
Coaxial Door Mount
Stereo Speaker Set

SK 522T
Three-Way Surface Mount
Stereo Speaker Set

SR 303 Auto Reverse Cassette AM/FM Stereo

For our free Car Sound catalog write:
"For The Travelin' Man", Dept. PH, Sparkomatic Corporation, Milford, PA 18337

THE LORDS OF DISCIPLINE

Will McLean entered the freshman class at the Carolina Military Institute as a boy hoping to become a man. He was not prepared for the most horrifying and brutal of college initiations—the beginning of an entire year of screaming and physical torture.

It was the beginning of September in 1963 when I entered Second Battalion and walked up to the cadre of Romeo Company. Four of them sat at the card table, thumbing through small boxes of files and index cards. The rest of the cadre watched from behind the table, their eyes invisibly appraising me beneath the shade of their field caps. They looked sleek, crisp, and efficient, and they seemed immune from the fury of the climbing Charleston sun. I was eighteen.

"Hello," I said, resting both hands against the card table and leaning down in a gesture of intimacy to talk with the leader of the group. "My name's Will McLean and I was told to report to R Company."

The company commander, a slightly overweight youth, stared at my hands with an imperious demeanor and petulant, dissatisfied eyes. His nametag read "Blasingame." I could smell Aqua Velva steaming off his face. His brown eyes met mine for an instant before he yelled, "Get your fucking hands off my table, dumbhead."

"Sure," I answered, moving back a step. Two other members of the cadre swept around the table and stood on either side of me.

"Put a 'sir' on that, wad-waste."

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Your name again, knob," the one on my right demanded.

"Will—Will McLean."

"You say, 'Sir, my name is cadet recruit McLean, W. P., sir.' Do you understand, scumbag?" the executive officer of R Company said, consulting a list of names on his clipboard. He was thin and blond and had a pleasant, intelligent face. His name was Wentworth.

"Your ID number is 16407, dumbhead," Blasingame said. "Your room number is 4131. And you're nothing but shit to me. Do you understand? Pop off, dumb squat."

"Yes, sir."

The voice on my right whispered, "You aren't even shit to me, douchebag. You're lower than shit to me. You're whale shit and that sits on the bottom of the ocean. That's as low as you can get. Do you hear me, douchebag?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you say a word until I order you to pop off, knob. Do you understand me? Pop off."

"Yes, sir."

"We're gonna run you out of here in a week, McLean."

"He's the basketball jock," a voice at the table said. I turned in the direction of the voice.

"Get your eyes off me, scumbag," the voice ordered. "Do you want to get in my pants, scumbag? Pop off."

"No, sir."

"Then keep your beady eyes off my body, faggot."

"Sir," I said, keeping my eyes directly in front of me and addressing anyone who

Illustration by Ignacio Gomez

FICTION BY PAT CONROY

would listen, "I came here to play basketball for the Institute. I'm on scholarship. There must be some mistake. Coach Byrum told me that athletes received different treatment from regular cadets."

"Oh," several of them answered in mock surprise. "Oh, please excuse us, Mr. McLean," Blasingame mocked, his voice full of apology. "We simply made a mistake and thought you were like any ordinary knob. We didn't realize we had the honor of addressing a Varsity Athlete. My, oh my, but we do get confused on these first days. Did any of you boys realize we were yelling at a Varsity Athlete?"

"Oh, gracious, no," Wentworth, the exec, said. "I won't be able to sleep tonight."

"This is terrible. How can we make it up to you, Mr. McLean?" Blasingame asked.

"It's all right, fellas," I answered, smiling. "Y'all just didn't know. I should have told you right away. Everyone makes mistakes. I won't tell anyone, so don't worry about getting into trouble. If you would be so kind as to direct me to my room."

"Would any of you gentlemen be so kind as to direct Mr. McLean to his room?" Blasingame inquired of his cadre.

"I would consider it a personal honor, Mr. Blasingame," the voice on my right said. Then I felt his moist, fetid breath on my ear as he said, "I'm gonna kill you, jock. I'm gonna eat your ass for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. I'm gonna make your life one long fucking nightmare, douchebag. I'm gonna tuck you into bed each night and pull your ass out of bed at reveille until you beg me to open up the gate and run home to your slut mother. I'm gonna be in your dreams, dumbhead. You're gonna see me in the mirror, douchebag. I may decide to run you out tonight. Tonight! What do you say to that, pussy? Tell me what you say to that. Pop off."

"No, sir," I answered. "You won't run me out."

"Are you telling me I can't run you out, scumbag?" he screamed directly in my ear. "Pop off!"

"You can't run me out, sir."

"He's mine. This fucker belongs to me," a boy said, stepping in front of me, memorizing my features as I memorized his. He was my height, but leaner, more angular, with a long, rather handsome face disfigured by a cruel, lipless mouth and narrow eyes.

"What's my name, douchebag? Pop off," Fox said.

"Your name is Fox, sir," I said.

"Put a 'mister' on that."

"Your name is Mister Fox, sir," I said.

"What am I, idiot?" he yelled, pointing to the insignia on his collar, "Look at my uniform and tell me what I am."

I stared at his uniform, at the unfamiliar insignia, at his name tag, at his face. I was confused, disoriented, and I did not know what he wanted me to say.

"You better tell me what I am, idiot. Now, douchebag. Now. Say something. Anything. But you better answer me, smackhead. Now, boy. Now. Now. Now."

I looked at his name tag and said, "Sir, you are a small carnivorous animal kin to the dog."

The punch came from behind me, delivered by an invisible assailant, a perfect blow to the kidney. I staggered forward, fell to one knee, and almost knocked Fox and the card table over.

"Not here, Newman, you stupid bastard," the company commander said. "Wait until you get him to his room. If a tac officer sees you, we'll all be walking tours. If the Bear sees you, we'll be lucky to graduate."

"I don't like a smartass knob," a deep voice said from behind me.

"Get up, douchebag," Fox demanded. "You make any more remarks like that and we'll send you home with your nuts in your pocket. And for your information, I'm your platoon sergeant."

Late that afternoon, before evening formation, I studied my shaved head in the mirror. I did not recognize the boy in the mirror who stared accusingly back at me, did not recognize the desperate, blue eyes. I felt silly in the new summer uniform the upperclassmen had called the "gray nasties." The uniform exuded the nauseating odor of new clothing. My hands smelled of Brasso and Kiwi polish. The heat was fierce, and sweat stains spread beneath my arms, along my collar, and down my back.

"Give me a shirt tuck, what's-your-name?" my new roommate said behind me. "Hurry up, will you? We've got to get to evening formation."

His name was Harvey Clearwater, and he was from Memphis, Tennessee. "*The* Clearwaters of Memphis," he had been careful to explain.

"My name's Will, Harvey," I said. "Will. It's a simple little name. Four letters. Starts with a capital *W*. Ends with a little bitty word synonymous with 'sick.' I like being called Will. It's a habit I got into in childhood."

"Just give me a shirt tuck, will you? They'll kill us if we're late."

"They'll kill us if we're early."

"My mother certainly didn't tell me this school would be anything like this," Harvey said. I cannot tell you how I detested Harvey.

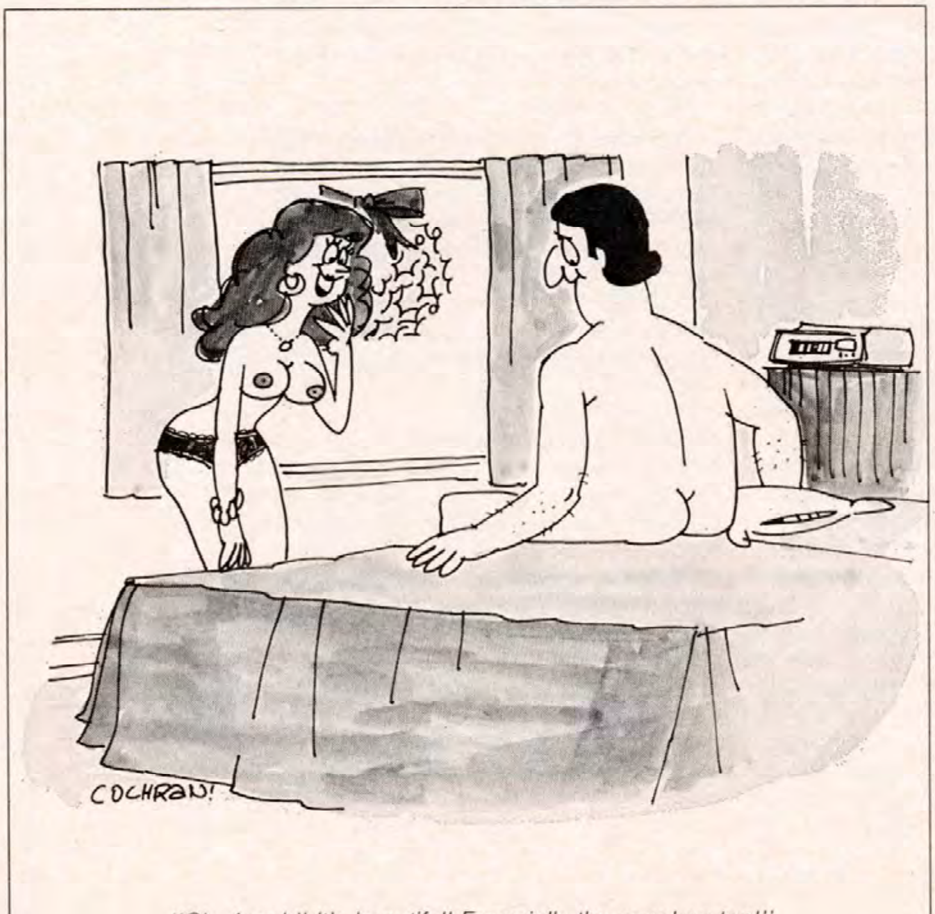
"Well, *the* Clearwaters of Memphis have always been a tight-lipped crew."

"How do you like this place so far, tell me?" he said as I was giving him a shirt tuck.

"Oh, me, Harvey," I answered, unable to keep myself from lashing out at my roommate every time he spoke. "I've found myself a home. This is a fabulous place. There's not many colleges in the country where you get to see seven of your classmates pass out from heat exhaustion the very first day of school."

Ignoring me, he said, "I'd be big stuff in a fraternity if I'd gone to the University of Tennessee. Clearwater is a big name

CONTINUED ON PAGE 222



"Oh, Arnold! It's beautiful! Especially the angel on top!"

Nicki wanted her son, Ace, to have everything
she never had. She didn't know it would include a change of sex.

TENNIS MOTHER

BY CATHERINE HILLER

Carol Wald '80
PROUST
PRO TENNIS
AVICENA

In 1980 I was a 14-year-old tennis junkie. I didn't waste time with boys or clothes or books: I was getting top spin on my backhand or perfecting my offensive lob. I was on the courts six to eight hours a day. Only the fear of being dropped from the high-school tennis team kept me in classes at all. Our team was the best in California, and I was ranked fifteenth, nationally, in my age group.

But even a girl jock like me saw that science was ushering in a new era. I couldn't understand why adults were concerned with such petty matters as Iran, inflation, and the presidential campaign when astonishing biological breakthroughs were being announced. First came the news that you do not need a sperm to fertilize an egg. Dr. Pierre Soupart of Vanderbilt University had created the first fatherless mouse by fusing two eggs. Amazonia was possible. A few months later it was revealed that a young man had been treated with hormones and was now making milk and nursing his new baby. Bizarro, disgusting.

Soon after that, Robert K. Graham announced the impregnation of Mensa women with Nobel sperm, via the Repository for Germinal Choice, Graham's "brainchild." "It's my hope that others will set up similar projects with other categories, such as Olympic gold medal winners or artists or movie stars. This is just a beginning," he said. I imagined a Wimbledon sperm bank/impregnation center where the sperm and eggs of tennis champions would play.

I was, you see, a tennis maniac. Nonetheless, 35 years ago, I was sure that these three sexual and reproductive breakthroughs would alter the destiny of humankind, forever changing our sense of who we are and how we breed. Of course, there was no way of knowing how these biological advances would affect my own life.

My early life was unexceptional. I had middle-class parents, a large dog, a small brother, a passion for running and climbing. My mother bought me a tennis racket when I was eight, and I ran down the block and hit a tennis ball against a wall for the next five hours. Nothing special there. At ten I began entering local tournaments. I discovered that I liked playing in front of an audience and that I always did better under pressure. I won as often by surprising my opponents as by outhitting them: I was soon dubbed "Tricky Nicki." I loved the intellectual challenge of a match, knowing just when to power the ball, when to send it back soft, just how to wrong-foot my rivals.

It was, I may add, the only intellectual challenge I enjoyed. I was and am a creature of the body. If I hadn't turned to sports, I might have turned to dance, for I believe that moving well is one of the three great pleasures in life. The other two are winning and having sex.

I am, like many athletes, bisexual, but in my late teens I had sex mainly with women: athletes, dancers, sometimes even tennis groupies. I started playing professionally at 18, and the need to celebrate or forget after a match brought me to Eros time and again.

I have just taken a long, hot shower. My hair is wet and curly, and I am wearing only a bathrobe and perfume. I've played brilliantly this evening, and now there is a knocking at my door. "Hi, there," I say and admit an excited young tennis fan into my hotel room. She has firm smooth limbs, soft smooth hair, ardor fired by my fame. Afterward, we go dancing. It was fabulous being young and gay in the eighties, at least in certain professions, like mine.

Then, at 21, I fell in love. Max Winger was a handsome sportswriter, a great dancer, and a fabulous lover. After one night with him, I was convinced that sometimes a man can be even better in bed than a woman. After five nights with him, I learned he was married.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"You never asked." He was smiling and smug. "Aw, Nicki, what can it matter?"

"What can it matter?" I was so angry that my hands were shaking and I saw pinpoints of silver and red. "It only matters if you care about trust and honesty and compassion and . . ." I ran out of words, fled from the room, got into my Jaguar, and went up the highway at 75 miles an hour. Ahead I saw a black polyurethane bag gusting toward the car. Then the black flapping was upon me, it caught on my windshield, I couldn't see past it, I crashed into a guardrail.

It's our baby. Mine and Tina's. Our eggs were extracted and combined. The baby doesn't have a father.

Later they said again and again that it was a miracle: a miracle that I survived, a miracle that they got me to a hospital in time to sew on my severed hand, a miracle that now I could actually grasp a spoon or a large crayon. But I would never be able to use my right hand for tennis again.

Max Winger visited me in the hospital. "I'm so sorry, Nicki," he said. "What will you do?"

"I'll learn to play lefty," I said. "I'll be even better than before." But as Max wrote in his sports piece the next day:

"We both knew it was an idle boast. She tightened her jaw, facing tragedy with the same poise she has always shown on the court. 'I'll be fine,' she said. 'Really.'

"I think that with time, Nicki Ann Kane might have become one of the top two or three women players in America. Now we'll never know."

It took me months to recuperate from the crash. It took a year of hard practice to get good enough with my left hand to work as a teaching pro in L.A. I still had my youth and my looks. I had many lovers. I lived on the beach. It was, all in all, a good life.

But after a decade of this, I began to feel empty and bored. It was 1996, I was 30, and I wanted some deeper connection. However, I did not want to get married. By now I knew my pattern: I seemed to need new sex partners often. I loved that hungry curiosity, that dazzled delight, that triumph that came when I got a new man or woman into my bed. I didn't want a husband—or even a "wife"—someone to whom I had to be "faithful" or lie. "The *illusion* of fidelity is essential," one of my married friends said with a smile. "Everyone knows that open marriages end in divorce." But I didn't want to settle for either fidelity or hypocrisy, and I had no wish for a lifelong mate.

However, I did want a child: someone to love and hold and coach. I'd make my kid the tennis star I should have been: I'd pass on all my insights and strategies; we would always have this marvelous sport in common, this thrilling goal—winning!—to share. In short, I longed to be a tennis mother.

I worried, briefly, about the ethics of my new ambition. Wasn't it wrong to mold a child's will to my own? To live vicariously through another? Then the worry passed. I knew that by committing my future child to tennis, I'd be passing on joy, for I believed that the way of the body brought the most reliable rewards. At worst, my child would learn early a sport that he or she would take along to old age; at best, he or she would be famous and rich and—well, *yes*, everlastingly grateful to me. I remembered how for a season Martina Navratilova never lost a match if one of her family was in the stands, watching her play.

Of course, I had to find a father for my child. Lars Laren, I thought, would be ideal. Not only was he one of the world's best players—still, after 20 years as a pro!—but also he was blond, like me. I think that secretly we are all narcissistic enough to want our children to resemble ourselves. I vowed that the next time Lars played in L.A. I would get him into my bed—although I hadn't seen him in years.

Three weeks later I went up to him after a match. He remembered me well and ran a sympathetic light finger over my scar. He took me to dinner and then home to bed. We played between the sheets at length. Stroke after stroke, ad in, ad out, he had the most amazing endurance. Actually, that was the problem. Lars Laren could rally for hours—but he could finish the match, so to speak, only off the court. We had some spectacular exchanges, but he was, for my purpose, quite hopeless.

I cheered myself up with the thought that Lars Laren wasn't the only tennis champion I could get. Billy Sommers, for instance, had been after me for years, and I'd always turned him down, just because no one else did. He was now retired and putting on weight, but God could he play in his prime! Furthermore, with his ex-wife he had fathered three children, two of whom were promising young athletes. Billy Sommers, that aging, celebrated brat, was a proven stud.

"Billy," I said to him over the phone. "I had the most thrilling dream about you last night."

"Oh, really?" I could tell he was smiling. "What did I do?"

"I simply can't tell you on the telephone."

The next day he flew in from Florida. I must confess I was flattered. Our grandmothers were, perhaps, right: holding out makes you more valuable.

Billy was, it turned out, an all-American fuck. After one night with him, I felt positively patriotic. Billy drove hard and strong; he had to be on top; he was, again and again, a deeply conventional lover. I rejoiced.

The next morning we played three more sets. "Do you know," he said lazily, musingly, as he got off me at noon, "I used to worry that my vasectomy would lower my sex drive, but to tell the truth it's been just the opposite."

"Your . . . vasectomy?" It was all I could do to be civil to him over brunch.

After the Sommers fiasco I went to bed with Don McLeod, Jefferson Dodge, and Jesus Martinez. I still didn't get pregnant—perhaps because I was so anxious to conceive. And I was starting to feel like a tennis whore. I interpreted every smile as a smirk. I resolved to take no more tennis lovers after I overheard one pro tell another, "Forget about scoring with Nicki. Fucking stars is her racket!"

The next month I made a trip to the state sperm bank. Robert K. Graham's hope had been realized (but not my Wimbledon fantasy!). For various fees you could purchase sperm donated by poets, musicians, athletes, physicists. I smiled at the notion of a physicist son or daughter: I certainly didn't want to produce some genius who'd abandon me early for the pursuit of knowledge. Nor did I want some wasted musician, some tormented poet! No, I wanted a hearty, sporty tough kid like I was, someone to stay in my life. I studied the catalog at length and agreed to pay a month's salary for sperm from specimen 214, an anonymous "athlete renowned for his strength and grace." A rather bored paramedic inserted the plunger between my legs and soon sent the expensive semen upward.

I became pregnant at last and gave birth to a son in November. I called him Ace. A tennis ball was his first toy; he wore tiny clothes by Lacoste. For the first three years of his life, I just reveled in him. Oh, those dear little arms that would soon wield a racket, that delicious small face that millions would watch! I doted on my little Ace. He got his first tooth at six months, said his first word, rather early, at nine months, and began to walk, rather late, at a year and a half. But he knew how to keep score in tennis when he was only three. He wasn't especially sturdy; so I didn't put a racket in his hands until he was four.

Max convinced me that sometimes a man can be even better in bed than a woman.

Until he was five he couldn't get the ball over the net; until he was six he couldn't hold a rally; until he was eight he couldn't serve. I kept working with him, coaching him, and by ten he had a pretty fair game, but I couldn't help being disappointed. He seemed to have none of the reflexes one would expect from the child of athletes, and he was curiously dreamy on the court.

"Why don't you concentrate on the ball?" I asked him once when he was 11. We were both at the net, collecting balls.

"I was thinking about something else that time, Mom."

"What were you thinking about?"

"Well . . ."

"Go on, you can tell me."

"I was thinking about how when I mishit a backhand, I get this little stab almost of pleasure, as if I *wanted* to hit it wrong. It's so *interesting*, Mom."

"Jesus." I was thoroughly disgusted.

"I knew you'd be angry," he said, "but you *asked*."

At 12 he began secretly keeping a journal; at 13 he became editor of his school magazine—again, without telling me. God knows, Ace has always tried to be a good son. He obediently played in the tennis tournaments I found for him and was even a finalist once or twice. I think he was as sorry as I was that he couldn't fulfill my expectations. He used to forge my signature on his report cards so that I wouldn't be upset by all the *A*'s, and he continued to practice to please me. But when he was 14, I caught him reading Proust behind a copy of *Tennis Today*, and I knew it was hopeless.

The next day I went down to the sperm bank and asked to speak to the supervisor. "He's on vacation now," said a friendly, middle-aged woman, "but perhaps I can help you." A label on her pocket identified her as Mrs. Feldman.

"I'm very concerned," I told her. "I don't understand my fourteen-year-old son at all."

"Teenagers are always hard to understand," she said, smiling.

"But I paid good money for one kind of kid, and instead I gave birth to another!"

"Recessive genes can always surface."

"And sperm banks can make a mistake!"

Mrs. Feldman shook her head. "In all the time we've been operating, we've made a mistake only once, fifteen years ago—and I'm not really sure about that."

I leaned forward. "What happened?"

"I probably shouldn't tell you this."

"Go *on*."

"A lady writer requested the sperm of John—uh, a very famous, introspective author. Something may have gone wrong, for she now has a daughter who hates books and who keeps winning marathons. But even in that case, it could be that recessive genes are surfacing."

"Or that some dumb employee gave her the sperm *I* should have had and gave *me* the sperm of a writer. Shit. I should sue."

"You wouldn't have a chance. You

signed the release. You know there are no guarantees. Besides, what's so bad about having a writer for a son?"

"Ugh! Some touchy young introvert accumulating grudges, prying into every corner of my life!"

"Is that what your son's like?"

"Well, no, come to think of it."

"So you see." Mrs. Feldman patted my shoulder. "Be glad you got pregnant at all. Appreciate the son you have. Try to understand him better."

When I got home, Ace was reading in his room. He jumped up guiltily.

"What's that you're reading, dear?"

"Don't be angry." He showed me the book: *The Seven Types of Ambiguity*. I sighed.

"Mom, I'm almost ready to practice. Just give me a minute to change."

"Ace, it's okay."

"What?"

"We can skip practice today."

"Mom? Are you all right?" Even frowning, he was a handsome fellow. I'd have to abandon my career as a tennis mother, but I still had a good-looking, sweet-natured son. So what if he wasn't an athlete!

I ruffled his hair. "Everything's fine," I told him.

And it was. I stopped entering him in local tournaments. I stopped disapproving of his books. I decided to let him start shaping his life. Ace continued to be well mannered, kind, and devoted to me, but he stopped playing tennis entirely. He wrote a 600-page novel in his senior year of high school and went off to Harvard to study literature. I didn't tell him that the guest lecturer in English that fall just might be his father.

I missed my son enormously. We spoke to each other sometimes by phone, and, more often, he wrote me letters—a quaint but pleasing practice. But it wasn't the same as having Ace home. I missed someone to share my day with me, my little thoughts, my meals. I saw that I might someday marry and began spending a lot of time with a tennis lawyer named Justin.

In his sophomore year Ace dropped out of Harvard and stopped writing or phoning. Five months later he called from New York. He was writing another novel. School was a bore. He was into "real life." He was living in a loft with two women and loved them both passionately.

I like to think I'm broad-minded; so I merely said that I hoped he was happy. I hoped he was writing well. I hoped he was getting enough exercise. He laughed. "Don't be fresh with your mother," I said. "When are you coming home for a visit?"

For a year he made excuses. Finally, I decided to go to New York—although he begged me not to. He said I wouldn't like his "changes." He said he'd had to "do it," to "go all the way," to "probe experience utterly." And anyway, it was "all material." But I'd be upset, and I shouldn't see him "for a while." Naturally, the next day I kissed Justin good-bye and boarded a plane to New York.

I rang the doorbell, and a beautiful young woman with a braid to her waist answered the door. "Is Ace here?" I asked.

"Oh, come in. You must be his mother, of course. I'm Tina. Ace is just out, getting bread."

The loft was spacious, luxurious, sunny. Tina walked to the kitchen. "Gail?" she said. "Guess who's here?"

Gail looked more "executive" than Tina, but she was every bit as beautiful. I had to admire my son's taste in ladies. I learned that Gail, at 24, was product manager at Millercraft. Tina was a student and teacher of psychology. And Ace? I wondered. What did he do for money? Just then I heard a little cry from the next room. Tina and Gail exchanged fond looks. "I'll get her," said Tina.

I am a creature of the body. Moving well is one of the three great pleasures in life. The other two are winning and having sex.

She returned with a three-month-old baby in her arms. The baby looked at me with wide navy-blue eyes. I felt a lump in my throat. It wasn't too late! I could still be a tennis granny, like "Two-Moms," who'd coached Jimmy Connors!

"So I'm a grandmother," I said, blinking back tears.

"Well, no," said Gail.

"Ace isn't the father?"

Gail shook her head. "It's *our* baby," she said. "Mine and Tina's. Our eggs were extracted and combined. Then the embryo was planted in Tina, who carried it to term. This baby really doesn't *have* a father!"

"So they do it with humans, now. What do you know." I sat down, trying to seem casual. Well, why not? The baby seemed perfectly normal. And producing children this way could enrich many long-term lesbian relationships, welding two women together in the joy of parenthood. But where did my Ace fit in?

"Ace takes care of the baby for us," said Tina, as if guessing my thoughts. "I'm very busy with my studies, and Gail's out making money. But Ace hangs around all day, waiting till nighttime so he can write. So he cares for our Glenda and keeps house. It really works well."

"Ace is the nicest guy in the world," said Gail. "You must have done something right."

"Ace is frightened you won't understand," said Tina.

"It is unconventional," I said, "but not disturbing."

"Well—there's something else."

"You're all lovers," I said.

"Well, of course. It's not that."

Just then a key turned in the lock, and Ace entered. "*Mom*." He grew pale and clutched the paper bag he was holding.

The baby, on seeing Ace, began to cry and strain toward him. It was very sweet.

"Such an impatient little girl," said Gail, passing Glenda to him.

Ace sat down with the baby in a fat armchair. Looking me steadily in the eye, he pulled his sweater up from the waist. Then I saw that he had breasts: pink-nippled, circular, firm little breasts. As Glenda stuffed a nipple into her mouth and began to suck noisily, I fainted dead away.

Back in California I drove straight to Justin's office and dissolved in his arms.

"Nicki, what is it?"

I was crying uncontrollably. "I'm not old-fashioned," I gasped.

"No, of course you're not. There, there."

"And I don't mind the ménage à trois—I've had a few myself."

"Of course you have. Hush, dear."

I tried to stop sobbing.

"Is it about Ace?"

I nodded.

"Is it his health?" asked Justin.

I found I could speak again. "It's his *life*," I wailed. "And after I raised him to be a tennis champion!"

"Well, what's he doing?" asked Justin.

I blew my nose. I had to get used to the idea, and the sooner the better. "It's like this," I said slowly. "My son is a wet nurse."

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

WHAT IS YOUR SEXUAL IQ?

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions to see if you're in the dark when the lights go out

PSYCHOGRAPH

Sex: it's man's favorite pastime; it's also the subject about which he is often most woefully misinformed. Human beings have been jumping on each other's bones for a long time now; yet many of us know more about quasars, carburetors, and the price of poppies in Mandalay than we do about this most basic human activity.

This psychograph focuses on sexual matters that are frequently misunderstood. It can give you an idea of just how well- or ill-informed you are on the subject.

The mystery with which our society shrouds sex accounts for much of the misinformation that gets around. If you took *any* subject and cloaked it in as many taboos and myths as have been hung on sex, you could be pretty damn sure that a lot more bullshit than fact would be passed from one generation to the next.

The enormous range of "normal" sexuality also contributes to the confusion. One man's straight sex is another man's kinky sex. One man's perversion is another's daily routine. The greater part of American men seem to have from one to four orgasms a week, but millions have fewer, and millions have more. Variety may be the spice of life, but in this case it is also the source of tall tales and confused perceptions.

In the twentieth century scientists have begun to penetrate the sexual wilderness. People like Kinsey and Masters and Johnson have gone around asking questions and poking electronic plastic penises into ladies' vaginas. In the process sexual research has become an accepted area of scientific inquiry, and many of the old myths have been deflated by experimenters' probes (only, in some cases, to be replaced by new myths that grow from the undigested morass of raw data).

We've combed the sexual research literature to come up with a series of questions that should test your ability to separate sex fact from sex fantasy. They are not particularly arcane questions and are based on knowledge that every man today should be aware of.

1. Which of these two types of women is likely to be more sexually active?
   (a) a relatively attractive woman
   (b) a relatively unattractive woman

2. If you want a woman who's very active sexually, you should look for one who
   (a) had good relations with her parents when she was growing up
   (b) had bad relations with her parents when she was growing up

3. The highest percentage of female orgasms occur after
   (a) 1 to 10 minutes of foreplay
   (b) 11 to 20 minutes of foreplay
   (c) more than 20 minutes of foreplay

4. Which of the following statements reflects current research findings?
   (a) women who fail to achieve orgasm during sex invariably report that they are extremely frustrated by the experience
   (b) women who fail to achieve orgasm during sex often report that they have found the lovemaking satisfying nevertheless; in fact, they sometimes report more pleasure than do highly responsive women who experience multiple orgasms

5. Approximately what percentage of male college students engage in coitus before they graduate?
   (a) about 40 to 45 percent
   (b) about 65 to 70 percent
   (c) about 85 to 90 percent

6. Approximately what percentage of female college students engage in coitus before they graduate?
   (a) about 30 to 35 percent
   (b) about 50 to 55 percent
   (c) about 70 to 75 percent

7. The majority of men continue to masturbate after they are married.
   (a) true
   (b) false

8. The majority of women continue to masturbate after they are married.
   (a) true
   (b) false

9. What percentage of women report that they are aroused by being bitten by their partner during sex?
   (a) about 25 percent
   (b) about 50 percent
   (c) about 75 percent

10. In the world of sadomasochism, which type of person is the rarest?
   (a) the male masochist
   (b) the female masochist
   (c) the male sadist
   (d) the female sadist

11. After screwing for the first time, who are more likely to tell friends about the experience?
   (a) men
   (b) women

12. You are in bed with a woman. In the midst of your foreplay, her clitoris seems suddenly to disappear; it withdraws into her body. This is a signal that
   (a) her sexual excitement is waning
   (b) she has proceeded to the next stage of sexual excitement and is approaching orgasm

13. When the process described in Question 12 occurs, your reaction should be
   (a) to feel around until you find the clitoris again and then continue to massage it
   (b) to ignore the withdrawal of the clitoris and continue to manipulate the entire pubic area

14. When a man has two or three orgasms in a relatively short time, he generally finds that the first orgasm is more satisfying than the later ones.
   (a) true
   (b) false

15. When a woman has two or three orgasms in a relatively short time, she generally finds that the first orgasm is more satisfying than the later ones.
   (a) true
   (b) false

16. Most women prefer their lovers to
   (a) finger the clitoris directly
   (b) manipulate the area immediately

around the clitoris but avoid fingering the clitoris directly

17. For most men the ability to come more than once in a short time generally drops off
    (a) after they are 20 years old
    (b) after they are 30 years old
    (c) after they are 40 years old

18. Is this statement true or false: "There is no relationship between the size of a man's body and the size of his cock"?
    (a) true
    (b) false

19. Circumcised men are less potent than uncircumcised men.
    (a) true
    (b) false

20. The length of the average erect male penis is
    (a) a bit over six inches
    (b) a bit over seven inches
    (c) a bit over eight inches

21. Which of the following statements is supported by research evidence?
    (a) the inside of the vagina is highly responsive, and most women find it highly arousing when a lover inserts his finger into the vagina
    (b) the inside of the vagina has relatively few nerve endings, and most women do not find it particularly arousing when a lover inserts his finger into the vagina

22. Which one of the following statements is true?
    (a) most prostitutes are incapable of enjoying sex with either their "johns" or with their husbands or boyfriends
    (b) most prostitutes enjoy sex with both their "johns" and their husbands and boyfriends
    (c) most prostitutes are not turned on by their clients but can enjoy sex with husbands and boyfriends
    (d) most prostitutes are really lesbians, who hate men

23. Which of the following statements is accurate?
    (a) three out of four men come within two minutes of entering a woman
    (b) three out of four men come between two and four minutes after entering a woman
    (c) three out of four men come more than four minutes after entering a woman

24. The percentage of men who have had at least one sexual contact with an animal (bestiality) is
    (a) 3 percent
    (b) 8 percent
    (c) 15 percent

25. The percentage of women who have had at least one sexual contact with an animal is
    (a) 3 percent
    (b) 8 percent
    (c) 15 percent

ANSWERS

According to current sexual research, these are the correct answers:

1. a	6. b	11. a	16. b	21. b
2. b	7. a	12. b	17. b	22. c
3. c	8. a	13. b	18. a	23. a
4. b	9. b	14. a	19. b	24. b
5. b	10. d	15. b	20. a	25. a

SCORING

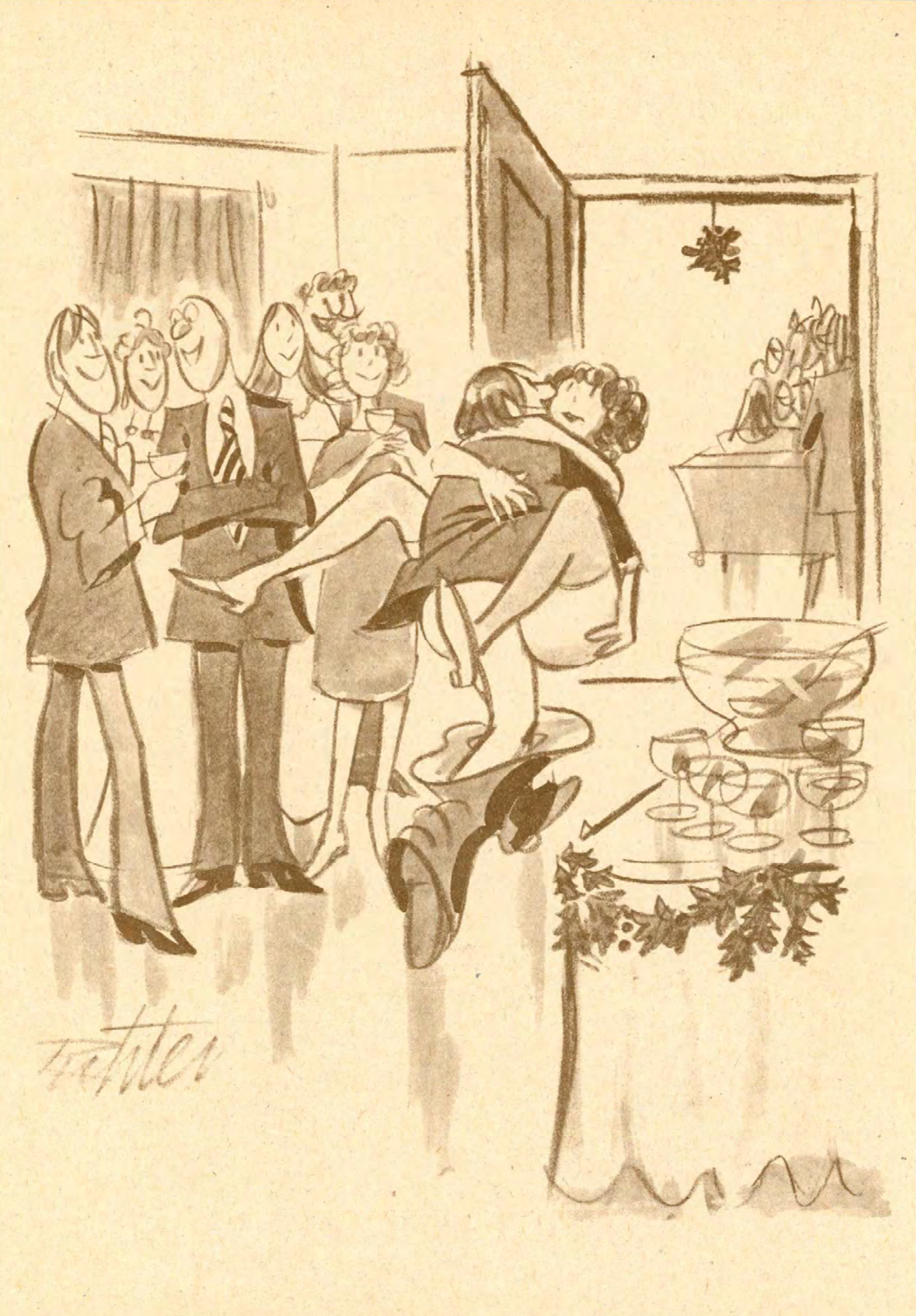
Give yourself four points for each correct answer.

If you scored 88–100 points:
You are an erotic overachiever. If they gave out Nobel Prizes for sex smarts, you'd be right there at the head of the line. The thoroughness of your sexual knowledge probably makes you a good lover. Anyone who so completely understands both his own sexuality and that of women is likely to be a first-class bedmate. Sexual knowledge alone, of course, won't ensure success with women, but it doesn't hurt either.

60–84 points:
You have an above-average understanding of sexual matters. You have some gaps, but on the whole you grasp firmly how the erotic life of men and women works. As with men in the category above, you are likely to be a highly effective sexual partner. However, you have some blind spots that occasionally foul up your sexual activities. Your sexual encounters may run hot and cold: you may have successes in one instance and abysmal bombs in the next. Your approach to sex may be too firmly entrenched. You may feel that what works well with one woman should work with every woman. And that ain't necessarily so.

32–56 points:
Like a lot of men, you walk around with a jumble of sexual fact and fiction in your head. And like many men who were raised on the macho standards of the past, you could probably profit from a good, thorough sex education course. You are apt to be an inept lover. This doesn't mean that you are necessarily unsuccessful at getting women into bed, but you may be leaving a lot of them unsatisfied. It's likely that you have a narrow view of sex and that you are unwilling or unable to broaden your perspective enough to cope with the desires and demands of today's woman. A very "traditional" woman, who still believes that sex is a woman's burden, might be your most comfortable companion, since she won't make demands that tax your limited sexual understanding.

0–28 points:
You are a sexual illiterate. It's hard even to imagine what goes on when you get into bed with a woman. Any woman who has had sex with you has probably been offended by your oafishness. You can't blame her either, since it's rare these days to run into someone with such a primitive view of sex. You probably still believe that babies are delivered by storks and that the clap comes from sitting on dirty toilet seats. Oddly enough, you may have considerable success in attracting women. Simplistic bullheadedness seems to act as an aphrodisiac on some women. They are attracted to klutzes. They like to mother them. Here's hoping you find someone like that.



"Boy! This is the one I've got to see. They didn't even get to the mistletoe yet!"

FOOTBOLS FEVER!

BOLS
FOOTBOLS
BOLS LIQUEURS & BRANDIES
BOLS LIQUEURS & BRANDIES

Bols liqueurs and brandies turn a tailgate party into a "Tailgreat Party"!

Next time the tailgate gang gets together, turn on the style and bring out the Bols! Bols liqueurs and flavored brandies can be used to make dozens of deliciously exciting drinks! Catch FootBols Fever and serve Bols at your next tailgate party. It's a great way to score extra points with your guests!

Bols liqueurs and brandies... since 1575.

Kickoff The Tailgate Season With This SuperBols Offer.

☐ Bols Knit Hat (Blue)	$ 3.95	Amt ____
☐ Bols T-Shirt (Brown) M _ L _ XL _	4.95	Amt ____
☐ Bols Stadium Blanket (Blue) and Carrying Case	19.95	Amt ____
☐ Bols Tailgate Tote (Off White) ...	7.95	Amt ____
		Total $ ____

SEND TO:

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________ Zip ________

Make check/money order payable to FootBols Offer. New Jersey residents add 6% sales tax. Price includes postage and handling. Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Offer good for limited time only while supply lasts. Offer void in KY and all other states where prohibited by law. Mail to FootBols Offer, P.O. Box 6787, Bridgewater, NJ 08807.

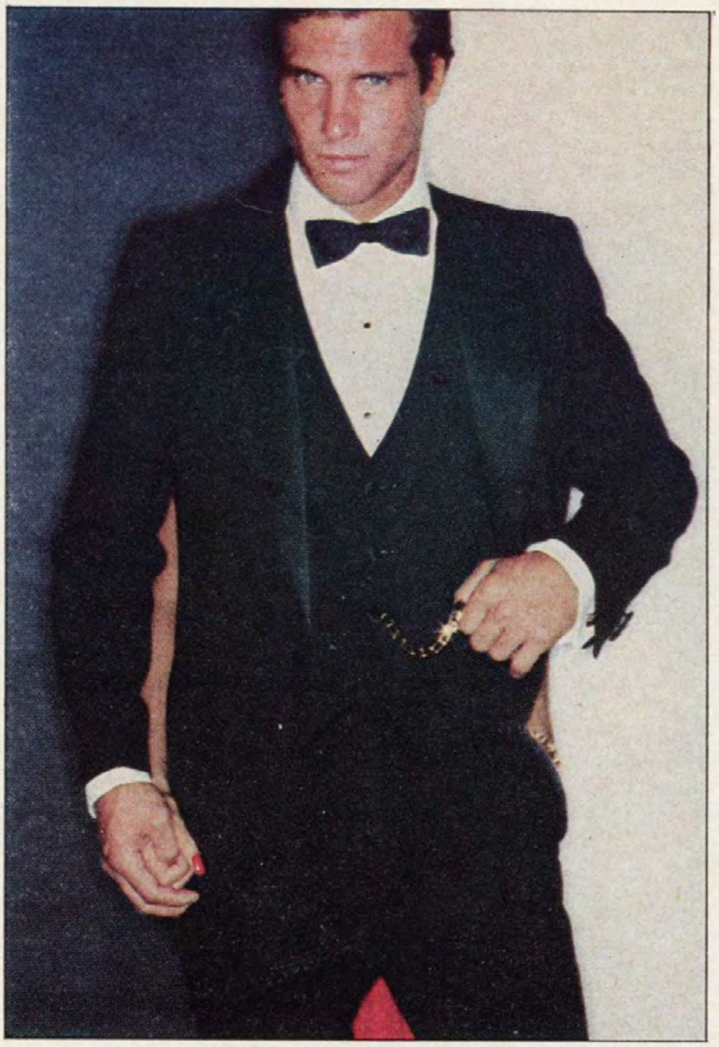
BOLS®
LIQUEURS & BRANDIES
SINCE 1575

Enjoy more than 30 BOLS liqueurs and brandies 30-78 proof. Produced and bottled in the U.S.A. under personal supervision of the Amsterdam Directors. Erven Lucas Bols Distilling Company, Louisville, KY.

Clothes make the man, and dinner jackets the gentleman.

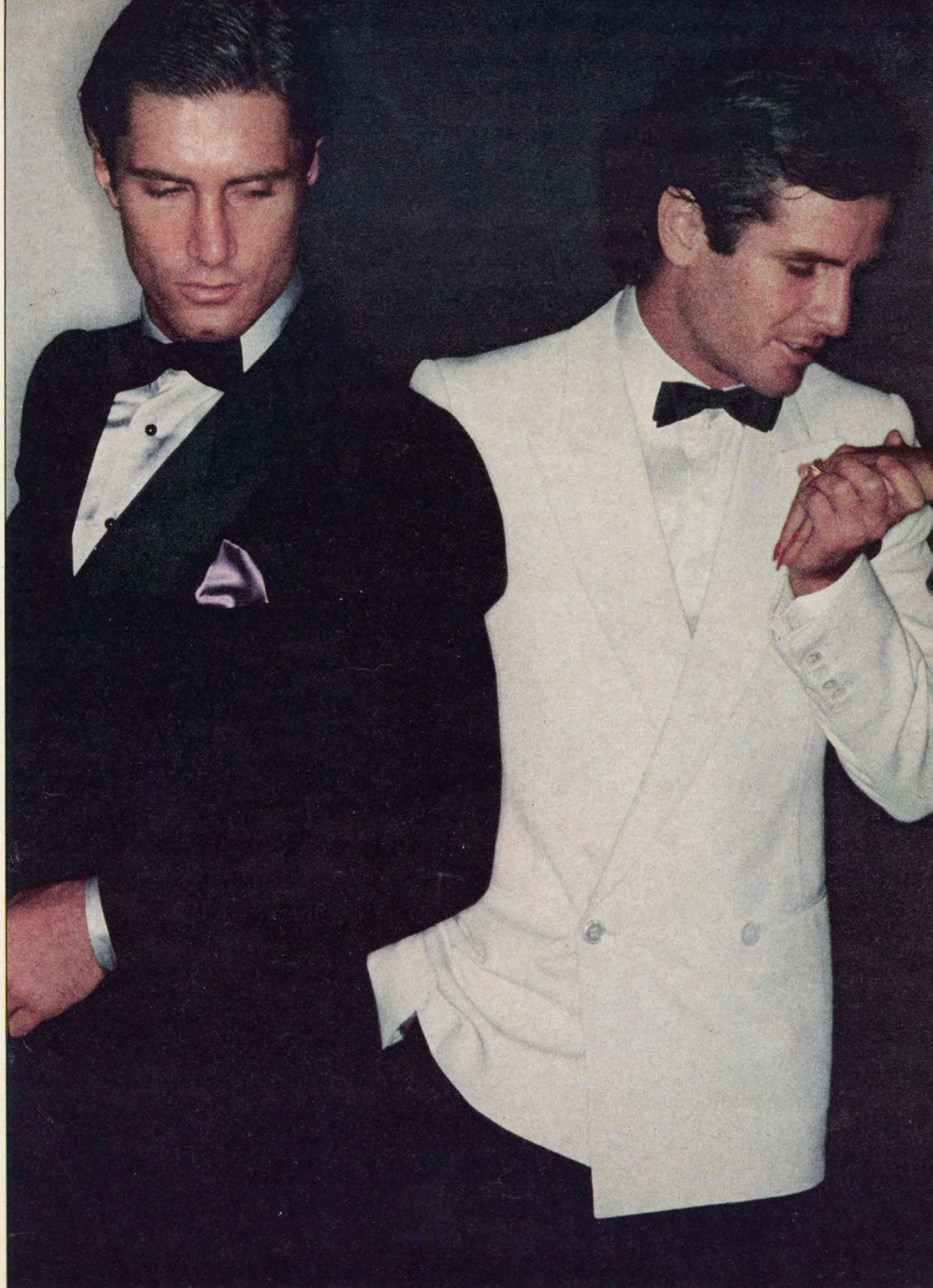
Nights in Black Satin

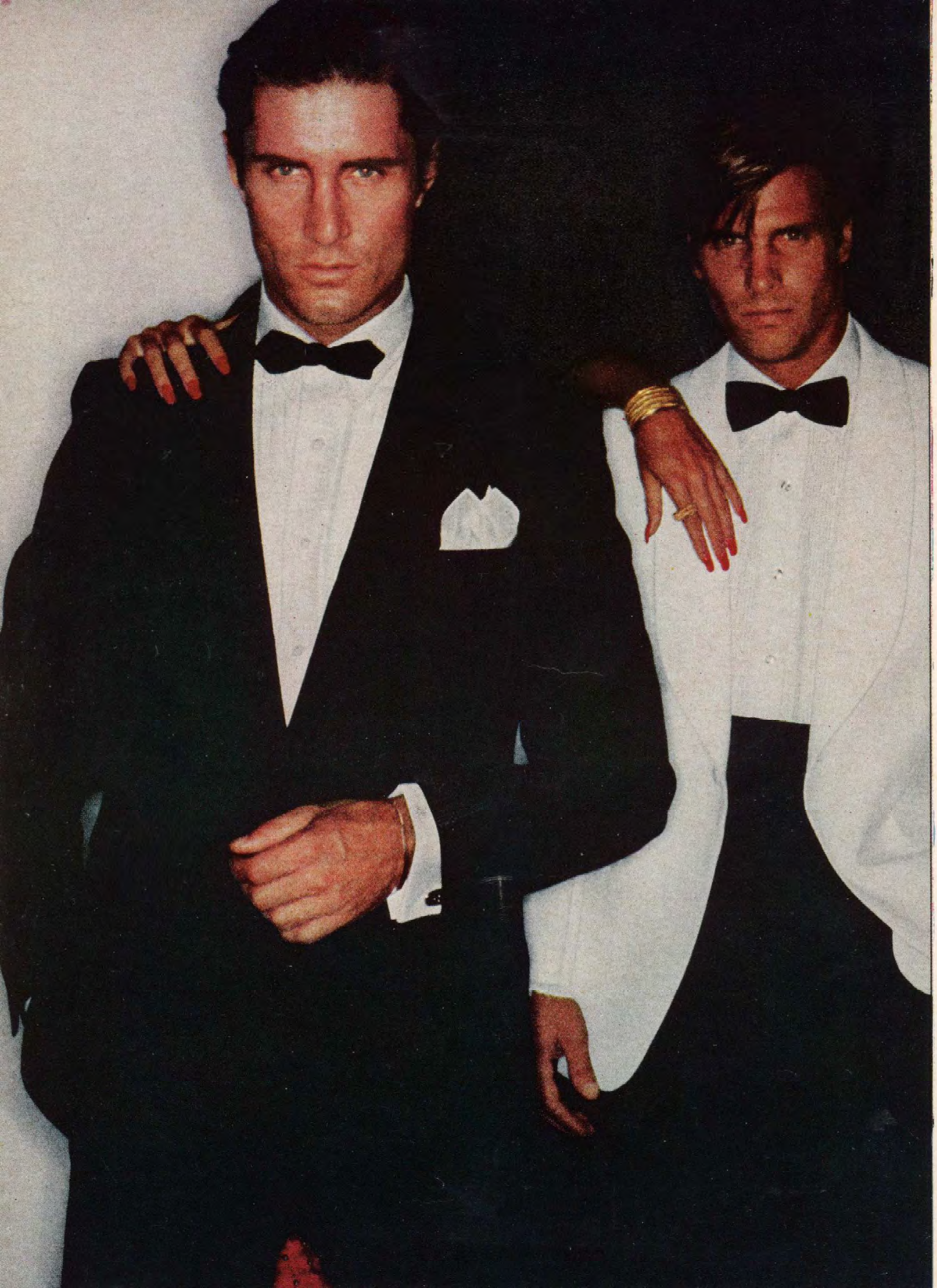
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY SILANO

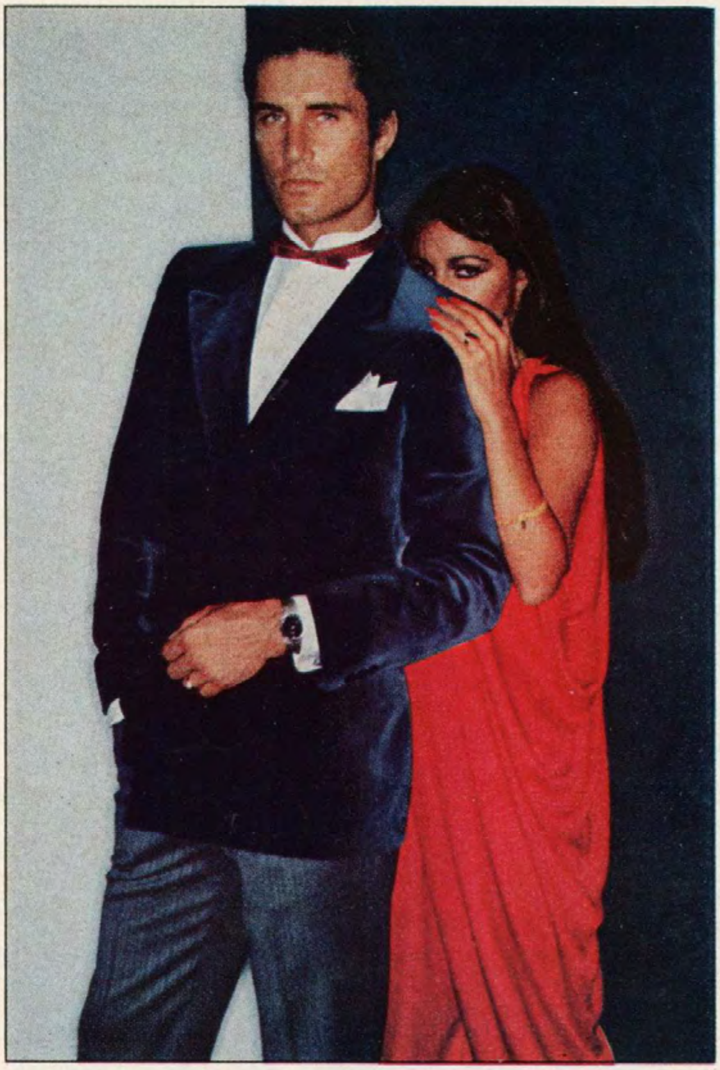


The only certainties in life are death and tuxes. There will undoubtedly be at least one occasion when you'll find it necessary to put on a dinner jacket. If the thought of wearing the traditional "monkey suit" makes you break out in a cold sweat, picture yourself as Cary Grant or Clark Gable but remember that even Wally Cox would look good in black tie. If your own sense of style would be restricted by the conventional tux, black tie worn with a white dinner jacket or a white leather suit is both appropriate and fashionable. And while the classic black-and-white combinations will be seen at most of the formal events of the season, fashion-setters will be stretching the definition of "black tie only" by showing up at even the chicest parties dressed in satin disco dinner jackets and full baggy pants. So don't shy away from formal wear simply because you feel it's too boring or stifling—black tie is only what you make it.

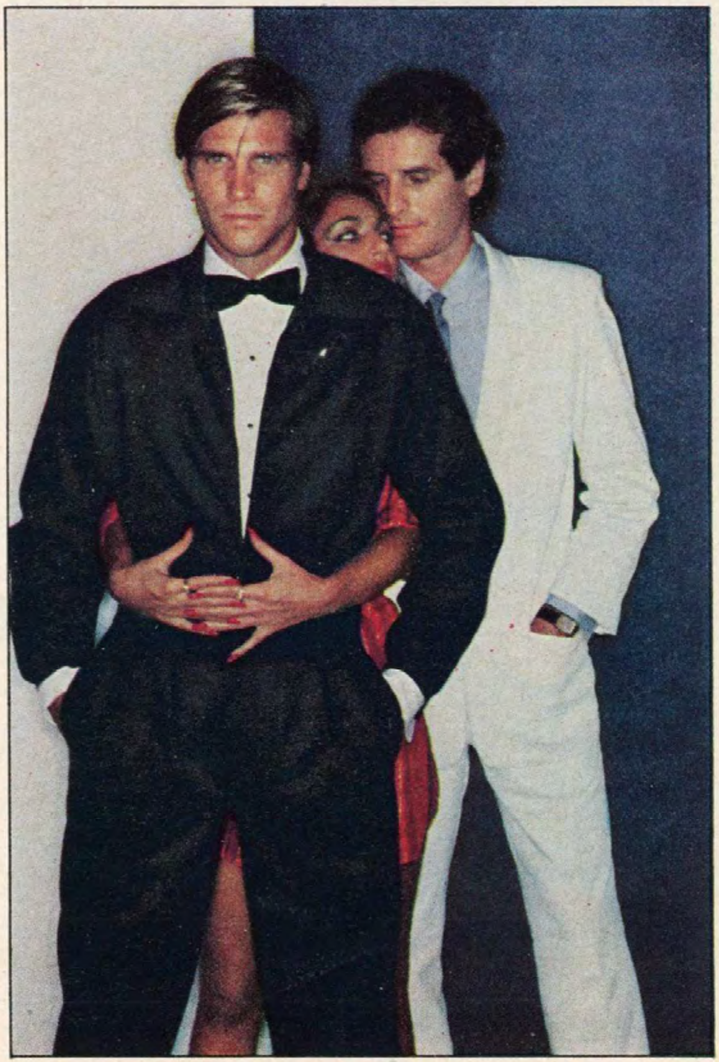
(above) Traditional elegance is exemplified by this all-wool three-piece suit ($325) by Adolfo for Leon of Paris. The cotton pleated shirt and silk bow by Evan Picone. His 14-karat gold chain by Superior Chain Co.; 14-karat gold cuff links by Beth Moskowitz. Her 18-karat gold-and-platinum bracelet with diamonds designed by Oscar Heyman & Bros., Inc. (opposite page, left) The all-wool suit with vest and satin peaked lapels ($495) is by Emanuel Ungaro for William B. Kessler. The silk shirt is by Altamoda. (right) The wool jacket ($700), which is worn with wool pants ($280), an all-silk shirt ($180), and silk bow ($25), by Piero Dimitri for Dimitri Couture. Her gold ring by Skalet Mfg. Co.







The dacron-and-wool formal outfit (opposite page, left) ($275) is by Bill Blass for After Six. His cuff links with diamonds by Ester Gallant; 14-karat gold bracelet by Superior Chain Co. The polyester-gabardine dinner jacket ($120) with pleated satin cummerbund (approx. $30) and cotton-and-polyester shirt, wool trousers, and silk bow are all by Palm Beach Formals. Her 14-karat gold bracelet and ring are by Lorraine Licciardello. This season velvet will be seen in the ballroom. (above) This velvet double-breasted jacket ($260), which is worn with striped wool trousers ($125), ribbed cotton wing-collar shirt ($75), satin bow ($15), and a silk pocket square ($10), is by Tiger of Sweden by Gil Truedsson. Yellow gold quartz watch by Longines; his 14-karat gold ring by Jonte; 14-karat gold cuff links by Frances Welles. Her 14-karat gold ring by Skalet Mfg. Co.; 24-karat gold bullion bracelet by Deak-Perera.



Nighttime is the right time to demonstrate your style and wit. (above) This zip-front jumpsuit ($130) and silk pleated cummerbund ($50) by Derek for Camouflage express the black-tie style. The gun metal disc pin ($60) is Artwear by Robert Lee Morris; the pleated formal shirt is by Evan Picone. The soft leather shawl-collared suit (jacket, $400; trousers, $350), worn with straight silk tie and silk shirt, is by Gianni Versace Design. His watch by Bulova. Her 18-karat gold-and-platinum ring with diamonds by Oscar Heyman & Bros., Inc.; the other 18-karat gold-and-platinum ring with diamonds by Suna Bros., Inc. (opposite page) Both short silk evening jackets are worn with full silk evening pants with rolled pleated fronts (each ensemble, $600) and are by Larry LeGaspi for Camouflage. All-cotton wing-collared shirt by Ungaro Hommes; both silk bows by After Six. Her 14-karat gold ring by Lorraine Licciardello.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 210.

PENTHOUSE Fashion Finder

For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 204–209, contact these manufacturers.

PIERO DIMITRI for DIMITRI COUTURE
142 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10011 (212) 929-0490

Ultimo, Chicago, Ill.
Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco, Calif.
Julius, Cleveland, Ohio
Mr. Guy, Beverly Hills, Calif.

CAMOUFLAGE
141 Eighth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10011 (212) 741-9118

GIANNI VERSACE DESIGN
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 246-1217

Charivari, New York, New York
Rubenstein Bros., New York, New York

TIGER of SWEDEN by GIL TRUEDSSON
545 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 751-4308

Designers, Kensington, Md.
Gatsby's, Chicago, Ill.
The Clothier, Phoenix, Ariz.

EMANUEL UNGARO for WM. B. KESSLER
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10104 (212) 581-1730

Barney's, New York, New York
Morry's, Chicago, Ill.
Lee Newman, Philadelphia, Pa.
James Ltd., Washington, D.C.

BILL BLASS for AFTER SIX
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 765-2400

Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.
Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, New York
Barney's, New York, New York
Garfinkel's, Washington, D.C.
Sakowitz, Houston, Tex.

PALM BEACH FORMALS
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 581-7520

Jack & Company, New York, New York
Lordae, New York, New York
Harold's, New Haven, Conn.
V.I.P., Massapequa, N.Y.

ADOLFO for LEON of PARIS
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 765-8100

Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, New York
Bloomingdale's, New York, New York
Syd Jerome, Chicago, Ill.

For accessories, please contact:

ESTHER GALLANT
20 West Forty-seventh Street
New York, N.Y. 10036 (212) 221-3824 or –0466

DIAMOND INFORMATION CENTER
1345 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 974-3105

GOLD INFORMATION CENTER
645 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-0005

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

ing of acupuncture, and I trust you will publish it.—*Joseph S. Burstein, Certified and qualified acupuncturist, North American Acupuncture Association (Florida state representative), Miami, Fla.*

Bill Lee replies:

Since we're on the subject of acupuncture, I'll answer you point by point.

Point One: Anesthetic? I'm from the "wake me when it's over" school of medicine. I don't need the follow-up nightmares that come from having a front-row seat at your own operation.

Point Two: Electricity? The only time I enjoy plugging into something is when I'm playing a little-known party game called "hide the pickle."

Point Three: Spreading hepatitis? No contest. They simply do not sterilize properly, and you know it.

Point Four: Scoffing? *How dare you accuse me of scoffing! I've never been so insulted in all my born days. I was satirizing; there is a difference, you know.*

Point Five: Cost? The Chinese call it "the people's medicine" and favor it because of its low cost as a tool of medicine. I'd be interested to know how much money you and your colleagues (sans medical degrees) are removing from the public for this "cheap service."

Music man

Robert Spitz's article on digital recording, "Static Free" (August 1980), was very informative, detailing the advantages vis-à-vis conventional taping. *However*, Mr. Spitz really stepped out of line when he said that "digital sound, not Bruce Springsteen, is the future of rock 'n' roll." I would kindly suggest that Mr. Spitz insert his article betwixt two slices of his favorite whole wheat and pin it to the wall, where he can get to it easily after "The Boss" lays the country to waste and leaves them on their knees, begging for more, in the wake of his next tour. Digital sound may very well be the future of *recording*, but Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band are the hottest rock 'n' roll act ever to hit this country.—*Richard Hodgin, Simpsonville, S.C.*

They need you

I would like to congratulate D. McBride and the officer in Germany who had enough guts to stand up to our young people in their letters that were published in the September 1980 "Feedback" column. Both of these letters were written in reference to Tony Scaduto's article "Stop the Draft" (April 1980).

I am a 19-year-old female, prior service A7, and currently an A7 wife stationed in Germany. I think it's time for someone my age to tell my generation to grow up! Too many times in the ten months of my service career I heard this statement: "I'm only here because I can slide along for four years and get paid for it. But if war breaks out, hey, I'm gone." It makes me extremely sick inside to think that my generation doesn't really give a damn about our national defense. They selfishly think only of themselves.

I was very young when the Vietnam War was in progress. As is true of many families, we lost a loved one to that war. The scars will last a very long time—not just for my family, but for the country as a whole. But I think it's about time that American society stopped pampering the youth of our nation and told them to get off their lazy asses. Instead of griping about our government's requiring them to register for the draft, they should be eager to do anything they can to prevent another mistake like Vietnam. The next one might be the last.—*K. A. Wiberg, Hahn A.B., Germany*

Ernest Volkman's article "Unready and Willing" brought to my mind another cause of military inadequacy—the inaction of Congress. It is evident that the Pentagon officials are not the only people whose main concern is to "cover their ass." If the members of Congress did a little less covering and a little more responsible decision-making, our much-weakened military system might then show some signs of revitalization.—*J. C. Gale, Green Bay, Wis.*

A SPECIAL LETTER OF THANKS

As many of our readers are aware, the Penthouse Pets Softball Team traveled quite extensively across America this summer, challenging various all-star media teams to "battle of the sexes" softball games in baseball major-league stadiums. All proceeds collected have gone toward the Muscular Dystrophy Association.

In conjunction with this, many companies have quite unselfishly given their support to us by allowing us to use their services, and it is in this regard that *Penthouse* would like to thank sincerely the following companies: Flexatard, Adidas, Alpha Travel, M.F.D. Enterprises, and P.K. Smith Limousine Service in New York (212) 247-0711.

We would also like to take this opportunity to thank the entire crews of Eastern Airlines for being so supportive of the Pets' charitable endeavors, and we hope that the "Wings of the East" will join us again next year!

Lastly, we would like to express our appreciation to the Atlanta Braves, Houston Astros, Oakland A's, Philadelphia Phillies, New York Mets, Portland Beavers, Albuquerque Dukes, Tacoma Tigers, El Paso Diablos, Tucson Toros, and to WNEW radio in New York for allowing us to participate in its "family entertainment" promotional events.

Penthouse Pets Softball Team
Los Angeles Office

Technics direct-drive.
The turntable 73 of the
top 100 radio stations use.
Technics Quartz
Direct Drive Automatic Turntable System
SL-1600MK2
start•stop

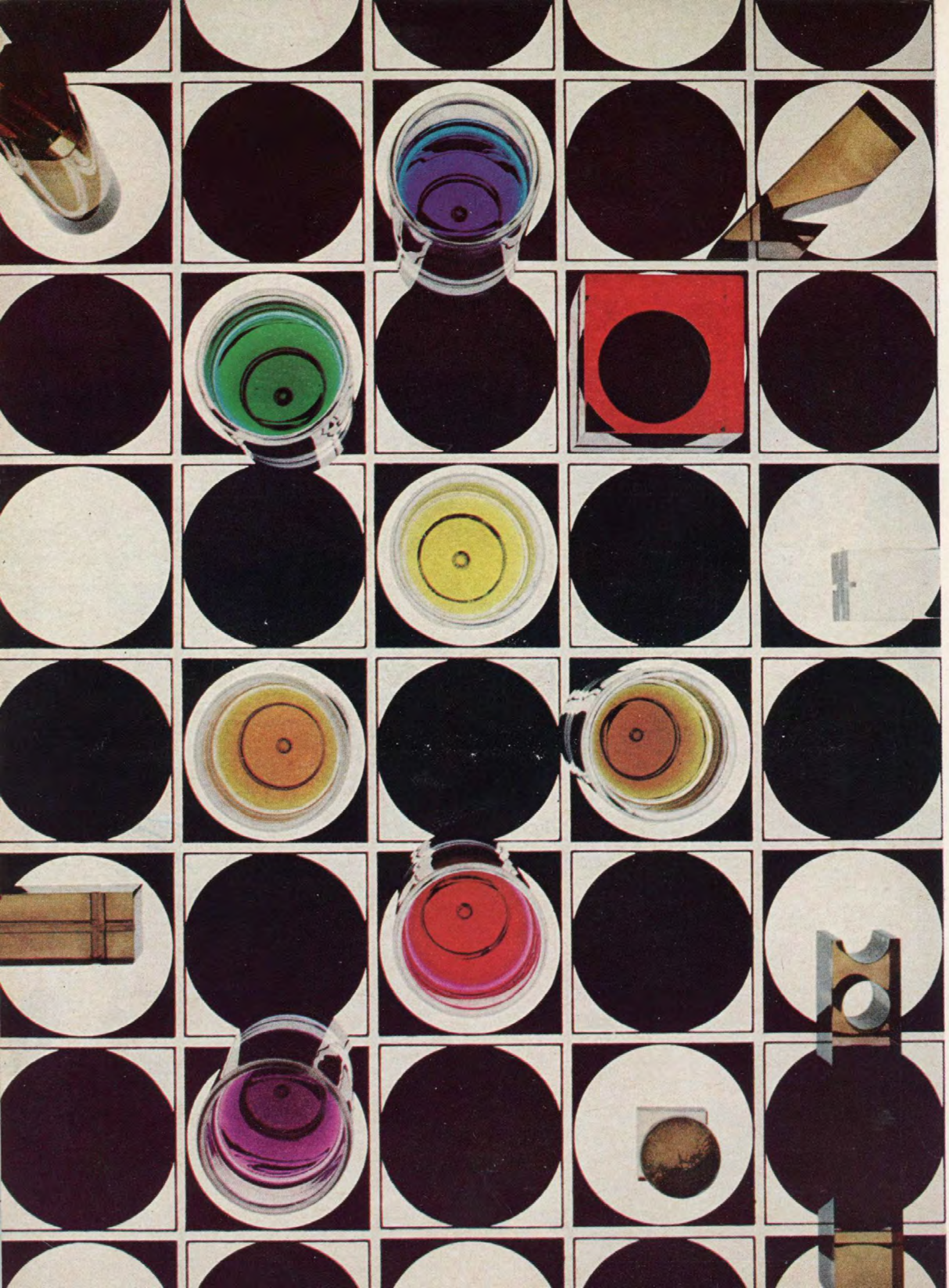
Performance and reliability. That's why 73 of the top 100 radio stations that use turntables use Technics direct-drive turntables. In fact, of those stations surveyed by Opinion Research Corporation, Technics was chosen 6 to 1 over our nearest competitor.

Why did station engineers choose Technics direct drive: "Low rumble"—as low as −78 dB. "Fast start"—as fast as 0.7 sec. "Wow and flutter"—as low as 0.025%. "Direct drive and constant speed"—as constant as 99.998%. Perhaps one engineer said it best when he described Technics direct drive as the "latest state of the art."

But Technics state of the art goes beyond performance. Station engineers also depend on Technics direct-drive turntables because of "reliability and past experience" as well as "quality and durability." In fact, the most listened to classical music station, WQXR in New York, has depended on Technics direct-drive turntables since 1972.

You'll choose Technics direct-drive turntables for the same performance and reliability that's made Technics the turntable top radio stations use. And there are eleven Technics direct-drive turntables from manuals, to semi-automatics, to fully automatics, to changers. Starting at $125 to $600 (Technics suggested retail prices). So listen to Technics and hear the Science of Sound.

Technics
The science of sound



If you are bored with traditional after-dinner drinks, you might try a Roman Snowball or a Between-the-Sheets.

A CORDIAL INVITATION

BY MICHAEL VERMEULEN

Fundamentally, liqueurs are nothing more than alcoholic liquids fortified with sweeteners, usually a sugar syrup, and flavored with such ingredients as herbs, seeds, and fruits, sometimes in mind-numbingly complex combinations. At Her Majesty's Custom House in Britain, liqueurs are matter-of-factly classified as "sweetened spirits," as if there were nothing more to it. In fact, crude liqueurs can easily be made at home. But the science is also an art, and some of the world's important liqueurs rank among the greatest potions of all time.

According to some references, cordials differ from liqueurs in that the former are flavored exclusively with the essences of fruit juices, peels, or pulps. Today, however, the two terms are used so interchangeably that they have become virtually synonymous. A greater difference separates liqueurs from fruit brandies like Normandy's calvados and Yugoslavia's slivovitz. Fruit brandies, or at least those correctly labeled as such, are distilled directly from fruits, in the same way that wine is composed of grapes and whiskey of corn. Liqueurs, on the other hand, begin with an alcoholic base of some sort, say, brandy or Scotch or another distilled liquid, to which flavors and sweeteners are added by artificial means.

Most liqueurs are produced by roughly the same process. The flavoring ingredients—which may include aniseed, caraway seed, ginger, cinchona bark, peach kernels, orange rinds, coffee, vanilla, rosemary, sage, thyme, peppermint, sassafras, quince juice, myrrh, even gold—are steeped in alcohol, for varying lengths of time, until the spirit is impregnated with flavor. Sometimes the flavoring agent or agents are tied up in a muslin bag and suspended in a vat (maceration), or the alcohol may be repeatedly filtered through the flavorings (infusion). Frequently the resulting liquid is then distilled again to eliminate impurities. Then it is sweetened with syrups, glucose, even honey. This last step is crucial, for the matching of flavor with sweetness, as much as the blending of flavors themselves, determines whether the liqueur is a cloying abomination or a sublime potion.

Photograph by Pete Turner

The history of liqueurs is fascinating but bottomless. No one knows who began their manufacture or precisely when. Hippocrates wrote of the distillation of aromatic herbs and plants about 400 B.C. The Arabs experimented with such spirits in 900 A.D. In the Middle Ages distillation passed into the hands of the church, and indeed most of the truly great liqueurs can be traced back to one monastery or another, where the monks dabbled in chemistry and medicine and mixed alcohol with roots, bark, and leaves for medicinal purposes. With these elixirs the monks broke fevers, warded off fatigue, and dispatched stomachaches (even today caraway seed liqueurs are often given to infants to cure gripe). Cordials, from the Latin *cor*, or "heart," were so named because they were originally thought to be heart stimulants. In France liqueurs are still referred to as "digestives" because the peppery ingredients in many of them stimulate digestive juices and impart that wonderful "warm" feeling in the throat and stomach.

One early practitioner of distilling art, Arnaud de Villeneuve, a Spanish-born chemist of the thirteenth century, found that his liqueurs had a significant effect—albeit indirectly—on his own health and well-being. Arnaud and his scientific ideas ran afoul of the Inquisition, but he was ultimately spared from the third degree by none other than the pope. Some years earlier the chemist had treated the Holy Father with one of his liqueurs, a potion made from spirits and herbs and flecked with tiny bits of gold (then thought to be a cure-all). Miraculously, the pontiff's health improved, his life was saved, and so, later, was Arnaud's. (Today, Danzig Goldwasser—gold water from Danzig—is still a popular European liqueur, with caraway for digestion, anise for taste, and gold flakes for a variety of unnamed ailments, not to speak of snob appeal.)

Benedictine D.O.M. is another liqueur with a story. Discovered by Dom Bernardo Vincelli, a monk at the abbey at Fécamp, in 1510, this unusual drink was designed to revive monks who tired during their long days of meditation and chores and to fend off malarial diseases. In 1534, Francis I, king of France, visited the abbey and praised the liqueur. During the French Revolution, the abbey was destroyed and the order dispersed. The secret formula, which includes over 30 herbs, fine cognac, honey, sugar, and, until recently, China tea, went into the possession of the abbey's procurator fiscal and some 70 years later fell into the hands of Alexandre le Grand, a wine merchant and descendant of the original trustee. After a series of experiments, le Grand duplicated the recipe and resurrected the liqueur, and it has been a thriving business ever since. In memory of its religious origins, each bottle is labeled "D.O.M."—not for "divine order of monks," as is popularly believed, but for *Deo Optimo Maximo*, "To God, Most Good, Most Great." Not long ago the company discovered that many customers mixed Benedictine with brandy to produce a drier liqueur—so many, in fact, that they now market a very prosperous B and B, D.O.M.—Benedictine and brandy.

For sheer complexity and potent effect, however, all liqueurs pale next to the two Chartreuses, green and yellow, which require 130 herbs in a brandy base and which weigh in at 110 proof for the green and 86 for the yellow, both of them over 50 percent alcohol. The recipe has no fixed birth date, but it was given by the Maréchal d'Estrées to the Carthusian order at the Convent of the Great Chartreuse, near Grenoble, in 1607. In 1848 a group of 30 officers in the Army of the Alps was quartered with the order, then in Voiron, and tasted the liqueur after dinner. They were stunned, probably literally as well as figuratively. "It needs only to be made known," they reportedly said, "and we will see that it gets the publicity it deserves." They did; by 1860 demand proved so great that a separate distillery was built at Fourvoirie, five miles away. Both Chartreuses are acquired tastes but well worth the acquiring. Aficionados, though, always order green and disdain yellow, which is sweeter and weaker—and they never *ever* mix it or drink it on the rocks.

France is home to many other outstanding liqueurs, most notably those orange-flavored wonders, Grand Marnier and Cointreau, made from the peels of bitter Curaçao oranges, and Mandarine Napoleon, from tangerines. Yet other countries have made equally significant contributions to the science of after-dinner imbibation. Drambuie, a Scottish liqueur based on Scotch and honey, is still made from the private recipe of Bonnie Prince Charlie; another interesting Scottish libation is Lochan Ora, like Drambuie but with a touch of orange. Their counterpart across the Irish Sea is Irish Mist, again with honey but less dry, thanks to its Irish whiskey base. The Greeks favor the potent Metaxa, a brandylike liqueur, for their after-dinner sipping. From Italy come flowery Galliano; Sambuca Romana, with its taste of anise; Amaretto di Sarona, a pleasant almond liqueur; and the less well-known but delicious Tuaca Demi-Sec, a citrusy brandy-based liqueur. Northern Europe provides various liqueurs to mirror its fabulous sweets and chocolates: Peter Heering (cherry, of course), Cheri Suisse (chocolate and cherry), and Vandermint (chocolate and mint), to name only a few. Another nice chocolate liqueur, only drier and with an orangish tang, is Sabra, a product of Israel. Then there are the coffee-flavored competitors, Mexico's Kahlúa and Kamora and Jamaica's Tia Maria, all of which are quite good—but don't expect one to admit it about the other. Also from Mexico is the unusual Cuervo Almondrado, a mixture of tequila and amaretto. And Japan has created a liqueur with the flavor of honeydew melon, called Midori.

Traditionally, North America has abstained from liqueur innovation, opting instead to reproduce well-known drinks pioneered elsewhere: crème de menthe, crème de cacao, anisette, kümmel (caraway), and others. Among the more reliable labels are Arrow, Hiram Walker, Leroux, Regnier, and Garnier (imported cordial labels widely distributed in the U.S. are Bols and Marie Brizard). Until recently, only Southern Comfort ranked as a truly original American liqueur. Now Wild Turkey has come up with its own liqueur, with its famous bourbon as a base. Yukon Jack is a 100 proof liqueur made with Canadian whiskey. Other American cordials include Boggs Cranberry Liqueur and the caramel-and-walnut Praline. While other fruity concoctions have not garnered much critical approval, they apparently have their markets. Any enterprising activity in the domain of new liqueurs is good, for as the monks learned, it is out of experimentation that great discoveries are born.

Gourmets have never been shy about pouring liqueurs into their cuisine; Grand Marnier makes sumptuous cakes and soufflés, and anisette is a breathtaking addition to potato soups. Likewise, bartenders have used sleight of hand with liqueurs since Prohibition, when cordials took the edge off harsh bootleg whiskey or were disguised in a cup of black coffee.

In anticipation of the holidays, here are some of *Penthouse*'s preferred recipes for special liqueur drinks:

Rhett Butler

1½ ounces Southern Comfort
2 teaspoons lime juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon Cointreau
1½ teaspoons confectioner's sugar
3 ice cubes

Combine all ingredients in shaker and shake until sugar is dissolved. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Serves one.

Between-the-Sheets

1 ounce brandy
1 ounce Cointreau
1 ounce light rum
½ ounce lemon juice
3 ice cubes

Shake all ingredients and strain into chilled cocktail glass. Serves one.

Grasshopper

1 ounce green crème de menthe
1 ounce white crème de cacao
1 ounce light cream
½ cup crushed ice

Shake all ingredients vigorously and strain into chilled saucer (champagne) glass. Serves one. (Blender method: Whirl all ingredients briefly in blender and pour directly into chilled cocktail glass.)

Mexican Grasshopper: Substitute Kahlúa or Tia Maria for the crème de cacao.

Benedictine Cocktail

lemon juice
sugar
maraschino cherry
2 ice cubes
3 ounces Benedictine
dash Angostura bitters

Dip rim of chilled cocktail glass in lemon juice, then in sugar to coat. Place cherry in glass. Shake Benedictine, bitters, and ice in cocktail shaker, strain, and pour into glass. Serves one.

Red Lion

2 ounces Grand Marnier
1 ounce gin
1 tablespoon orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
3 ice cubes
twist of lemon peel

Shake all ingredients (except lemon peel) and strain into chilled cocktail glass. Drop in lemon peel. Serves one.

Rusty Nail

1½ ounces Drambuie
1½ ounces Scotch
2 ice cubes

Stir all ingredients in old-fashioned glass and serve. Serves one.

Roman Snowball

crushed ice
Sambuca Romana
3 coffee beans

Fill eight-ounce wineglass half full of crushed ice. Pour in liqueur and top with coffee beans. (The beans can be sucked dry and chewed after they have absorbed the flavor of the liqueur.) Serves one.

White Russian

1 ounce crème de cacao
2 ounces vodka
1 tablespoon heavy cream
3 ice cubes

Shake ingredients together and strain into chilled cocktail glass. Serves one.

Black Russian: Substitute Kahlúa or Tia Maria for the crème de cacao and omit the heavy cream. Doesn't necessarily have to be strained.

Leroux & Brew.

Smooth and easy partners. Leroux Peppermint Schnapps and crisp chilled beer. The glow of the schnapps chased by the icy cold of the brew is smooth all the way, uniquely delicious. Discover the drink that's sweeping the country. And always ask for Leroux (rhymes with brew). Its great natural taste always comes through.

Once you've tasted Leroux, no other shot will do.

Leroux International Liqueurs

International Liqueurs
60 PROOF
LEROUX
PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS
Liqueur
PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY LEROUX & CO., RELAY, MD • 750 ML
LEROUX LIQUEURS ARE ALSO PRODUCED IN DENMARK, AUSTRIA, ITALY & FRANCE

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE141

in the course of the piece and you understand why he's the way he is.

Penthouse: Then why are you always playing heroes now?

Redford: I really don't like being tagged as a hero. My own heroes were very often outlaws, people whose intellect I respected regardless of whether they were on the right side or not. When I was a kid, I never really had any heroes. The only one I can remember was Ted Williams, because I wanted to be a baseball player. But that's all gone now. I don't think the country trusts a pure hero—I think we have a need to tear them down. But we also want them. It's pretty complicated.

Penthouse: How do you choose your roles?

Redford: Acting, to me, has always been a kind of therapy. The roles I chose were always reflections of my own personal feelings. In *The Chase*, I wanted to play the convict, Bubber Reeves, because I could personally relate to him, even though it was a smaller part. I remember hearing that it was a mistake. Well, look, it was a *better part!* Smaller but better. Even then I was defining my own feelings by not wanting to belong to groups. I've never been very comfortable in groups or clubs. I always sided with the outcast. And I guess that started to show up in the work.

But there's never been a role chosen for me. I've always been very selective, even in television. In *War Hunt*, my first film, I didn't like the part I was playing at all. I wanted to play the other role, the lead. But I did it because I liked the script. I liked the story. It raised a very interesting moral question. It said that in war we give psychopaths a home, and without the shield of war they're criminals. Then we put them in the streets or behind bars. But I didn't really enjoy making the film. I realized after that I wouldn't have any choice in roles in films unless I entered them with some kind of position. So I went back to the stage. I was in some very successful plays, and as a result I was able to reenter films in a higher place and be more selective.

Penthouse: Have you ever regretted turning down a particular role?

Redford: Not really. I've passed up a lot of films that have gone on to be very successful and probably would have been terrific for my career—*Kramer vs. Kramer*, *The Graduate*, *Love Story*—but I don't regret it at all. Even though they were good films and I respect the work done in them, they weren't right for me. *Kramer vs. Kramer* was a very pat commercial film that catered to audience emotions. But it never got beyond that, so I turned it down. I was too healthy in appearance to play the character that Mike Nichols wanted in *The Graduate*. And I could only play a character who opted *out* of the system, rather than one who couldn't get in. The other was *Love Story*, and that was just a jerky piece of shit that I wanted no part of.

Penthouse: Speaking of romantic fluff, what about *The Way We Were?*

Redford: I had turned it down because I thought it was overly sentimental and drippy. I also thought the politics in it was bullshit. It was knee-jerk liberalism and very arch. But there was some very good love-story writing, which read to me like an old-fashioned Hollywood movie. It played right into the best talents of the director, Sydney Pollack. He's really the only director around capable of making movies like that. He tried to talk me into doing it, and I said no, but to his credit he just hung in there and wouldn't leave me alone. When Ray Stark, the producer, said, "The hell with Redford. Get Ryan O'Neal!" Sydney answered, "No, Redford's got to play it." And he just badgered me until I finally gave in. He said, "Trust me. It's right for you. There are only two people who can be in this, and that's you and Streisand." And so I trusted him.

Penthouse: Which of your films is your favorite?

Redford: I guess *Jeremiah Johnson*. There was the wide-open country, shooting in the mountains right near Sundance, really pretty country. And it was the first *real* collaboration between me and Sydney Pollack. We just spent *hours* in the mountains and on horseback, agonizing and worrying, and finally just made the movie. It was one of those films that finally made itself, which is why it's so personal for me. There was a lot of silence. It almost took on mystical proportions. But we couldn't really define any of it until we got to the Cannes Film Festival.

I was totally shocked to sit next to Sydney at the press conference and hear these wonderful explanations of what the film was about. He spoke of the various levels—a naturalist code of ethics and so on. And I was saying, "Jesus, I don't remember any of that," and he said, "I know, but I have to say *something*, don't I?" That's the thing about Sydney and me. We both have the same background: lower-middle-class, not much education at all. We're able to cancel out on each other, call each other's bluff. We've become very good friends through our collaborations. First there was *This Property Is Condemned*, then *The Way We Were*, *Three Days of the Condor*, *The Electric Horseman*.

Penthouse: Would it be fair to say that you and Paul Newman were responsible for all those films made in the seventies in which two men are the leading actors instead of a man and a woman?

Redford: I never felt that way. I thought that buddy-buddy crap came from the critics exorcising themselves. There were certainly a *ton* of movies before *Butch Cassidy* that qualified as buddy-buddy stuff—Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, a ton of them—but it was only after *Butch Cassidy* was so successful that people started commenting on the idea of two males in roles that together had almost the same romantic quality of a male-female relation-

FRUEHAUF
Lights
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
Lights
RALEIGH
LOW TAR · GENUINE TOBACCO FLAVOR

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Take the road to flavor in a low tar cigarette.

The low 'tar' with genuine tobacco flavor.

© 1980 B&W T Co.

RALEIGH LIGHTS

VINTAGE
PENTHOUSE

SOLD OUT!

JANUARY 76

FEBRUARY 76

MARCH 76

APRIL 76

MAY 76

PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF
JUNE 76

JULY 76

AUGUST 76

SEPTEMBER 76

OCTOBER 76

PET OF THE YEAR
NOVEMBER 76

DECEMBER 76

All regular back issues $4.00 each.
Prices include postage and handling.
Send check or money order to:

PENTHOUSE BACK ISSUES
P.O. BOX 903
FARMINGDALE, N.Y. 11737

Offer void after June, 1981

ship. With *The Sting*, everybody wondered why Newman and Redford were wasting their time on each other. They said, "Why don't they find some women?" It amused me because, if you look at the film, we don't have *any* relationship. I didn't even know what the *plot* was. No idea. We used to joke about it. I'd say to Paul, "Do you know what this movie is about?" And he'd just shake his head. So there wasn't any of that. It was just a very clever film. I myself am not interested in going to see a buddy-buddy film. Basically, my preference is to explore the differences between men and women.

Penthouse: Are you opposed to films in which the female character is the star?

Redford: I'm quite happy that we are now at a stage where a woman can occupy a lead in a film and carry it. A few years ago, people thought that was impossible, and that a woman in an action film stopped the action. I thought that was really pretty poor thinking.

Penthouse: Do you think that romanticism in films has been sacrificed as a result of this? For instance, your affair with Jane Fonda in *The Electric Horseman* was on a pretty low flame.

Redford: It would have been so easy to have a lot of dramatic love scenes between Jane and me. In fact, there were two that were cut out of the film—they really didn't work. Only one remained. What *really* seemed to work was the difference between the two characters. It didn't need the graphic exploration.

But women are "in" now. You know, it's the big commercial thing, the big conscience that's governing the industry now. There are more and more parts for women, and I think that's good. But finally what works on the screen is what matters. In *Brubaker* I think it is significant that a man and a woman battle each other over their ideological differences, rather than have two men do this. I think it made for a fuller, richer picture.

Penthouse: Do you agree with the people who think that you and Jane Fonda inject your political views into your films?

Redford: Well, take *The Electric Horseman*. Jane and I were in that, and I think a lot of people were expecting something pretty heavy. The truth is, the intention behind the film was much simpler. We tried to make a film that really celebrated the human spirit. We wanted to show that one person could take control of his life and do something with it. Which is the opposite of the current mood in films today, which is one of cynicism and pessimism. The film business tends to reflect the times we're living in, and there's something in the air that says there's no hope. I would like to think that there *is* hope.

But as far as politics are concerned, I think it's a matter of personal conviction. Like I said, film has been my therapy. I define myself in my work. And it's a redefining process all the time. My way of responding to political frustrations—to this feeling of being controlled by forces that we have no say about—has been to make pictures that are *against* that. But the first obligation is to entertain. As for my principles and convictions, I think the best thing is to incorporate them into my work. The object is to try and get as many people to listen as possible. To entertain and inform at the same time—that's the big challenge.

Penthouse: Then why did you turn down a role in *The China Syndrome*?

Redford: The initial script that I read was naked, antinuclear propaganda, and I felt it would do more damage to the cause than help it. I thought it would create a real backlash. I'd been kind of antinuclear for a long time, the last seven years. At first, it was rather unpopular and dangerous because the vested interests were so much in control. I remember getting a lot of hate mail after I had narrated a television film for "Nova." It was pretty heavy going.

Anyway, it became clear to me that the best way to deliver a political message in a film is to disguise it as entertainment. Some other people are more purist about it. They believe you should be committed to the full extent and make a radical film, and not compromise. I think that's fine. There are all kinds of ways to do it. But to return to *The China Syndrome*, what happened was that they did a very smart thing. I think Jane and Michael Douglas and James Bridges obviously had a lot to do with the decision to make it a thriller. So it succeeded where the original script didn't.

Penthouse: Isn't the Hollywood establishment opposed to political films?

Redford: Well, Hollywood is the same as any other place. It's ruled by the buck. If politics are in, you can make as many political films as you want. The attitude of the studios has been that people don't respond to political films. But with the success of *The Sting* and *Butch Cassidy*—which had no political content—I was able to do the films I wanted to do pretty much the way I wanted to make them. One of the things I'm proudest of with *All the President's Men* is that it was successful enough commercially to allow other people to take a chance, to make films like that. Why was it successful? Because it wasn't about Nixon or about the Republican party or the Democratic party. It was about journalism. And it was designed as a detective story. And that's why it worked.

Penthouse: Have you always been interested in politics?

Redford: Not at all. I was always pretty much apolitical as a kid. I grew up in California, and my view of politics was: it's the pits. It sounded like everyone was talking jingles and not talking to people. There was so much contradictory behavior in politicians I just felt I could never trust them.

I had an interesting experience involving Nixon. He was a senator from California when I was a kid. And I was about 13 years old, and I'd won an athletic award as part of a national celebration of Boy's Week. Nixon was at this ceremony, handing out awards. I'll never forget the impression I had of him. When he shook my hand and said a few words to me, it was almost chilling how hollow it was. I never forgot that, and it had a lot to do with my attitude about politics.

I still feel that to this day. I think it's just tiresome and boring to see these guys vacillating back and forth to get attention, to get favor. And to use false energy to suggest there's a strength there that doesn't exist. To hide a bland and empty interior.

Penthouse: So when did you become an activist?

Redford: It was back in 1970. The Utah Highway Department was going to put in a road in a canyon near my property. I got together with a group of people and fought them, and we won, legally and emotionally. That taught me that one person can matter and that activism does make a difference. One thing led to another, and I fell more and more into it.

Penthouse: Did you protest the Vietnam War?

Redford: Well, during the early stages of the war, I was quite ignorant about it. I was too busy making a living and developing my career. That was my main priority. In the rush of events in the sixties, I was against the war, but I didn't get involved.

Penthouse: How do you see the mood of the country now?

Redford: I don't know. I think people want some sense of root connection, some sense of tradition. People don't want to lose their heritage. They want to be patriotic but are confused as to what to be patriotic about. The various political institutions seem to be crumbling, though. The mood I sense is one of cynicism, which is a kind of death.

I really tend to get too involved these days and too angry and concerned about what's going on. So sometimes, when I work on a film, I have to shut myself off.

Penthouse: Have you ever thought of getting involved politically in the film industry?

Redford: No. The film industry contains all kinds of wrongs and excesses. Take the American Film Institute, for example. It has produced, certainly, a lot of positive things. Not as much as it *could* have, though. My problem with the AFI is that it's too socially oriented. It puts too much money into promoting itself, rather than developing new talent, which is what it's supposed to do. I think it's somewhat elitist to have such a big mansion in Beverly Hills and have all those parties. I just think it's a waste of money. They would create just as much publicity, get the same attention, if they produced more filmmakers, more projects.

But one thing I'm doing is starting a cultural institute. It'll be at Sundance. It's on a smaller scale than the AFI, of course, and it'll focus on helping independent, regional filmmakers. It'll offer facilities to

Actual Size

The World's Finest Miniature $20 Gold Piece

SOLID 22 KARAT GOLD ONLY $20.

An Official Gold Issue of The Columbia Mint, Washington, D.C. in Solid 22 Karat Gold

You have a rare opportunity to possess the world's first miniature $20.00 Gold Piece in solid 22 Karat Gold. This piece is minted in the same manner and contains the same fineness of pure gold (.900 fine) as the Saint-Gaudens $20.00 Gold Piece struck by the U.S. Mint in 1908. Each Gold Piece in pure .900 fine gold will be minted from hand-engraved dies capturing even the most delicate detail of the original Saint-Gaudens $20.00 Gold Piece. Individually minted to capture the full three-dimensional relief of this *the most beautiful of all U.S. coins.* Each brilliant pure gold miniature $20.00 Gold Piece is presented in a specially designed collector's case, accompanied by a serially numbered Certificate of Authenticity and a historical account of the Saint-Gaudens' gold coinage.

AVAILABLE FOR A LIMITED TIME!

This exquisitely minted solid 22 Karat Gold (.900 fine) Gold Piece is available exclusively from The Columbia Mint - one of America's private mints - Washington, D.C. The current special price for this Gold Piece is now $20. Due to the extreme fluctuations in the world market price of gold, this price can be guaranteed only until January 30, 1981. Therefore, you are urged to order yours now while the opportunity is before you.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

If for any reason you are not completely satisfied with your solid 22 Karat Gold (.900 fine) Gold Piece, you may return it within thirty (30) days for a full refund. There is a strict limit of five miniature Gold Pieces per order. However, you are reminded to act promptly to take advantage of the current special price of only $20. each as *this price can be guaranteed only until January 30, 1981.*

VALID ONLY UNTIL JANUARY 30, 1981

ORDER FORM

The Columbia Mint, Inc. 299
905 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

Please send me________(limit 5) solid 22 Karat Gold Miniature St. Gaudens Gold Piece(s) at $20. each plus $1. each for First Class postage and handling. Also send me________14 Kt. Gold Frame(s) at $15. each plus $1. each for postage and handling. If I am not satisfied I may return my order within 30 days for a full refund.

☐ I am enclosing my remittance for $________ or
☐ Charge $________ to my ☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge
☐ American Express

Card Number ________ Exp.________
Signature ________
Name ________
Address ________
City ________ State________ Zip________
©1980 The Columbia Mint
Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

Now Wear Your Miniature Gold Piece in a Solid 14 Kt. Gold Frame.

For faster service, credit card charge orders may call FREE 24 hours a day.

800-228-5000
In Nebraska 800-642-8777

make films, to edit them, and so on. I'm pretty excited about it. It should get going in the summer of '81.

Penthouse: Dustin Hoffman has said that in about ten years you'll be running for president against Warren Beatty.

Redford: I'm not interested in running for office of any kind, for a lot of reasons that are boring to go into. Mostly, it's because I just don't like it. I don't like the idea of myself in that role. But, on the other hand, as a citizen I feel differently about it. It's become a political catch-phrase. I think Reagan has spoiled that for all of us. Actors speak out, and suddenly we're running for something.

Penthouse: Would you support a candidate whom you believed in but who didn't stand a chance of winning?

Redford: I'm interested in anything that controls my life, any force that tends to overwhelm my own right as an individual. And I think the current election process, in which you're given a choice on one hand, and on the other hand a poll that shows that less than half the country supports that choice—what can you do about it? It's not a happy situation. I don't hold much for the argument "Well, they can't win anyway, so why vote for them?" I think there's a chance. If you support someone in your heart but don't feel he or she will get elected, you should vote for them anyway. But this doesn't happen, and that's why people who *should* get elected *don't*.

Penthouse: You've been closely identified with promoting solar energy. How do you respond to the argument that solar energy is a luxury, that it isn't financially feasible for the average working person?

Redford: Well, that's wrong. There are aspects of solar energy that aren't feasible right now—that's true. But they *would* be if there were government support, or if there were more information made available to the public. The thing that would help solar energy the most would be a tax credit. It would be very easy for Congress to provide it, but for some reason they're resisting it.

On one hand, people are interested in it because it involves self-reliance, which I think is characteristic of our country. On the other hand, you have insidious advertising, like the ads that Mobil Oil takes out in newspapers. They say solar energy's okay, but they say it isn't ready yet, or it doesn't work, or it isn't practical. But that's just not true. I can attest to that.

So, anyway, I funded this thing called *The Solar Film*. It's an eight-minute short feature and *very* entertaining. The idea was to make a film that wasn't heavy on propaganda. It doesn't say it's *the* answer; it's simply an option. If we aren't given any options in this country, nothing will develop. And that worries me.

Penthouse: How was the film received?

Redford: Not too well. You can get very cynical about the media in a case like this. We held press conferences and screenings of it in New York and L.A. and Washington, and a few of them came because they were told Redford was going to talk about solar energy. But there was very little reporting. In New York, the reaction was virtually nonexistent. The one in Washington was cynical and suspicious. The feeling was "What's an actor doing making a film about solar energy?" Los Angeles was better, but not much.

The funny thing was a few days later I was skiing up above our area, near Sundance, doing some avalanche patrol work, when these guys with a helicopter said, "We'll drop you off on the peak of the mountain. How'd you like that?" It was about 12,000 feet, and we said, "God, that's fantastic." So they take us up, drop us out, and we skied on down. We got down to the bottom, and there were two guys from the Forest Service. Smokey the Bears—you know—on skis, to give us a citation. The guy said, "You know, you're not supposed to have a motorized vehicle on government land without a permit." I said, "Well, God, there was twenty feet of snow up there. Do you guys own the snow?" We got into a kidding number. And he said, "No, but I have to do this, you understand." And I said, "Yeah, I understand." But Jesus! That thing made every paper around the country!

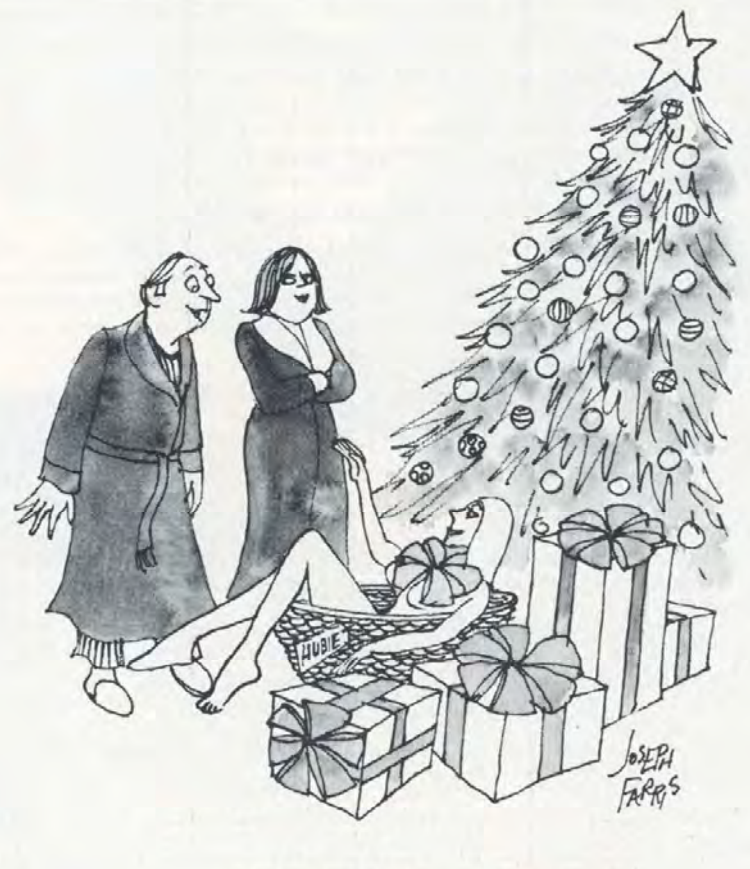
So you get kind of used to that stuff after a while. That's why you begin to get the attitude that speaking out is really a double-edged sword.

Penthouse: But would people listen to you *at all* if your name weren't Robert Redford?

Redford: Listen, I don't delude myself as to what I represent to most of the public. Whatever the activity—politics, making a film—you always get slotted in the celebrity role, the star trip. I remember when we were shooting a scene for *The Candidate*. In the film I played a candidate running for the Senate. We were blitzing a neighborhood, going to shops and storefronts, shaking hands with the proprietors. I was asking them if everything was all right. For the most part, we had a lot of people who were snowed into thinking that it was a real campaign.

But there was this one woman, standing with her son, giving me the eye. She said, "What's the Sundance Kid doing here?" And somebody said to her, "No, that's not the Sundance Kid. That's Bill McKay, running for the U.S. Senate!" And she said, "Oh, yeah?" She turned to her son and said, "You hear that? Old Sundance is running for the U.S. Senate!"

I think there's a built-in resentment to actors' speaking out on issues. Being an actor isn't synonymous with giving up citizenship papers. I think I have the right to speak out. But, on the other hand, a lot of people seem to like you on the screen—they *want* you there—and you can do almost anything you want as long as you *stay* on the screen. But step off and step into the role of a public citizen, and there's a resistance. So there's a credibility problem, one that I've dealt with in the past. And for that reason I don't speak out too often. I'd rather put what I feel into my work.



"Marsha, you shouldn't have!"

RONRICO
PUERTO RICAN
RUM
750 ML (25.4 FL. OZ.)
BOTTLED IN PUERTO RICO
EXTRA DRY - WHITE
RONRICO
Est. 1860

NO RUM REFLECTS PUERTO RICO LIKE RONRICO.

Puerto Rico is the Rum Island, the world's foremost rum-producing region. And Ronrico is *the* rum—authentic Puerto Rican rum since 1860. Ronrico's smooth, light taste has been the pride of six generations of Puerto Rican rum masters. One sip will tell you why.

RONRICO: AUTHENTIC RUM OF PUERTO RICO.

General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.C. 80 proof

DISCIPLINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 194

in Tennessee."

"Yeh, you've only told me that a couple of thousand times today, Harvey, and I've only seen you alone for ten minutes."

"You've got a bad attitude, what's-your-name."

"I'm only beginning to have a bad attitude. I'm just getting started. In a month, I plan to have the shittiest goddam attitude in the United States."

"I don't want you to hurt my chances to make rank, you hear?" he said.

"What?" I could barely believe my rotten luck in getting this boy for a roommate.

"I plan to be a company commander. That's the least I can do for Mother. What are you shooting for, whatchamacallit?"

"If my mother will let me, Harvey, I'm shooting to be a civilian by tomorrow morning."

"They won't let you near a telephone for two weeks. And you can't write a letter, send up smoke signals, or pound on a tom-tom. Your mama won't even know if you're alive for two weeks. They lose twenty percent of the class in the first month."

"I hope I can make up part of that twenty percent," I said.

"You'll know if you can take it or not after tomorrow night," Harvey said, checking his watch.

"What happens tomorrow night that could be worse than what happened today?" I asked in alarm.

"Tomorrow is Hell Night."

"What happens on Hell Night?"

"Let your imagination run wild," he said, rolling his eyes. "And tell me your name just one more time. I'm terrible on names. I'll get it this time."

"Lee Vercingetorix. My mother was from Virginia and my father was from Gaul."

"Bad attitude, Lee," Harvey said, shaking his head back and forth. "Say, I've been having a tough time with those push-ups and that constant running. I hope they let up some after Hell Night."

"We've got two minutes to get to formation," I said, turning my head sideways to read his watch.

"Will you support me, Lee?" he asked.

"Support you for what?"

"For company commander. You have to get the support of your classmates very early."

"Harvey," I said, "If you want to be mayor of Charleston or Yertle the Turtle, you have my solemn support. But you're not listening to me. I'm not going to be around. I don't belong here. I'm getting out in the next couple of days. I've just got to get to a phone."

"One more question, Lee."

"Shoot, Harvey."

"What's a douchebag?"

"I don't know," I said. "I've never heard of one, but a lot of people sure think I have a strong family resemblance to one."

All was prelude. The first day was a dress rehearsal, for the first severe test of the plebe system did not officially begin until the second evening. They ran and taunted and hustled us through the second day. We had no time to ourselves, no time to think, no time to rest, no time to familiarize ourselves with the cramped, austere cells where we slept at night. We changed uniforms four times during the second day. They screamed at us, abused us, beat on our chests with their fists. They ran us from one end of campus to the other.

In the late afternoon the fatigue had entered my bloodstream, and my legs glowed with pain. The blood seemed to collect around my brain. I felt a strange giddiness in the heat as though at any time I might faint and my skull would break against the scorched concrete of the quadrangle. Plebes fainted often during the first week. It was a sign to the cadre that they were performing their duties well. The prestige of sergeants increased when one of their knobs hit the planet unconscious. The sun seemed to be in collusion with the cadre. The heat had a man-eating quality about it. With each uniform change, I could squeeze cupfuls of perspiration into the small sink by the door. There was a ubiquitous stink to the platoons of freshmen, and it was the first time I had ever prayed for rain.

> “Shoulders back, abortion. Arms straight to your side. Get your fucking chin in. Rack it in. Rack it in, fuckstick.”

At 1700 hours, we stood at attention on the quadrangle at the end of a forty-five-minute segment of practicing rifle manual. Blasingame, the company commander, shouted out a final command to us, a surprise one: "At ease, dumbheads."

He continued to talk to us in a relaxed, intimate voice, friendly and void of menace. "Now, dumbheads, I know it's been a long, hot, upsetting day for all of you. I want to give all of you a chance to rest before mess tonight. When I order you to your rooms, I'd like you to put on your bathrobes and just relax in your rooms. Write a letter home to your parents if you want to. Take a nap. Or go down to the shower room and take a nice refreshing shower. You gentlemen have put out for Big R today and to show you my appreciation, I'm going to let you have this time to yourselves."

His manner was so kindly and so brotherly that I felt like weeping out of pure human gratitude. This was the first time since I had entered the Gates of Legrand that an upperclassman had been anything but bestial to a group of freshmen. It was the first time a member of the cadre had spoken to us as though we had some standing, no matter how low, in the human community.

He continued in the same soothing voice, "Now go to your rooms, dumbheads. The cadre won't bother you. We need time to rest, too. Just relax, turn on your radios, and take it easy."

Then with a shout that echoed off the enclosed cement walls of the barracks, he screamed, "And you fucking scumbags better be back down on this quadrangle in thirty seconds. Now move it, wastewads. Change your smelly uniforms and get back here on the double. We're going for more PT."

The sixty of us thundered off the quadrangle, yelling as we went. I made it quickly to my room on the first division. Harvey came in right behind me as we began stripping off our wet uniforms and hurling them anywhere in our frantic haste to beat the thirty-second mark when they would begin chanting for us again. As I put on my Institute T-shirt and PT shorts, I noticed that a change had taken place in Harvey's eyes, that the confidence which had gleamed in his shining gray eyes the day before was under siege. He had not spoken a word since before breakfast that morning. As he stood naked before me, looking for his gym shoes, I saw how painfully underdeveloped his body was and realized that the strenuous physical exertion of these first days was taking an inestimable toll on the Clearwater boy from Memphis.

"Are you all right, Harvey?" I asked as I tied the laces of my shoes.

"They're not letting me eat at mess," he said. "I've got to eat or I can't stand this."

"Whose mess are you on?"

"Mr. Fox's."

I reached into my press where my one suit of civilian clothes hung limply among the uniforms and pulled out a package of M&M Peanuts.

"I'm a fanatic about M&M Peanuts. Eat all you want, Harvey."

He shoved a handful in his mouth.

"Five seconds, dumbheads," a voice shouted from the galley.

"Two seconds, scumbags."

Doors slammed all over the R Company area as freshmen sprinted down the stairs.

"Thanks for the M&M's, Bill," Harvey said, laying an exhausted head on my shoulder. "They've got to let me eat. I've always needed regular meals."

Harvey, you've got to pace yourself better. You look all washed out."

"I'm dying," he replied. "I've never

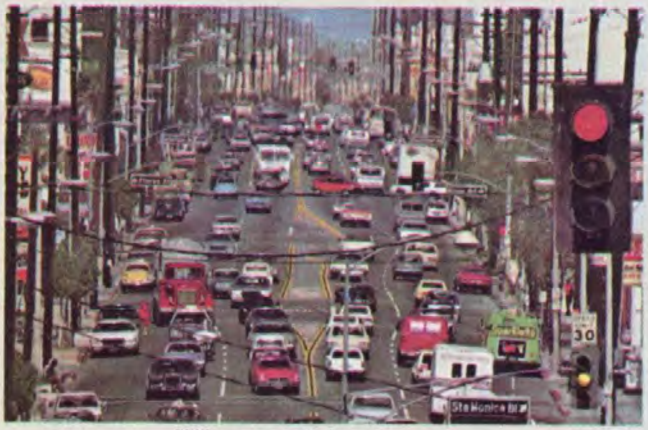
A CAR IS NO PLACE FOR MOST CAR STEREOS.

In a showroom, any car stereo sounds good. But, as you probably know, cars move. And for most car stereos, that spells trouble.

Buildings. Mountains. Bridges. Tunnels. Telephone wires. There's danger lurking everywhere and your music suffers the consequences. A whole chorus of fuzzz, fading and overlapping stations.

Well, you don't have to take it anymore. Now there's a car stereo built for the hazards of the road. Not just the comforts of a showroom.

It's called the Road-Rated™ Receiver. It's built by Craig. And it was made to move.



When you drive through this kind of jungle, you need a Craig Road-Rated Receiver.

The engineers at Craig carefully balanced the sensitivity, RF intermodulation, alternate channel rejection and capture ratio.

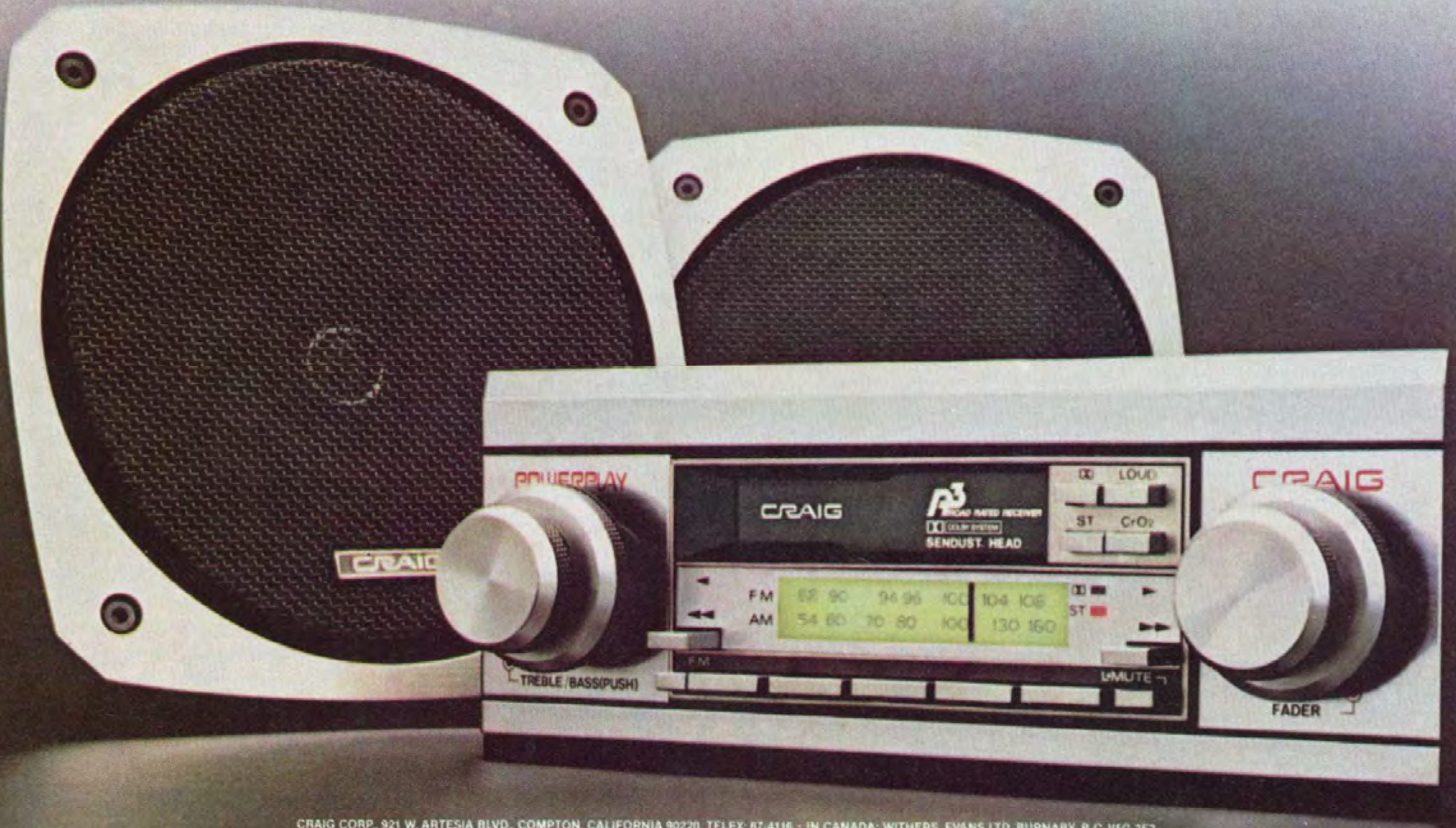
Which means the Road-Rated Receiver sifts through the clutter, so what you hear is music to your ears.

To give your ears another treat, add a pair of Craig speakers. They're incredibly accurate.

And combined with a Road-Rated Receiver, you'll have clear, clean sound on almost any road you drive.

That's not something you hear every day.

CRAIG®
ROAD-RATED RECEIVERS



CRAIG CORP., 921 W. ARTESIA BLVD., COMPTON, CALIFORNIA 90220. TELEX: 67-4116 · IN CANADA: WITHERS, EVANS LTD. BURNABY, B.C. V5G 3E3.

IN THE JANUARY FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

LOVE WRESTLING

Mixed wrestling in the bedroom used to be one of life's simple pleasures, but now it's a *sport*. There's a whole underground network of household gladiators and ardent fans, and they're a breed apart. Mark Zussman examines the athletes and their obsession.

HOW BOY MEETS GIRL

The etiquette of the pickup is going to change dramatically in the eighties, says Jennifer Ryan. Women will start hitting on men, for a change. Read how the battle of the sexes may turn into a barroom brawl in this month's *Forum*.

F. LEE BAILEY ON DIVORCE

One of America's most brilliant trial lawyers looks at the shaky foundations of marriage and finds that divorce isn't always the quick, easy fix that troubled couples need. An exclusive *Forum* interview.

TESTING YOUR SEXUAL ORIENTATION

If you're sure you know the difference between heterosexual, homosexual, and bisexual, test yourself with Dr. Fred Klein's sexual-orientation scale—you may get the surprise of your life.

GETTING THIN

Victoria Chrosler gave up on watching fat people diet and studied how thin people eat instead. The result? *Permanent* weight loss.

done a pushup."

"Get down here, scumbags."

They took us on a two-mile run. We lapped the parade ground twice, circled the armory, passed the yacht basin, crossed the baseball field, and halted finally at the farthest perimeter of the campus by the edge of the salt marsh, which separated the grounds of the Institute from the Ashley River. On the run, some of my classmates had stumbled, faltered, dropped out from exhaustion, and lay moaning on the grass or on the pavement surrounded by the flushed, hostile faces of several cadre members screaming for them to rise. They were being forced to rise, to run again, to catch up to the chanting, driven platoon, and to rejoin their classmates. To drop out was to betray your fellows, and the central theme of those first hours of plebe week was that no one had the right "to shit on his classmates." It was the first and most basic law of the corps.

The cadre broke off from us and drove the platoon of freshmen into the marsh itself. The long blades of spartina grass sliced our bare legs, and the marsh was undermined by the immensity of our herded, desperate weight. We began to sink into the mud, first to our ankles, then to our knees. When we had gone far enough, they stood us at rigid attention and told us they would beat our asses bloody with their swords if we moved a single muscle. My shoes filled with water. I did not know why they had brought us to the marsh or why they watched us with such amused attention from their vantage points on dry land.

As I waited in the marsh grass, the other plebes seemed repugnant to me, odious and contemptible. They looked too much like me, and their faces, like mine, were in pain. In their humiliation, they reminded me of what I had become.

The cadre began to cover each other with spray from aerosol cans. The hiss of the spray sounded like a colloquy of snakes in the parched summer grass. My tongue was swollen, and I needed water. With the sun declining, in the stillness of the late afternoon in the Carolina low country, we suddenly knew why we had ended the long run by being forced into the marsh. The first mosquito bit into my thigh.

Clouds of gnats and mosquitoes began to swarm before my eyes. I counted eight mosquitoes on the neck of the boy in front of me. Our coming had stirred an invisible empire of insects, and we had come as food for that empire. Soon I felt the insects biting me in a dozen places. It seemed as though the entire motionless platoon disappeared beneath an awful living drapery of tiny wings and feathery black legs. Around me, I began to hear the moans of freshmen about to break from the ordeal by insect. Some of the upperclassmen were laughing so hard they were on their knees in the grass.

When I thought I could not endure another moment, Blasingame ordered us to hit the ground and we obeyed his order gratefully. My body entered the mud with a feeling of exquisite relief. We snaked our way back to the dry land on our bellies, fingering our way through the mud and marshgrass and destroying a large colony of fiddler crabs in our passage. The mud felt delicious and cool.

When we reached solid land again, they lined us up in long squads, laughing at our appearance. Now we were ludicrous, like actors in blackface. They assured us again and again that this ceremony in the marsh was simply an amusing preliminary, that the plebe system had not even begun. A freshman behind me began crying. Two of the cadre cut him out of the platoon and began racking him somewhere behind us. He was still crying when they ran us back to the barracks to face Hell Night. They wanted us showered and fresh for the real test. And as we ran, I no longer could control my terror. I could no longer pretend I was brave or calm or anything but afraid. Of the sixty mud-stained plebes who quick-timed back to fourth battalion, ten of us would be leaving the Institute the next morning. I was not the only freshman suffering from a severe crisis of nerves.

At 2000 hours Hell Night began. They herded us into the large alcove room on the first division, dressed in our bathrobes, underwear, fatigue caps, and flip-flops. They had turned on the radiators in the room that morning and locked the windows. Outside in an airless, humid Charleston night, the temperature was ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit. We could hear the hammering of the radiators furiously working out of season, and the heat in the room dazzled and staggered simultaneously. Our collective stink after a minute in the room repelled even us.

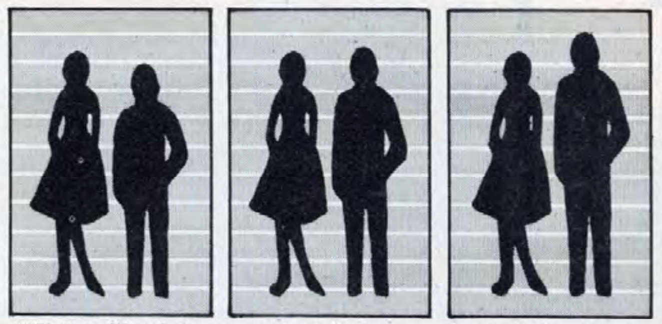
As I entered, I heard a radio somewhere in the barracks loudly playing "I Want to Hold Your Hand." I would never hear that song again without feeling the urgent movement of plebes being driven into that dark cell of heat and violence. I would never be able to appreciate the music of the Beatles, never be able to define my coming of age through their joyous lyrics, because of that one radio playing that one song as I moved into the alcove room for the opening ceremonies of Hell Night. The Beatles died for me at that very moment, long before they ripened into the definitive voice of my generation. For in some far more essential way, I was abandoning my membership in that generation by the mere act of entering that room.

Only two members of the cadre, both sophomore corporals, were responsible for heading us into that room, but they packed us in with remarkable economy.

"Tighter. Tighter, dumbheads," they shouted. "Stick your dick into the asshole of the knob in front of you. Keep your eyes straight ahead. Tighter, people. Tighter."

We stood in a moist, trembling rectangle of flesh. An immense psychological

DO WOMEN THINK YOU'RE TOO SHORT?



"Women like their men to be tall. In every facet of life, greater height is one of the prime requirements for success."

William A. Reldnas says,

"YOU CAN ADD 2-4 INCHES IN 10 WEEKS or LESS!

My Method Shows You How To Do It Or Your Money Refunded Immediately!"

☆ ***NO STRETCHING MACHINES*** ☆ ***NO PAINFUL PROCEDURES*** ☆ ***NO DANGEROUS PILLS*** ☆

"HERE'S POSITIVE PROOF YOU CAN INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT!"

Yes, based on "hundreds of hours" of gruelling research using reports by outstanding experts from such noted national and international scientific journals as *The Journal Of Bone and Joint Surgery, Acta Orthopedica Scandinavica, U.S. Public Health Bulletin, Annales de Medicine Physique et Biologique, Journal Of Experimental Medicine, Schweitz Sanitaetstoff, Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, Review Medicale Sociale De L'Enfant and the N.Y. State Journal of Medicine,* Reldnas says "I have positive proof you can increase your height. Here are the indisputable facts.

"For many years, scientists believed height increase was not possible after the end of childhood. Recent factual data proves they were wrong. Here are just two of many examples: 1. The throwing arm of baseball pitchers is normally 2 to 3 inches longer than their other arm, and 2. The right arm of Jai Alai players is about 2 to 3 inches longer than their left arm. In both cases, the extra length was attained AFTER the age of puberty. If athletes can increase the length of their limbs, you can certainly increase the length of your legs and complete torso. And, you can do it scientifically, without artificial contraptions or possible injury by using **The Height Increase Method.**

THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD

"It took more than 5 years to develop **The Height Increase Method.** The way athletes achieved extra length in their limbs was thoroughly analyzed. This data was combined with information obtained from the extensive study of other factors contributing to additional height such as stature and posture correction, diet and nutrition, and highly specialized exercise programs. Frequent consultations were conducted with orthopedic men, chiropractors, and physical therapists during the preparation of THE METHOD. Special safeguards were incorporated to reduce the possibility of strain or injury. After the complete METHOD was compiled and organized, several years were spent testing and perfecting each part of it. The results of this painstaking work and intensive research is contained in this Special Report on how to increase your physical height from 2 to 4 inches in only 10 weeks. The title of this Special Report is **The Height Increase Method.**

WHAT IS THE HEIGHT INCREASE METHOD?

"This easy-to-use Method requires no stretching machines, no pills or medications, no painful procedures, no expensive equipment. All you need is the information contained in **The Height Increase Method** and your own desire to be taller.

"**The Height Increase Method** is a Special Report with more than 75 illustrations, jammed full with vital information on height increase and detailed instructions showing you exactly how to add as many as 4 extra inches to your physical height. It includes 3 different exercise programs to be followed in the manner and sequence described in the report. You will be introduced to amazingly simple ways to improve your stature and posture to add extra height, immediately! You'll also learn the importance of a well-balanced diet, how to formulate your diet, and which vitamins and nutrients foster growth. Discover the astounding facts related to sleeping in the proper manner to aid growth and stature correction. In Chapter IV, read how the exclusive **Height Increase Method** of bicycling can help you increase your height. These, plus dozens of other fascinating and miraculous revelations comprise **The Height Increase Method.**"

YOUR INVESTMENT IS GUARANTEED

Being taller means being more successful. Research has shown that taller people are more desirable to the opposite sex, get better jobs, earn more money, get more respect, and are happier than short people. That's why, when we heard about **The Height Increase Method,** we got very excited. Those of you who've bought from us or seen our ads know that at **Height Report Inc.**, we're always on the lookout for exciting new discoveries that can be of benefit to everyone and while it may not yet be accepted scientific dogma, we can plainly see that the research sources are well known and respected scientific journals. And what's more important is that we offer you an ***IRON-CLAD UNCONDITIONAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!*** That's right, try **The Height Increase Method** for 10 weeks. Read it, study it, use it. If you're not 100% satisfied that **The Height Increase Method** is helping you to increase your height by 2-4 inches or living up to all of Reldnas's claims, simply send it back for an immediate refund, no questions asked. Isn't that fair?

Now is your chance to take advantage of William A. Reldnas's startling discoveries with the complete backing or our Iron-Clad Money Back Guarantee. Remember, as Mr. Reldnas says, "Nobody—absolutely nobody—can look down on a taller person. Get started today on a more rewarding and enjoyable life; order your copy of **THE HEIGHT INCREASE METHOD** right away. Use the easy order coupon. Do it now!"

Yes! Two to four inches CAN make all the difference in the world.

Thousands sold at $19.95!
NOW ONLY $14.95!

THE HEIGHT INCREASE METHOD
by
William A. Reldnas

The Height Report Inc., Dept.HI 120,P.O. Box 2521, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10163

Gentlemen: Please RUSH me William A. Reldnas's **Height Increase Method** which I may inspect at no risk for 30 days. If I am not satisfied for any reason, I may return it for an immediate refund. I enclose my check or money order for $14.95 plus $1.00 for postage & handling $15.95. (N.Y.residents add sales tax). Code #969

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City __________ State _____ Zip _____

I prefer to use my ____ Visa ____ Master Charge credit card. Expiration date ________

Card number ____________ M.C. Interbank # ________

Canadian Residents send $25.95 to 280 Havelock St. Suite 202, Toronto M6H 3B9.

© 1980 The Height Report, Inc., 801 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

MODELING
IT'S A MAN'S JOB!

At Barbizon, men train for modeling or personal grooming by appearing before our TV cameras…posing for our photographers…performing in live on-stage fashion shows…learning how to make the most of their looks–and lots more! Franchised Barbizon Schools throughout the U.S. can train you in modeling in three convenient hours a week. For 32-page illustrated brochure, simply mail coupon or,

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-228-5000
(In Nebraska CALL 1-800-642-8777.)
Ask for brochure B-10.

BARBIZON SCHOOLS, Dept. 8PH, 3 East 54th Street, (at Fifth Ave.), New York, N.Y. 10022
Send me, without obligation, your modeling brochure and address of school nearest me.
Name ____ Age ____
Address ____ Phone (____) ____ area code
City ____ State ____ Zip ____

BARBIZON FOR MEN

pressure, palpable and inchoate, was loose in that room. Panic blossomed in grotesque and lurid forms among the freshmen in the sinking half-light of a luminous and mysterious dusk. In the shimmering greenhouse of the alcove, we sweated and waited in melancholy silence for the entrance of the full cadre.

After fifteen minutes they marched into the room in an immaculate single file, moving with such precision that they seemed otherworldly, superhuman. They were elite and slim and malignant. Their presence was an articulate tribute to the force and puissance of men united by indivisible will, by absolute conviction. They were dressed in freshly starched cotton uniforms. Their grooming was impeccable. They were what we aspired to be. Circling us, they stood at attention, wincing as they caught the smell of us.

I heard someone else enter the room. His footsteps echoed loudly as though he were goose-stepping into the alcove. There was malice in his approach. He mounted a table that was directly in front of the plebes. Behind me a freshman breathed hotly on my neck. I could feel the buttocks of the boy who was in front of me pressed flat against my groin. My arms were pinned to my side by the pressure of arms on my right and my left. Sweat poured down my body, and both my eyes burned with salt and fatigue. The atmosphere was so thick and overheated that it was like breathing underwater.

The figure on the table was R Company's first sergeant, Maccabee. He eyed us with contempt for several moments, then screamed out, "Sit down, dumbheads."

In the crash that followed in blind obedience to that single command, I do not understand why bones were not broken or why someone was not seriously hurt. We landed together in a massive, disarranged pile.

Then Maccabee began to speak in a deep, pitiless voice: "Gentlemen, I am your first sergeant and I want you to prepare for the ram."

He slapped his swagger stick loudly against his open palm.

"It is my responsibility, gentlemen, to turn this pile of maggot-sperm into Institute men. From what I have seen already from this putrid mound of dogshit, I think I have been assigned a hopeless task. But with the help of this cadre and this swagger stick I'm going to do my best to make sure that Romeo Company remains the best goddam company in the corps. To accomplish this, gentlemen, I'm going to jack this swagger stick up your foul ass holes everytime I get near you this year. I'm going to be a monster who screams at you during every waking moment. I'm going to be watching every single move you make this year, gentlemen. For tonight we begin the long agonizing journey which will transform you from worthless scumbags into full-fledged Institute men. The cadre has an awesome responsibility to uphold. We are responsible to all the men who wear the ring not to allow any diarrhea to survive the plebe system. No diarrhea, I repeat, gentlemen. No diarrhea will wear the ring. This is my personal vow to you.

"There are sixty of you in this room tonight. When your class graduates in four years, there will be only twenty survivors from this room. Most of you will leave the first year. Some of you will not measure up academically; some of you will leave for honor violations; and some of you"—he paused dramatically—"will leave tonight.

"I will tell you what we, the cadre, expect from you. We expect—as you were—we demand absolute unquestioning obedience from you at all times. If you hesitate, if you question, if you refuse, then the full fury of this cadre will descend upon you in terrible force and together we will drive you out of this school in forty-eight hours. No knob can withstand the power and the fury of the brotherhood when it is directed at him alone. Your only chance for survival is to band together in a tight, impregnable brotherhood of your own, to protect each other, to care for each other, and to lean on each other from this day forward until the day you graduate.

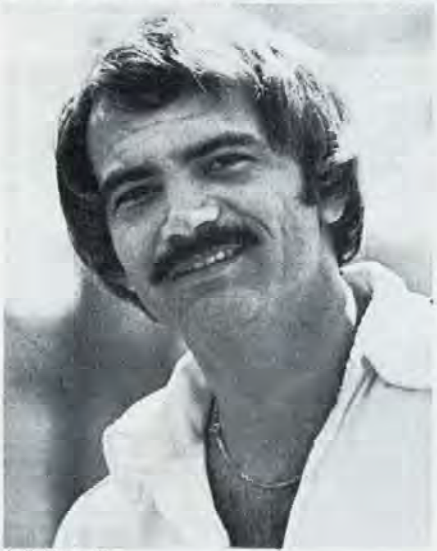
"As for myself," he continued, his cold eyes loathing us, "I would like to see every single one of you abortions pack your bags tonight and run home to your mother's skirts. This is the worst-looking bunch of knobs that has entered the Institute in twenty years. But, gentlemen, I assure you that if you make it through the plebe system of Romeo Company, you could walk through the Gates of Hell and think you were entering Paradise instead. When you scumbags return to your rooms tonight, if you have enough strength left in your puny bodies to pick up a pen, I want you to write a letter to your girl friend and give her your heart. Then I want you to get down on your knees, say a prayer to God, and give him your soul."

Then he screamed, "Because, shitheads, as of this very moment, your asses belong to Maccabee!" Saliva ran from his mouth to his chin.

"Look up, dumbheads!" he commanded, his voice breaking with anger. Our necks moved simultaneously, and we stared at the ceiling of the room. The sweat changed directions and began to flow in our ears.

"Do you see the hand of God coming down from heaven to help you, scumbags? Do you see the heavenly host coming to your rescue? No, dumbheads. You don't see anything. Because there's nothing to see, maggot-shits. No power on heaven or earth can help you now. You are beyond all help. You belong to me and me alone and I want each one of you to know that I'm a fucking maniac. But the reason you don't see the hand of God coming out of the heavens to help deliver you from this fucking madman first ser-

For those people who are losing their hair, here's a guarantee you won't believe!


A. G. Braswell

IMAGINE THIS—You purchase a new car backed by a special guarantee: If, after 30 days you are not 100% satisfied, you receive a full refund AND you keep the car. BUT—and here's the only catch—you can never buy a car of that make again.

A little hard to conceive? Certainly. Because the manufacturer could not afford to take a chance on losing your business—and have you turn to any number of his competitors for a comparable product.

At Cosvetic Labs we offer such a guarantee on a product which is so effective and so unique that we can stand behind it 100%. BIO-GENESIS,™ the most effective in-home hair restorative treatment ever developed. Backed by years of clinical testing and sound scientific theory. AND NOW, it's backed by the guarantee of a lifetime:

If, after 30 days of continuous treatment, Bio-Genesis™ does not stop excessive hair loss, you receive a full refund. No questions asked. You don't even have to return the product. But you do lose the right to buy Bio-Genesis™ ever again.

We can make this offer to you because, quite simply, Bio-Genesis *Works!* We are 100% confident that Bio-Genesis can solve your hair loss problems.

HERE ARE THE FACTS!

A clinical study conducted with regular treatment of Bio-Genesis has shown that excessive hair loss can be stopped within 30 days. But there's more...

These same clinical studies show that Bio-Genesis can actually GROW NEW HAIR in 3 to 6 months. And this is healthy, mature hair! Seeing the rate of hair loss drastically reduced is the first sign that Bio-Genesis will work—then you need only purchase your second bottle and see what happens! Continuous treatment leads to cosmetically significant new hair growth.

No other treatment for baldness has ever been as widely proclaimed or recognized. And for good reason. This is not another "magic potion" or empty promise—*this is a formula based on sound scientific theory and backed by years of clinical testing.*

Noted pathologist and researcher Dr. Kai Setala and his assistant Dr. Ilona Schreck-Purola, came upon this discovery during research at the University of Helsinki. The countless tests conducted by Dr. Setala proved to him that his discovery could indeed restore hair growth and could stop excessive hair fall out.

If you have a hair loss problem, but still have doubts concerning the products you've read about, here's your chance to try BIO-GENESIS at absolutely no risk!

We ask only that you TRY Bio-Genesis. Once you do, Bio-Genesis will speak for itself. Our experience with 50,000 previous Bio-Genesis buyers bears this out—of those 50,000 only ONE PERCENT have ever asked for their money back.

So take advantage of this unprecedented offer—GUARANTEED RESULTS OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

If you are still in doubt that Bio-Genesis can solve your hair loss problem and actually stimulate hair growth, just read what the users of Bio-Genesis have to say.

"After using Bio-Genesis for about two months, I am happy and pleased to say that the results are incredible. My baldness is right on the top of my head (very noticeable). By using Bio-Genesis as directed, actual hairs are beginning to grow from my scalp where my baldness is."

—R. L., Brooklyn, New York

"I have been using the Bio compound and am very pleased with my results. It does in fact really work. I had an oily scalp, bad dandruff and heavy hair fall out. My daily efforts and your product have completely stopped all three problems for me."

—P. P., Alliance, Ohio

"Use of your Bio-Genesis hair growth product has generated remarkable results. Following the second thirty days of application, friends and acquaintances began to notice the new hair growth your product generated. The hair line around the forehead has been established. The volume of hair has increased significantly on a scalp area that had been barren of hair. Baldness for me began at age twenty. Hair growth now has begun and the baldness condition appears to be reversed. I am impressed with results obtained with Bio-Genesis."

—D.K., Tucker, Georgia

"I am so pleased with Bio-Genesis that I decided to write. I have no reason to lie, because if I wasn't satisfied, I wouldn't spend $50.00 a month on your product. So for me, there are no more wigs or hair pieces. The only thing I wear now is my own hair."

—L. R. G., Ville Platte, Louisiana

(1) Before treatment with Bio-Genesis these close-ups taken by a top Atlanta medical photographer show thin, fragile hairs in balding area of the scalp.

(2) New growth is clearly evident after three months treatment with Bio-Genesis. Excessive hair fall out stopped: note density of growth and thick, stronger-looking hairs.

(3) Six months of daily treatment with Bio-Genesis Lotion and Shampoo shows that the bald spot is now completely covered with long, thick, healthy hair.

PHIC

To order **Bio-Genesis**™ use your American Express, Carte Blanche, MasterCard or Visa.

Call toll free 8:30 A.M. to 8:00 P.M. E.S.T.
1-800-241-1661

1 oz. liquid (33337) **$24.95** 2 oz. liquid (33338) **$44.95**

DON'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT US!

Moving? We need 4-6 weeks notice of a change of address. Fill in the attached form below.

New Subscription or Renewal? One year of *Penthouse* is $26 in the U.S., $32 in Canada and overseas. Please enclose a check or money order for the appropriate amount and allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

Listing/Unlisting Service? *Penthouse* makes the names and addresses of its subscribers available to other publications and outside companies. The publications and companies selected are carefully screened for their acceptability and quality of their offers.

Please check the appropriate box below.

☐ New Subscription
☐ Renewal
☐ Please remove my name from your mailing list.
☐ This is a change of address; my new address is below.

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ___ Zip ___

Payment must accompany order. PCD80

Attach mailing label below and send to:

Penthouse
P.O. Box 900
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737

geant who's in control of your destiny is that God has ceased to exist for any of you. He doesn't care a fucking thing for a single one of you. He's dead for you all. Your new god is your first sergeant, the great god Maccabee. Look at me now, dumbheads. Stare into the crazy wild eyeballs of your new god. I am your god and you will obey my commandments or I'll jack it up your filthy asses.

"Here is your new bible," he said, holding aloft a copy of the Blue Book, which contained the rules and regulations of the Institute. "And here is what your new, insane, knob-destroying god thinks of your old Bible."

He threw his swagger stick to the floor and drew his long sword from his shining scabbard. Upon the wooden table by his feet lay a thick black Bible. He plunged his sword into the Bible with a deep, savage thrust, then lifted the skewered book aloft and held it high above his head. The Bible was soaked in lighter fluid. With his free hand he lit a match, touched it to the book, which exploded into flames. The pure bright sacrilegious fire illuminated the grinning faces of the cadre, who had turned their faces toward the macabre light. The first sergeant moaned as he watched the thin leaves burn in sequence from Genesis to Kings, from Revelations toward Mark. Ash floated up to the ceiling in glowing black fragments. The freshmen watched. We had come to a place where a twenty-year-old boy roared out his own divinity, and the Bible was put to the sword and the torch to illustrate the preeminence of discipline. We were entering into the dark country of the plebe system now, and we were entering it afraid.

Then, with extraordinary swiftness and efficiency, they were pushing and kicking and shoving us out the door toward the quadrangle. No lights were on in the barracks. The intense heat of the night air was deliciously cool after the steaming alcove room. The other three companies in the battalion had already completed their preliminary ceremonies, and their freshmen were already lined up in braced squads on the quadrangle. Our cadre divided us into squads of ten and put us into the plebe brace for the first time since we had arrived, with our chins rammed painfully against our necks and our spines rigid. The brace was the symbol that the plebe system had officially begun.

After aligning us, the cadre slipped quietly out of sight. The barracks was completely dark. There was not a single sound in fourth battalion. The silence roared in our ears. Screaming had become a natural part of our environment. Without it, something was not right. There was something wicked in the air. Nothing had alarmed me quite so much since I had come to the Institute as the volatile dissonance of that exquisite soundlessness. There was not a single upperclassman on the quadrangle. My neck was already sore from the effort of pulling my chin hard against the upper vertebrae. The mosquitoes found us and began stinging the back of my legs, bringing back memories of the marsh. Somewhere in the barracks, the cadre watched and bided their time. I seized the opportunity to gather my wits with the acrid smell of the burning Bible still in my nostrils.

The loudspeaker switched on, and an unseen musician played "Home, Sweet Home" on a harmonica. The harmonica whined and quavered. Normally I would have thought this very amusing, but I had noticed a serious diminishment of my sense of humor in the past two days.

When the music stopped, there was a brief pause. Someone tapped on the microphone three times. Then he cleared his throat. A voice, pure and dutiful, spoke with resolution.

"Gentlemen," the voice said, as I tensed, "this is your regimental commander."

"It's coming," I thought, "It's coming now."

Then the voice continued: "The plebe system for the class of 1967 is *now* in effect."

And they were on us.

The cadres of the four companies exploded out from their hiding places beneath the stairwell. They came in one violent full-throated roar of havoc. The lights were thrown on simultaneously. The light, so sudden, entered our retinas like acid. They fell on us in a crazed venomous pack. They seemed to be everywhere at once. Light and sound, light and fear, they boiled out onto the quadrangle in rabid, delirious bands. First the dark, then the light, then the screams, then their hot breath against our necks and ears, then the cry of them, the terrible roar of them abusing us, loathing us, hitting us, violating us, breaking us down to creatures less than human, less than they were. Disorder reigned in the bitter heat. I lost all control, and in that first moment, something began to die in me while something new and extraordinary began to live.

I jumped when I heard that first collective scream, the terrorism of their ruthless charge among the plebes. I braced hard and waited for them; I prepared myself for the ordeal. I planned on my survival in the assault of light and voices. I called out for the athlete within me to take over, for pure instinct to take control, and guide me safely through this night.

One of them almost knocked me over in his first sortie against me. I felt his mouth on my ear. His saliva flecked against my earlobe. He didn't say anything. He simply screamed into my ear. I reeled sideways but fell into the cunning, waiting shout of another, and he screamed me back to the other one. It was the pain that caused me to jerk violently back and forth; the eardrum could not endure the trauma of the sustained scream.

Then the voice on my right command-

IMPORTED
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
C.C.
Distilled and Bottled under Canadian Government Supervision by
Hiram Walker & Sons, Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.
IMPORTED IN BOTTLE BY HIRAM WALKER-IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH.
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
86.8 U.S. PROOF
IMPORTED
Canadian Club
750 ML
'Tis the C.C.® Season!

The Canadian Club gift package is available for holiday giving at no extra cost.
And now you can send gifts of C.C. by phone. Just dial 800-528-6148.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1980

ed, "Rack your fucking chin into your goddam fucking neck, scumbag. Rack it in, knob. I want to see the blood vessels break inside that ugly fucking skull of yours. Get it in, dumbhead. Back it in.

And simultaneously from the left I heard, "Shoulders back, abortion. Arms straight to your side. Get your fucking chin in. Rack it in. Rack it in, fuckstick. You better put out, scumbag. Maggot-sperm. Wadwaste."

All was madness, screaming, light, cadre, obscenity. The plebe system burned the air of September. Voices rained down from all sides. Voices. Voices.

"What's your ID number, scumbag?"

"Recite the guard orders, prick."

"What's your name, maggot?"

"What are you, boy?" a voice behind me asked. "Pop off."

"Pardon me, sir?" I asked, not recognizing my own voice.

"Repeat after me, dumbhead. I'm going to tell you what you are," the voice said, "You are an abortion."

"I'm an abortion, sir!" I screamed.

"A maggot."

"I'm a maggot, sir!"

"A douchebag."

"I am a douchebag, sir!"

"A used Kotex."

"I am a used Kotex, sir!"

"You are shit."

"I am shit, sir!"

"A pubic hair on a nigger."

"I am a pubic hair on a nigger, sir!"

"Do you love this place, fuckstick? Pop off!" a voice in front of me screamed. My vision was blurred with the sweat and I could not make out his face.

"Yes, sir!"

"Louder, fuckstick."

"Yes, sir!" I yelled.

"Louder. Say it like a man, shit-maggot."

"Yes, sir!" I screamed.

"Did you hear me, boy? I said to sound oft like a man."

"Yes, sir!" I screamed until my voice broke.

"You glad you came to this place, pussy? Pop off."

"Yes, sir!"

"I'm gonna make you sorry you were ever born, vagina-face."

"You're gonna die, McLean. You're gonna die, asswipe," said another voice.

"We got you for nine months, diarrhea. Every night for nine months it's going to be just like this. Every night the same. Nine months of this, McLean."

I was aware of a terrible coming apart in the ranks of the plebes. I heard the bodies of freshmen as they collapsed against the cement. The two boys on either side of me went down hard. The one on my left fell into me, knocked me out of line and into the arms of a cadre member who threw me onto the prostrate body of the boy who fell. Then he jerked me up and began pounding my chest with his fist, shouting, "You touched me, scumbag. You touched me with your putrid, stinking body. I'm going to remember you, scumbag. You're going to bleed for this. Give me fifty pushups, maggot-shit."

I hit the cement and began counting aloud to him, "One, sir, two, sir, three, sir." It was not long before I knew that I would never reach fifty. My arms began to spasm, and he leaned far over to shout contemptuously in my ear, "Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy." My arms began to spasm uncontrollably. I could no longer support my own weight and collapsed against the concrete.

"Get up, dumbhead," another voice spoke above me, a familiar one.

I rose to my feet, braced again, and found myself staring into the face of the first sergeant, Maccabee. He looked dry and cold and undefilable through the sweat which poured down my face.

"How are you feeling, Mr. McLean?" he asked seriously in a voice that contained no threat, no intimation of cruelty.

> “I'm gonna kill you, jock . . . . I'm gonna tuck you into bed each night and pull your ass out of bed at reveille until you beg me to open the gate and run home to your slut mother.”

I could not believe the stupidity of the question. I wanted to say something like, "Fabulous, you fucking asshole. Terrific. Wonderful. Top of the day to you, too, sir." But instead, I shouted, "Fine, sir."

"Bend your knees, Mr. McLean," he said kindly, "or you'll faint like some of your classmates. Your posture needs improvement. Get your shoulders back a little bit. That's fine. Now relax your mouth. Arms straight down by your sides. Very good. And remember this, Mr. McLean. Two years ago I was standing where you're standing tonight. Hell Night was the worst night I ever spent. I tried to quit the next day. If you stick this out, it will be worth all the pain. I promise you that. It's the system. That's all. Remember that. The system. None of this is personal. If you make it, then you and I will go out and drink some beer together in June."

Suddenly, a tall figure appeared in front of me. He was smiling broadly and I judged him to be at least six feet eight inches tall.

"Hi, Will. How's college?" he said.

Puzzled, I answered, "Fine, sir."

"Isn't this fun? Isn't this a nifty way to spend your second night in college?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm Lancey Hemphill, Will. Center on the basketball team. Our coach wanted me to check on you during Hell Night."

"Tell him thanks a lot, sir."

"You don't call me 'sir.' We're jocks, Will. We try to stay apart from this bullshit as much as possible."

"Why didn't Coach Byrum tell me about this?" I asked in a whisper.

"It's very simple, Will. Because you and all the other numb-nuts would have signed scholarships with other schools. Believe me, Will, he screwed everyone of us just like he screwed you. Just remember, this is all bullshit. Pure bullshit. It doesn't mean a thing. Try to take it as a big joke. You pissed God off and he's getting even by making you go to the Institute. If it gets too hot for you this year, you give me the names and weights of the heat-givers. I like to use dead corporals when I lift weights. Nighty-night," he said.

"Lancey," I said.

"Yeh, Will."

"It's too hot for me right now."

He laughed, "Oh, a funny guy, huh. Look, smackhead, it's supposed to be too hot tonight. This is official heat," he said, walking toward T Company area.

The screaming was beginning to let up, not because of any benevolence on the part of the cadre, but because some of the upperclassmen had already lost their voices. Those that now filled the air were cracked and strained. There was a quality of sameness to the noise in the barracks as though the novelty of perversion was wearing off. Hell Night was winding down when Fox and Newman materialized before me. Fox grabbed my bathrobe and jerked me forward until our noses touched.

"Thought I'd forgotten about you, douchebag? Pop off."

"No, sir."

"I've been saving you for dessert, you scum-sucking jock. I saw you talking to that waste Hemphill. Do you think he can save you, dumbhead? Nothing can save you, douchebag. Nothing in the world. I wanted you to know that you're going to be one of my special projects this year. I'm gonna rack your ass every day until you beg me to walk you out of these gates."

Newman pulled me away from Fox, and I stood with my eyes an inch from his.

"I hate jocks. I don't want to see a single jock in R Company, McLean. We're a military company, you see. So me and Mr. Fox have made a vow to run you out of here before graduation. Do you think we can do it, maggot-shit? Pop off."

"No, sir."

Trembling, I stood before them, drenched in sweat and ruin, spiritually plundered, fearing them and loathing myself for my stink, my helplessness, my total lack of power.

Fox began to whisper, breathing wet obscenities in my ear. "Rack your fucking chin in, douchebag. Harder, douchebag.

"LOOK WHO'S REALLY STACKED."

(AT A PRICE THAT ISN'T.)

Jet Sound knows it helps to be well-endowed. That's why we offer a well-rounded variety of car stereo units that can fit ANY budget.

In fact, we make a fully-stacked line of car stereo models, with cassette or eight-track capabilities, equalizers, boosters, and speakers all ranging in price from $29.95 to $299.95.

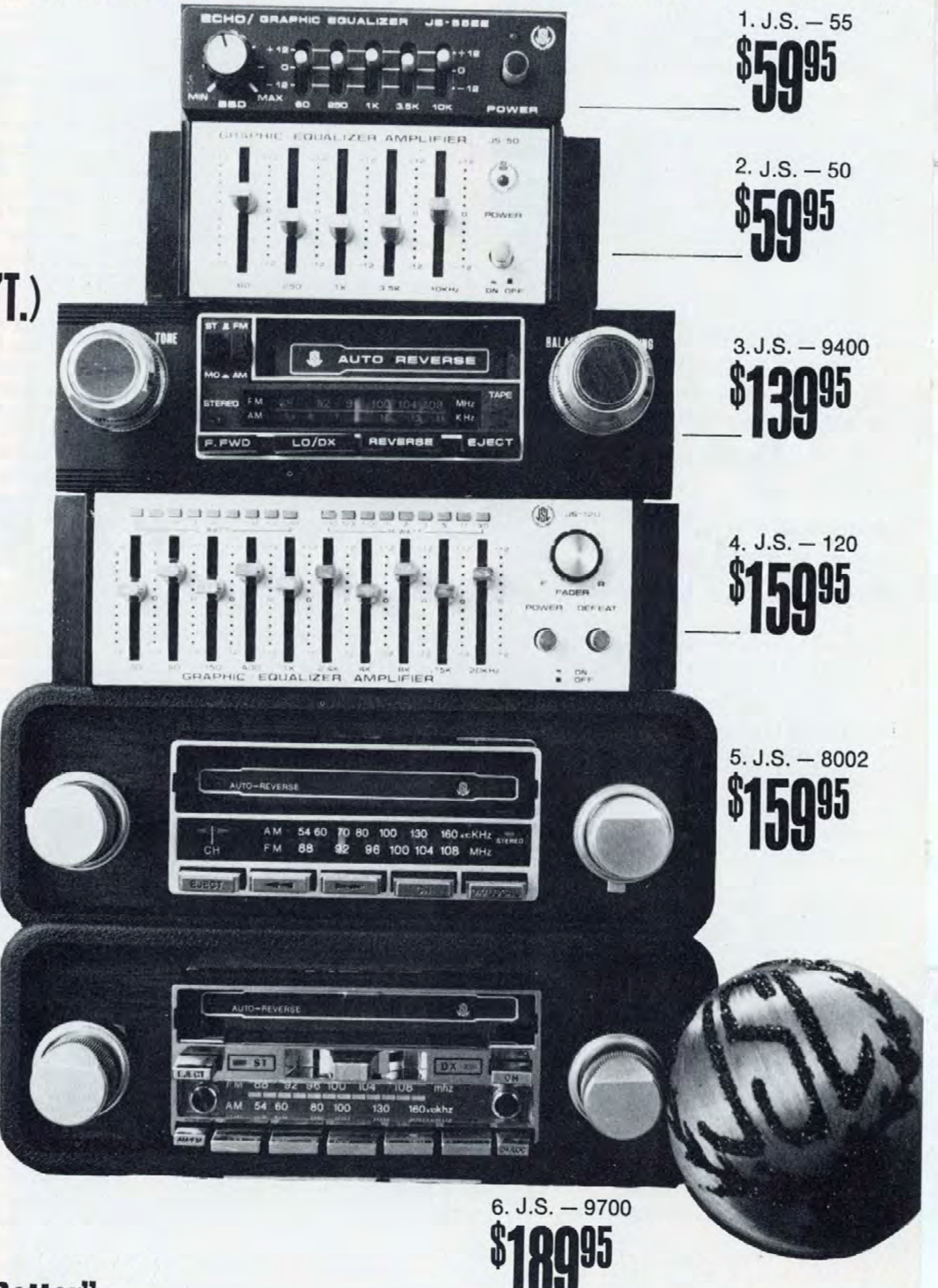
And although our prices vary, Jet Sound Quality remains the same. We're so sure of our craftsmanship, our units are backed with a two-year warranty on parts and labor — the best in the business.

So, whatever your car stereo needs, Jet Sound can offer a firm value at a voluptuous savings. This holiday, surprise that "special person" with a sound gift that really stacks up.

Remember Jet Sound. And they'll remember you.

JET SOUND LABORATORIES

"We Make Life Sound Better"


ECHO/ GRAPHIC EQUALIZER JS-55EE
POWER
GRAPHIC EQUALIZER AMPLIFIER JS-50
AUTO REVERSE
F. FWD
LO/DX
REVERSE
EJECT
FADER
POWER
DEFEAT
GRAPHIC EQUALIZER AMPLIFIER
AUTO-REVERSE
EJECT
AUTO-REVERSE
JSL

1. J.S. — 55
$59.95

2. J.S. — 50
$59.95

3. J.S. — 9400
$139.95

4. J.S. — 120
$159.95

5. J.S. — 8002
$159.95

6. J.S. — 9700
$189.95

Jet down to your nearest dealer for a "free sample" of a million-dollar sound.

(For your nearest dealer, call toll free, 800-421-5632 • 1000 E. Del Amo Blvd., Carson, Calif. 90746)

WATCH WHAT YOU WANT WHEN
YOU WANT TO WATCH IT!

UNCENSORED VIDEO
MOVIES IN THE PRIVACY
OF YOUR OWN HOME!

JOIN THE EXCLUSIVE TIP® TRADE IN PLAN
TRADE FOR ANY TITLE YOU WANT

NOW ONLY $9.69 plus $4.00 handling
& YOUR TRADE IN

PURCHASE ANY TITLE YOU LIKE

NOW ONLY $69.69 plus 6% handling

- ★ THE LARGEST SELECTION OF PRE-RECORDED VIDEO PROGRAMS IN THE WORLD
- ★ WE CARRY EVERY G, PG, R AND X VIDEO MOVIE AVAILABLE ANYWHERE
- ★ THE SAME TITLES SELLING ELSEWHERE FOR $89.00 AND UP
- ★ IF IT'S ON VIDEO WE'VE GOT IT
- ★ IF IT'S NOT IN STOCK WE'LL ORDER IT
- ★ ALL TITLES AVAILABLE IN VHS AND BETA
  - • SOME TITLES IN BETA I, QUASAR AND SANYO
- ★ ALL ORDERS SHIPPED PROMPTLY

AMERICAN EXPRESS • VISA • MASTERCHARGE
ORDER NOW—CALL US DIRECT
TOLL FREE
800-223-2388
in NY call 212-541-9810
Call or write for free catalog or the name of the **International Home Video Club** dealer in your neighborhood. New dealership inquiries invited.

INTERNATIONAL
HOME VIDEO CLUB, INC.
237 West 54th Street, Dept. TJ
New York, New York 10019

TOP VIDEO MOVIES
AVAILABLE NOW!
1980 Best Erotic Movie Award
BABYLON PINK
Marilyn Chambers is **INSATIABLE**

Alien
American Sex Fantasy
A Star Is Born
Behind the Green Door
Blonde in Black Silk
Captain Lust
Coalminer's Daughter
Deep Throat
Devil in Miss Jones
Easy
Ecstasy Girls
800 Fantasy Lane
Emmanuelle
Enter the Dragon
Godfather
Happy Days
Her Name Was Lisa
Jack and Jill
Misty Beethoven
Muppet Movie
Pretty Peaches
Pro Ball Cheerleaders
Reunion
Sex World
Superman
'10'
The Rose

X-MAS SPECIAL
"X Rated Highlights" $39.69

I said rack it in, asswipe."

His face was so close to mine, I could smell his dinner. His nose was long, hooked, and elementary, like a Bronze Age cutting tool. As he whispered, his lips curled back in a sneer, exposing the pink, shining sill of his upper gums.

His lips touched against my ear in a malignant parody of a kiss. The pleasure of discipline to Fox, I realized as I felt his tongue close to my ear, was related to a ruthless sexuality. There was something nightmarishly erotic in his brutality as I listened to his ugly whispers burning into my ears. I thought of the taking of beleaguered cities, the fury of plunder, and the forcing open of feminine mouths to receive the conqueror's semen. That's what it is, I thought. That's what it is, as I surveyed the images before me. This was the rape of boys. Hell Night had the feel and texture of a psychic rape. Throughout the barracks, a malignant virility was born in the hearts of plebes. A year from this night, many of us would be the cadre, abusing scared boys on this same quadrangle.

One hour and fifteen minutes after the plebe system officially began, a bugle reverberated through the barracks. It carried in its melody the authority of our release. The bugle ended what the regimental commander's voice had begun.

The cadre screamed at us, "Get to your rooms, dumbheads. Run, run, you scumbags. Get to your rooms, people."

I took one step toward my room and fell to my knees. My legs would not function. I could not rise. There was not a freshman in the barracks standing. The legs of our entire class had failed us.

Fox kicked me in the ass and screamed, "Crawl, maggot. Crawl, abortion. Crawl, Kotex."

"To the showers, people!" a voice commanded outside on the galleries, "Clean your loathsome bodies, dumbwads."

The sound of the enemy's voice again brought me erect and ready to face them again.

In the shower room we stripped naked and ran through two lines of jeering upperclassmen, who shoved us roughly into the cold water that sprayed from the six nozzles. They permitted us to remain under the water for only a few seconds, then forced us out of the shower, handed us bars of soap, and ordered us to lather up. They sent us sprinting back to our rooms with the soap caked all over our glistening bodies. The sweat and the soap and the stench combined to make our skin feel lizardlike.

I was completely naked when the first sergeant and the company commander burst into my room.

"Room, attention!" I cried out and went into a brace.

"Where's your roommate, McLean?" Blasingame asked. "Pop off."

"I don't know, sir," I answered. "I haven't seen him since after mess, sir."

"Did you see him anytime tonight?" Maccabee asked. "Pop off."

"I didn't see anybody tonight, sir."

"No one saw Clearwater on the quadrangle, McLean. And he's not at the hospital."

"Do you know where he is, Mr. McLean? Pop off," Blasingame said. "Pop off loud and clear, scumbag."

"No, sir."

The first sergeant went down on one knee and peered into the shadows beneath the lower bunk bed. Then he walked to my roommate's clothes press and opened it suddenly. It was empty. When he opened my press, I saw the frightened eyes of my roommate, Harvey Clearwater, blazing with something that went beyond even terror, looking past the first sergeant directly at me. He was asking me to help him, to deliver him in some way from the wrath of the cadre and the fury of the system. But I knew something about the system now, and I dropped my eyes and did nothing.

"Sir, I don't belong here, sir. I just don't belong here," Harvey pleaded.

"You fucking worm," Blasingame said disgustedly. "You hid in a press while your classmates were on the quad."

"You shit on your classmates, Clearwater," the first sergeant said. "That's the only unforgivable sin at the Institute. Get out of there, scumbag. We're going to give you your own personal Hell Night."

Harvey climbed out of the press, trembling violently. They shoved him out of the room and into the darkness on the gallery.

I finished washing the soap from my body. When I was done, I put on a fresh pair of underwear and fell into the bottom rack without pulling down the covers. I was not the same boy who had awakened to reveille that morning. That boy was a stranger to me now, and he could never be recalled. The system had transformed me into an original astonished creature. I had learned things about myself and others out there on the quadrangle that I had never known before. The cadre had ripped civilization from my back as though it were nothing more than strips of skin.

All through the four battalions, hurt and confused and frightened and exhausted freshmen were thinking similar thoughts. Some of them were already planning to leave; some of them would last a month; others would leave at the Christmas break. But the extraordinary power of the plebe system was demonstrated most remarkably by the fact that there were four hundred boys who arrived at the exact same decision as I did that night in their own time and for their own reasons. Four hundred terrified boys vowed to themselves that no matter what happened, they would not quit.

"I will not quit. I will not quit," I said over and over to myself.

The last thing I remember before falling into a deep, dreamless sleep was the screaming of my roommate, Harvey Clearwater.

I never saw him again.

My college education had begun.

Get Your Dream Girl Within 5 Minutes or YOU PAY NOTHING!

7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL

Will Have YOU Scoring At Work, Parties, Or On The Streets!

It's incredible, but true! 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL gives you 7 simple principles any man can learn in just ONE HOUR! And you can put 'psychic mind control' to work for you immediately! These 7 principles guide you step by step until YOU find yourself meeting loads of women . . . the ones you only dreamed of being with before. And they will want *you* . . . they will laugh at *your* jokes . . . *you* will turn them on. And you will be confident you can do it EVERY TIME!

It Works Within 5 Minutes!

Knowing you will have such success with beautiful women will change your entire life. Really, it doesn't matter how well or how poorly you've done with women in the past. In fact, it doesn't even matter why. Once you have read, re-read and practiced the 7 STEPS (only one hour's work) you can look for the most outrageous dream girl possible—and she'll be yours WITHIN 5 MINUTES!

Sound impossible? Here is just one of the testimonials to the power of 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL from J.M. in Madison, Conn:

"I'm not what you would call handsome, but I'm not ugly either. And I have a good sense of humor. But somehow, I was never able to get that date I really wanted or to score with the REALLY beautiful women who turned me on. Maybe I was shy, or just awkward, I'm not sure, but I could never just walk up to that kind of woman. I'd dream about it, but I never really knew what would work. Finally, I gave up trying. I just wasn't the type of guy who picks up that really dynamite piece of ass."

"Was I wrong! Your 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL has given me powers I never knew I could have with women. I don't worry about dates anymore. If I don't have one, I know I can get one at a moment's notice. Now, I'm surrounded by beautiful women all the time."

"What's even more amazing is I hardly ever worry about sex anymore. I know I'm going to get MORE than my share and it would amaze you if you knew how many really sexy ladies ask ME to sleep with THEM now!"

"Honestly, it would be hard for me to thank you enough. I'm having a ball—and most of that is thanks to you!"

Turn Women Into Putty

There is no reason why the results enjoyed by J.M. can't be YOURS! And it's so simple. Doctors know we use only 10% of our brainpower. 90% of our mental strength lies untapped. Now I can't show you how to use all of your mental strength—but I *can* show you how to harness just that extra bit . . . to get that "edge" and use it to turn women into putty. You will approach women differently than ever before. You will be confident of success with ANY WOMAN YOU DESIRE!

Just read these 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL a few times and give it a try. After your first few conquests it will come naturally to you. And women will think you've always had this gift. Sometimes when you use the powers of 'psychic mind control' you won't have to say a thing. She will feel it, be moved by it, and SHE will approach YOU as if your thoughts were her desires.

My 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL does not fool around. It gets right to the point, giving you a very direct method for getting the girls you've always wanted . . . no matter where they are, no matter when. Give 7 STEPS a try. Live out your fantasies NOW, while your friends beg you for the secret!

GUARANTEE . . . PLUS!

Keep 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL for a full two weeks and if it takes you more than one hour to master it or 5 MINUTES to get any girl you want, just return the entire method for a full refund PLUS an additional 15¢ to cover the cost of your stamp! I KNOW you will be delighted or I couldn't make you such an offer. So order now! Take the first step today and start scoring tomorrow!

©1980 21st Century Products, Inc.,
801 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

**21st Century Products, Inc., Dept. G 127
P.O. Box 2541 Grand Central Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10163**

Sirs: It's hard to believe, but since I have a FULL MONEYBACK GUARANTEE *Plus* if your 7 *Steps To Psychic Mind Control* doesn't get me ANY girl within 5 minutes, I have enclosed my $10 plus $1 postage and handling ($11 total. NY residents add sales tax). Rush my order in a plain wrapper to: (Code #277)

Name________________

Address________________

City________________

STATE__________ Zip__________

NOW YOU CAN AFFORD THE LUXURY OF A PROFESSIONAL MASSAGE OVER & OVER AGAIN.

The Stamford System

"THE SOURCE"™ $22.50

Learn to give yourself a professional massage in the privacy of your home whenever you want with "The Source" Electric Stimulator.

Its 2-speed pulsating current relaxes muscles and stimulates circulation with 7 attachments designed for all-over or on-the-spot throbbing vibrating action. Also included — the Stamford System — an explicit how-to booklet . . . all for just $22.50.

Our Guarantee: Use and enjoy "The Source" for 30 days, and if you're still not satisfied, simply return it to us for a full refund.

Special Offer: 4 oz. Motion Lotion — Reg. $5. Now $2 with order. Turns skin warm during massage.

☐ $22.50 Machine and 7 attachments.
☐ $27.50 Deluxe Edition includes 5 oils and unguents.
☐ Motion Lotion $2.00 with order.
☐ Visa ☐ Mastercharge ☐ Check/Cash

Acct. # ______ Exp. Date ______
Signature ______
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

Free 40 pg color catalog with order.
Moneyback Guarantee. Orders shipped in discreet packages.

Stamford Hygienic
Dept. PH-91, 114 Manhattan St., Stamford, CT 06902
OVER 800.000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS
© 1980

Big & Brassy

Exclusive brassballs™ plaque makes a perfect gift for the man who really deserves it. Comes with an appropriate engraving plate. Balls are genuine plated heavy alloy. Priced just $17.50 plus $2.00 shipping and handling (N.J. residents add 5% sales tax). You can even charge them on your VISA or Master Charge card. Phone orders accepted on all credit card charges, call (609) 924-2262. Simple gift says it all. Mail to: The Brass Ones, Inc. P.O. Box 285, Rocky Hill, N.J. 08553

Name ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
VISA Account # ______ Exp. Date ______
Master Charge Account # ______ Exp. Date ______
Send me ______ Brass Balls plaques and certificates
@ $ ______ Total $ ______ Ⓟ

Adult films "hard" to get?
Why get the bird when there's Krow?

8mm and super 8mm color films from $9.00. We've come a long way since the phony nose and glasses. "Limited Edition," "Swedish Erotica" (John Holmes), "Diamond Collection," "Collection" and many others.

All films guaranteed to be top quality.

Complete Line of X-Rated Video Cassettes from $59.

Krow ENTERPRISES • P.O. Box 10842 • Chicago, IL 60610

Write for Details P-6

Krow ENTERPRISES
P.O. Box 10842
Chicago, Illinois 60610

I am 21 years of age or older

NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______
STATE ______ ZIP ______

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

Electric toothbrushes can be quite stimulating, and so can Water Piks and massaging showerheads. In your trailer there must be dozens of secret spots that can be used for quick, secret sex games. Just open your eyes for new situations instead of considering sexy magazines like *Penthouse* as competition to your sex life. Show some genuine interest in the pictures and stories and letters, and you might find yourself getting turned on. In case of a battle, join the fight.

As far as the kids being around is concerned, you should explain to them that since their parents love each other, they want some spare time every now and then. You should excuse yourself to retire to your bedroom once in a while. Just turn on the radio really loud. They won't hear a thing.

ON AND OFF, USUALLY OFF

I am a 26-year-old bisexual woman who had a lot of sexual experience before I married and became monogamous two years ago. During my teens I was very promiscuous and slept with many different men. I'd say I screwed with a few hundred. As I entered my twenties, I began to sleep with women as well as men but became much more discriminating in choosing my individual partners. Not counting friendships and one-night stands, I had one male and two female lovers (not simultaneously) with whom I was most monogamous prior to my marriage.

My husband is handsome, virile, tender, experienced, knowledgeable, loving . . . in short he is everything a woman can ask for: a perfect lover. Here is my problem. Now that I have good sex available to me whenever I want it and don't have to go searching through lonely nights and bad lays, I find that I want it only about once every two weeks. My husband would prefer to have sex every (or every other) day. Sometimes he has wondered if I really am not turned on to him or would prefer a woman. I know that this is not the case. In fact, one of my female lovers used to complain about the same thing. She used to accuse me of really wanting a man, since I did not desire sex as often as she did. The truth is I find my husband an excellent and very desirable lover, but I just don't feel "hot" more than a few times a month. Partly because of my active and promiscuous past, my husband finds that hard to believe and instead takes it as an indication that I am bored with him. He also thinks this is because I had a lot more sex with him during the first two months of our relationship. But when we met, I had not had good sex with a man in a very long time and I was very horny for some good fucking and making love. But after a while I settled down to what seems to be my "normal" pattern.

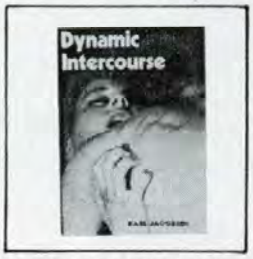
Now I have began to wonder if once every two weeks is normal. Could there be something physically wrong with me? Or might I have a problem that I am unaware of? Or is my two-week pattern within the range of normal? Is there any way I can increase my frequency of sexual desire so as to keep my husband more satisfied in the bedroom?

Sometimes I try to blow him to take care of his needs in between our biweekly lovemaking bouts; but he takes a long time to come, and my jaw and arms start to cramp, and he usually ends up jacking himself off while looking at me, which is rather unsatisfactory for him. Then there are the occasional times when I fuck him "just for him." If I fake desire to help him come, he can usually tell and is turned off. I used to get pretty hot watching X-rated films, so we got a film projector and some porno films; but after the novelty wore off, so did the effectiveness. (Pictures and stories usually turn me on only if I'm a little bit hot already.) I do smoke a lot of marijuana (I have for ten years), and I'm beginning to wonder if that may be affecting my sexual desire negatively. I hope not, since I love to smoke and have a very hard time giving it up. But is it possible that marijuana "relaxes my nerves" literally and too much, so that even my sexual tension is decreased? Am I "smoked out"?

SEX BOOKS THAT SIZZLE!

SWEDISH EROTICA
CATALOG

322 SWEDISH EROTICA
Over 230 full color pages showing you the horniest, most beautiful porno stars doing their thing before the xxx-rated movie cameras that make SWEDISH EROTICA films worldwide bestsellers. Each explicit film graphically pictured and *available for sale!* $14.95



316 DYNAMIC INTERCOURSE
Building sexual power, The Panther's Kiss, the use of ice, sexual control, positions, more positions, gimmicks and gadgets, the use of sight, sound and smell. 180 dynamic photographs. **Just $4.95**

298 SEXUAL DEVIATIONS
The original unabridged bible that covers every form of sexual deviation including incest, bestiality, voyeurism, exhibitionists, transvestites, vampirism, white slavery, cannibalism, fetishes, etc. **Still Only $10.00**

Sexual Deviations

292 INTERRACIAL SEX
No longer taboo, you'll see black and white together in over 100 full color and black and white photos that will show you the varieties, attractions, and the erotic lure of forbidden love. Explicit and complete. **Only $9.95**

INTERRACIAL SEX

MASTURBATION

319 MASTURBATION
See hundreds of women and men masturbating themselves and each other in over 100 full color and b&w photographs that show you the latest arousal techniques and devices. See how masturbation can give you the best orgasms ever. **Only $9.95**

295 AN ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO SEXUAL PLEASURES
Step by Step and photograph by photograph the whole gamut of erotic satisfaction is covered explicitly. Includes positions and exotic variations, foreplay, oral sex, masturbation, turn-ons, etc. More than 100 full color and b&w photos. **Only $9.95**

SEXUAL PLEASURES

301 BEAUTIES OF THE WORLD
Are they different or the same? Do you know what's waiting for you in other countries of the world? Blondes, redheads, dark nubile beauties, white milky skinned nymphettes, full of desire and sexuality. Packed with photos in Full Color—**$5.00**

BEAUTIES OF THE WORLD
CENSORED

286 SEXUAL FANTASIES
More than 100 photos in vivid color and black and white reveal your horniest erotic fantasies, including—two women to serve him, youthful nymphettes, the orgy, women in uniform, and much, much more! **Just $9.95**

SEXUAL FANTASIES

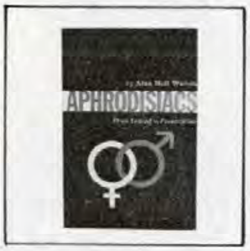
SPECIAL COMBO PACKAGES

307 SEXUAL INTERCOURSE PACKAGE
Includes, *The Manual of Unusual Sexual Techniques*—how to transform the obvious into new realms of exciting, different sex; *Marathon Screwing* teaches you, step by step how to develop legendary staying power; *The Mattress Masters Handbook*—share the pro's secrets of seduction. 2 book package—dozens of pix—priceless techniques. **Only $9.95.**

310 EROGENOUS ZONE 3 BOOK PLEASURE PACKAGE
Grace's Guides to Penis Sucking, Pussy Eating, and Masturbating. The techniques contained in these pages are guaranteed to send you and your lover into ecstatic joy even when playing sexual solitaire. Photo Illustrated. **All 3 just $9.95**

313 X-RATED FAIRY TALES, ILLUSTRATED
See *Goldilocks* throbbing with lust and passion. Watch voluptuous *Cinderella* perform every sex act imaginable. Admire *Jack* as he sticks his beanstalk into giant amazon women. Nearly 100 hysterical full color and b&w illustrations. **Still only $9.95**

283 APHRODISIACS
Special love recipes to turn your best girl into a raging inferno. Which ingredients will help you to "keep going". Yes, everything you ever wanted to know about love potions and more . . . **$7.95**



SEXUAL DIMENSIONS

289 SEXUAL DIMENSIONS
Dr. Shak Kokken states that, a high percentage of men are inflicted with an inferiority complex regarding their penises'. This book explores how size relates to performance, what may increase penis size, the influence of ethnic roots on phallic dimensions. Hundreds of photos, drawings and diagrams. **Only $9.95**

WOMEN WHO LOVE ANIMALS

304 WOMEN WHO LOVE ANIMALS
Meet the women who dare. See them in action. Over 75 photos show women and animals together! Giant collies, huge male apes, tomcats, snakes, turtles . . . many more! This is the photo study that reaches into the secret realms of forbidden sex. **Only $6.95**

325 PLEASURES OF ORAL LOVE
The Ultimate Kiss is depicted in over 200 close-up photographs in this oversize 8½"x11" photo guide to performing fellatio and cunnilingus that drive men and women to rushing orgasm. Includes Deep Throat, Tongue Penetration, Swallowing, Licking, Manipulating and more! **Only $9.95**

the Ultimate Kiss

Call Toll Free For
Visa & MC
800-824-7888 Oper #69
In Ca.: 800-852-7777

21st Century Products Dept. # MB223, P.O.Box 2541, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10163

Sirs. Please rush me the books circled. I have enclosed my check/money order and $1.00 postage and handling (N.Y. residents add sales tax)

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ State ______ Zip ______

Signature *(I am over 18 years of age)* ____________________

Visa ______ MC ______ Interbank # ______

Acc't # ____________________ Exp Date ______

#283—$ 7.95
#286—$ 9.95
#289—$ 9.95
#292—$ 9.95
#295—$ 9.95
#298—$10.00
#301—$ 5.00
#304—$ 6.95

#307—$ 9.95
#310—$ 9.95
#313—$ 9.95
#316—$ 4.95
#319—$ 9.95
#322—$14.95
#325—$ 9.95

Total ______

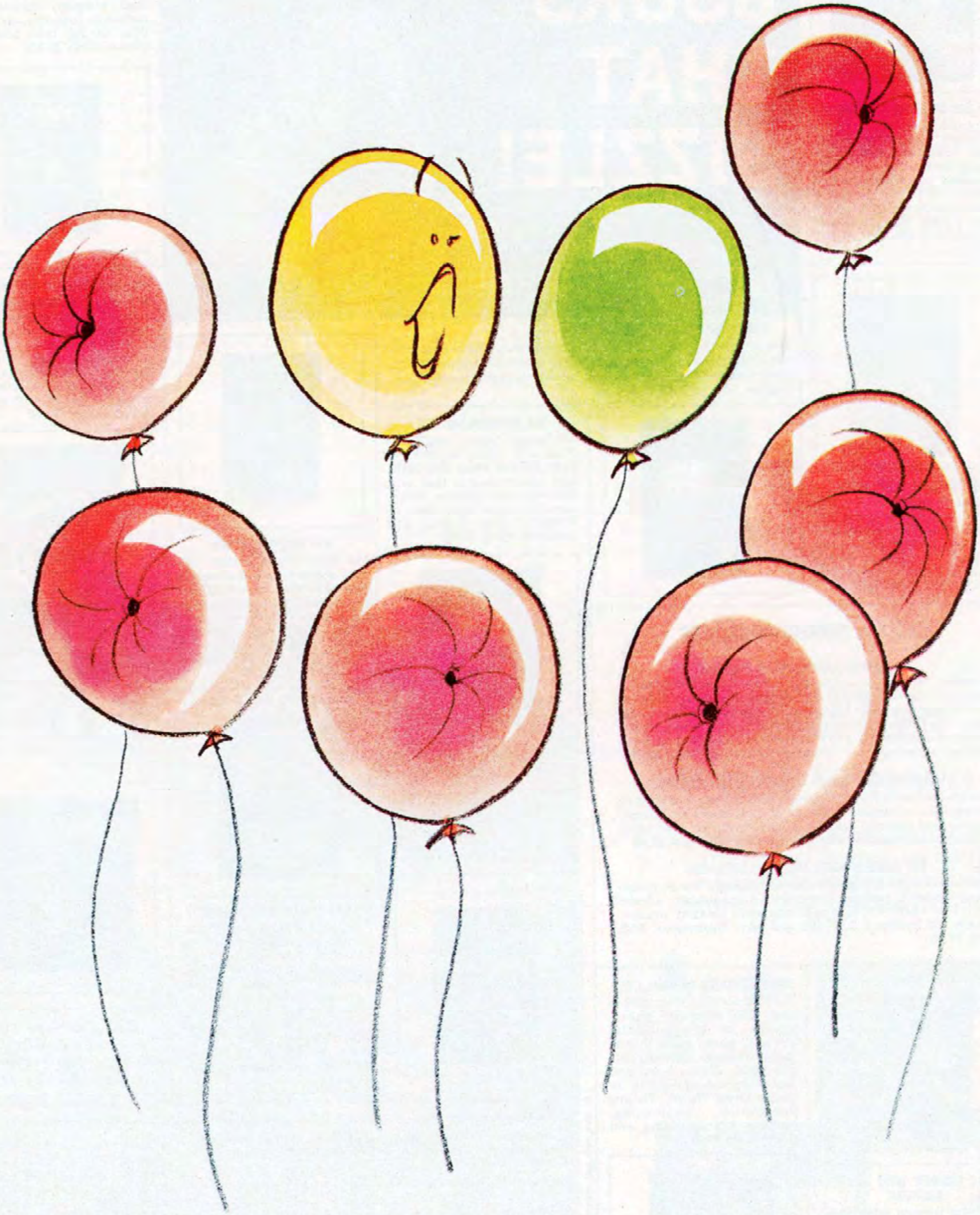
Add $1.00 per item p&H: ______

Grand Total: ______

Canadian residents send to: 280 Havelock Street, Suite 202, Toronto M6H3B9. Add 25% to prices.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Say—how liberal is the Liberal Party?"

I do not desire other men or women, and I don't want to "swing." I overdid promiscuity in the past and made myself sick of it. Most strangers are very disappointing, anyway. There is no one I would rather make love with more than my husband. Can you offer me any insights or information about why I don't desire sex more often and/or suggest some (healthy) ways to increase my appetite without going outside of my marriage? My husband is beginning to consider visiting prostitutes. I would prefer to satisfy him myself, as I believe that would be more satisfactory to both of us.—M. W.

A once-a-week pattern is more the normal desire of the average woman after several years of marriage. It seems strange that a woman who has been so active during all her younger years should now turn so cold toward sex. Luckily, I still like my sex at least every day, and, my dear, I have had even more experience than you! I guess I am a normal woman with a very healthy sexual appetite. Even though you claim to have no desire for *other* partners, you may well still have the need for *good variety!* (It might just be that you have been meeting the wrong people).

As far as smoking pot is concerned—I never drink alcohol or smoke regular cigarettes—I love to get stoned on some good hash and grass, and other than a very dry mouth and the "munchies," I can only claim positive vibes and a very horny evening once I am high. But of course, during my many trips all over the world, there are many nights I spend making love on nothing else but orange juice or water, and . . . the feeling of fabulous sex and hot and passionate orgasms is still the same for me.

Maybe you and your man ought to see a reliable and trustworthy marriage counselor or even a good psychiatrist. As far as I am concerned, your problem lies mostly within your head and not within your husband or your cunt.

THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE

I am a 30-year-old bachelor living in an exclusive, quiet neighborhood. My own business takes me away from home often. Recently, after returning from being away for over a week, I unpacked my things and went to bed early, being totally exhausted.

I was awoken from a very deep sleep with the weird sensation that I was not alone in my bed. I reached to the opposite side of the bed and found, as I had suspected, a warm, unclothed woman of unknown identity. I reasoned that it was one of two women whom I had given keys to. If not, I was in bed with an intruder.

I pulled this woman, who was breathing very rapidly and deeply, into my arms. I knew that if it was one of the women I thought, I would be able to identify her by her hair. As I wrapped my arms around her, I felt her hair, which reached the middle of her back. Only then did I realize I was in bed with a neighbor (married) to whom I'd given a key so she could watch the house while I was away.

I cannot explain the feeling I had—a mixture of fear, sexual excitement, and fantasy. I had had many previous fantasies about this woman, but I'm sure that I never telegraphed those feelings to her. As I pulled her body next to mine, the fear that I felt because she was married was overcome by the increasing excitement that was growing in both of us as our bodies touched and our wet lips met for the first time in long, soft, wet, passionate kisses.

As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I watched her as she fondled me with her pouting lips and gracious, unselfish tongue. Then she released me and slowly mounted me, placing her hands squarely upon my chest. She gently slid down around me. Her pussy was hot, moist, and soft, and she gently worked up and down, each time almost allowing me to come out before starting down again.

I tried to restrain myself, but I climaxed with as much intensity as I ever have before, and, beautifully, she joined me as soon as I started to flow. After our total togetherness, she lowered herself onto my chest, laid her legs inside mine, and I wrapped my arms around her once again with total satisfaction. Only then did we verbally express our pleasure and agree that it should go on—which it did.

This whole situation has me very confused. I still do not understand why she came to me in the first place. I do not know if it was because she loves me, which she has claimed, or if she does this kind of thing frequently. Incidentally, I have ended the relationship, because I couldn't maintain a physical relationship with this woman without becoming mentally involved with her as well.—J. O.

Have you discussed with her what her feelings are toward you? Does she merely see you as a sex object? Why not, actually? For ages and ages women have always been considered as sex objects. I think it is great that women can go out and get laid and choose their free style of living and fucking whenever and with whomever they want it.

But since you seem to be the more sentimental type, I guess she falls under the category of the friendly neighbor who has a regular sex life at home but is most probably a bit bored with her own man. If she says she loves you, at least accept that she likes you. "I love you" is often said in a sexual connotation when the passion is rising. It sounds good to say and even better to hear.

I doubt that she is a nymphomaniac, since in that case she would most probably be fucking every neighbor on the street. Who knows, however, what she does the other nights and with whom?

Why worry about a pleasant thing happening to you? If she expresses the wish to be with you again, remember to *honor thy neighbor.* O+━

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.

*Robert Service**
The Men That Don't Fit In

A one hundred proof potency that simmers just below the surface. Yet, so smooth and flavorful, it's unlike any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted. Straight, mixed, or on the rocks, Yukon Jack is truly a spirit unto itself.

The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.

Yukon Jack®

100 Proof Imported Liqueur made with Blended Canadian Whisky.

Yukon Jack. Imported and Bottled by Heublein Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A.* © 1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

Driving the Lotus Esprit
is the closest you can come to being
thrown into hyper-space.

THE LOTUS POSITION

BY WADE HOYT

Either the people who design exotic sports cars watch a lot of outer-space movies or the people who create the special effects for outer-space movies drive a lot of exotic sports cars. I suspect the latter, for although the Lotus Esprit was first seen as a styling exercise at the 1972 Turin Auto Show, which predates the current *Star Wars/Buck Rogers/ Battlestar Gallactica* craze, the futuristic car could easily have been a prop in any one of those films. (It was, in fact, used as an underwater vehicle by James Bond in *The Spy Who Loved Me.*)

Styled by the prolific Giorgetto Giugiaro, the Esprit is only elbow high, yet once you have settled into its hip-hugging, semireclining astronaut seats, it is wide and comfortable inside. Giugiaro is famous for his crisp, mid-engined designs, and this Lotus has many intriguing aspects. The windshield glass is absolutely flat, with not a silly millimeter of curvature. The small rear windows are fitted to the ends of little tunnels that provide the driver with surprisingly good rear-quarter visibility for lane changes, merging, and entering oblique intersections—an unusual convenience in a mid-engined car.

There are cars that turn heads, but even when it is parked, the Lotus Esprit draws crowds and causes passengers to hang out the windows of passing cars for a better look. For some reason, it does not draw cops, who drive by respectfully with averted eyes, assuming that you are a well-connected coke dealer.

Colin Chapman founded Lotus Cars in 1951 to build competition cars and, later, small numbers of light, agile, sophisticated sports cars with names like Elite, Elan, Eclat, and Europa. Current production is about 27 handmade cars per week. Lotus Grand Prix cars have won the Formula One World Championship seven times since 1963, the last time being 1978, with Mario Andretti at the wheel.

Chapman brings the same canny finesse to the design of his road cars as he does to that of the racers. The three present models—Elite, Esprit, and Eclat—are all powered by four-cylinder engines, which does not sound terribly impressive when compared with the exotic 6-, 8-, and 12-cylinder configurations of the competition. But the Lotus 907 engine is no ordinary four-banger. It is canted over at a 45° angle to lower its center of gravity and sports double overhead camshafts and four valves per cylinder—a classic racing design.

Its 120 cubic inches produce 120 horsepower in U.S. trim (160 hp in Europe). This is admirable in view of all the power-robbing smog-control equipment required today. Domestic car makers have not produced one horsepower per cubic inch since the Musclecar Era of the late '60s.

It has been rumored that this lovely slant-four is only half of a future V-8, and, indeed, that may have been the original plan. But with continuing energy crises and environmental concerns, Chapman has wisely stuck to four cylinders. When the Esprit is driven hard (the only way to fly), its fuel economy is still 24 mpg. For more power, a turbocharged four is now available in Europe and will probably soon be seen here.

A light engine permits a light, nimble car, and Lotus cars have always been famous for their agility. You can tell a lot about a car by examining the roads that the company's executives must travel on to and from work. Detroit executives, who commute on featureless expressways, for the most part produce dull, numb cars. Mr. Chapman's lads do their tripping on the paved goat trails surrounding rural Norwich, England. As a result, the Esprit corners as though it was painted on the road. It is in its element plunging and darting over country roads. Bumps are the acid test of a car's suspension, and it's here that the Lotus race car heritage is evident. Instead of skipping from crest to crest, as most cars do, the Esprit just sucks itself down onto the asphalt, never allowing daylight to show under its fat 205/14 Dunlop Sport radials. Yet the ride is relatively unobtrusive.

The steering is incredibly quick, light, and accurate. The shifting is so fast and precise that you would swear the shift lever was sticking straight out of the gearbox, not connected by a remote linkage to a modified Citroën-Maserati transaxle. Although there isn't much power below 3,000 rpm, the five-speed transmission allows you to keep the revs up in the power band all day long.

Rocketing along a lush summer road, with the dotted lines and the greenery melding into a blur, the Esprit driver and his passenger feel like Buck and Wilma being launched down a twenty-fifth-century catapult tube in their starfighter.

In both ambience and performance, there's a lot of race car in the Esprit. It is slightly impractical for almost every other automotive purpose (save attracting attention), but who cares? If you can pop 36 grand for an Esprit, you can also afford a Honda or some such for grocery shopping. Any car that's driven to work by 007 and Mr. Andretti can't be all bad!

Photographs by Bill Stahl

63 DTM
VEHICLE MFR

GROOM AT THE TOP

The sweet smell of success is captured in this year's newest and most masculine colognes.

UNCOMMON SCENTS

Men in the 1980s have realized that fragrance is more than something you slap on haphazardly before you dash out the door in the morning. Cologne can be used to create an atmosphere or mood, to enhance sexual attraction, or as part of one's total image. Today's man may choose to wear a particular scent for any of a variety of reasons. He may wear a cologne to make him feel sexy—or to make the woman he's with feel sexy. To another man, the lavish use of an expensive cologne may give a feeling of power and status—a feeling that will definitely be conveyed to those around him.

What all this means is that men are no longer the passive recipients and users of whatever colognes are bestowed upon them by well-meaning wives, mothers, and girl friends. More men are choosing their own scents, and when they do, they more than likely are looking for a fragrance that is not only "refreshing" but also "urbane," "virile," "Continental," and "bracing."

No matter what your scent style is, the care and preservation of fine fragrances remain the same. Even with optimum storage in a cool, dark place, scents eventually lose their strength and change as they age. A cologne should be used up within a year, so it's better to buy it in small bottles, which have the added advantage of having less room for air to further dissipate the fragrance.

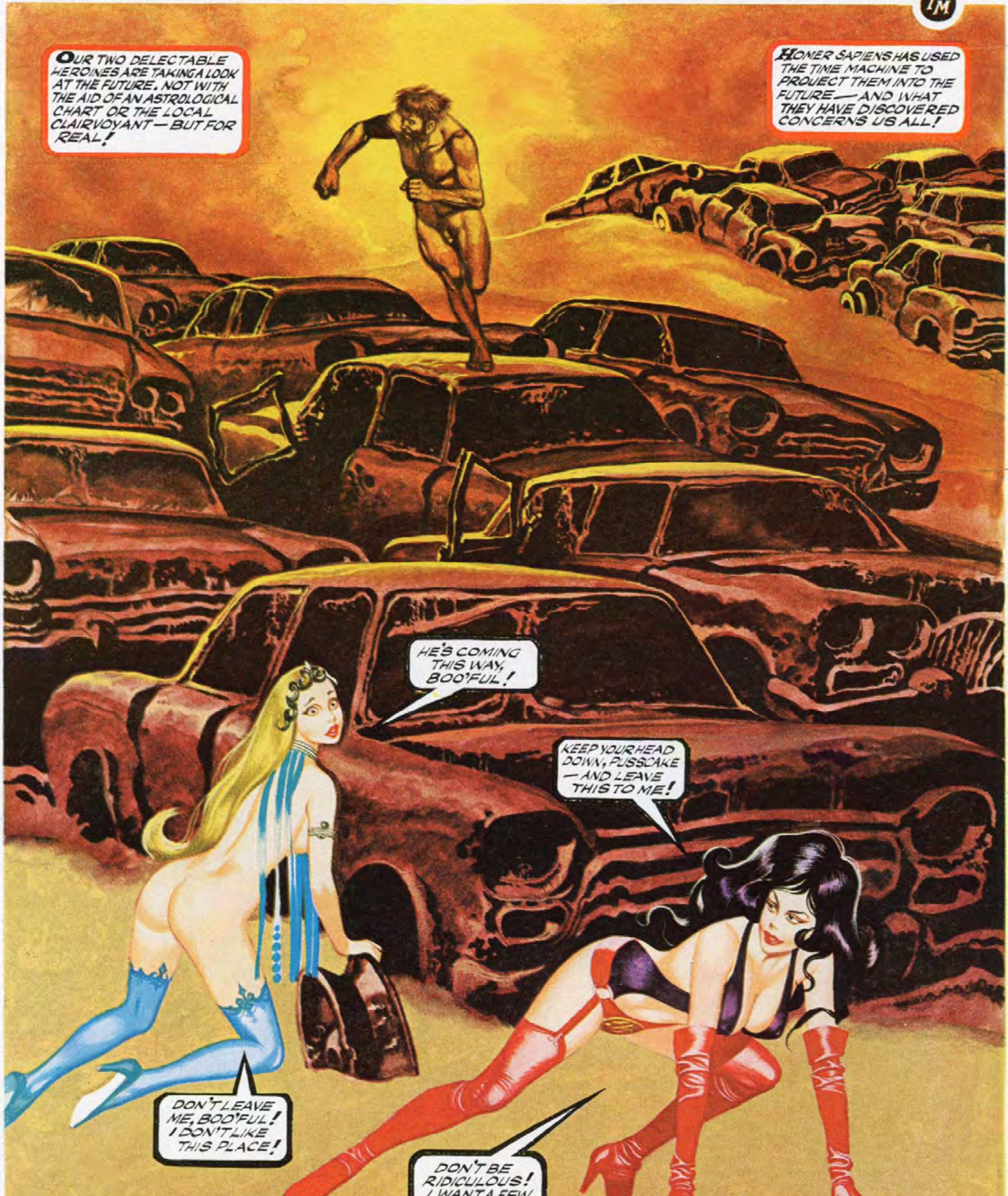
But the main problem today is finding one's way through the forest of bottles and jars in every department store. Therefore, to help you make your own selection, here is *Penthouse*'s annual compendium of colognes, including such classics as 4711, YSL, Pierre Cardin, Chanel, and Acqua di Selva as well as such assertive newcomers as Cellini, Denim, Capucci, Gallé, Van Cleef & Arpels, and Nino Cerruti.

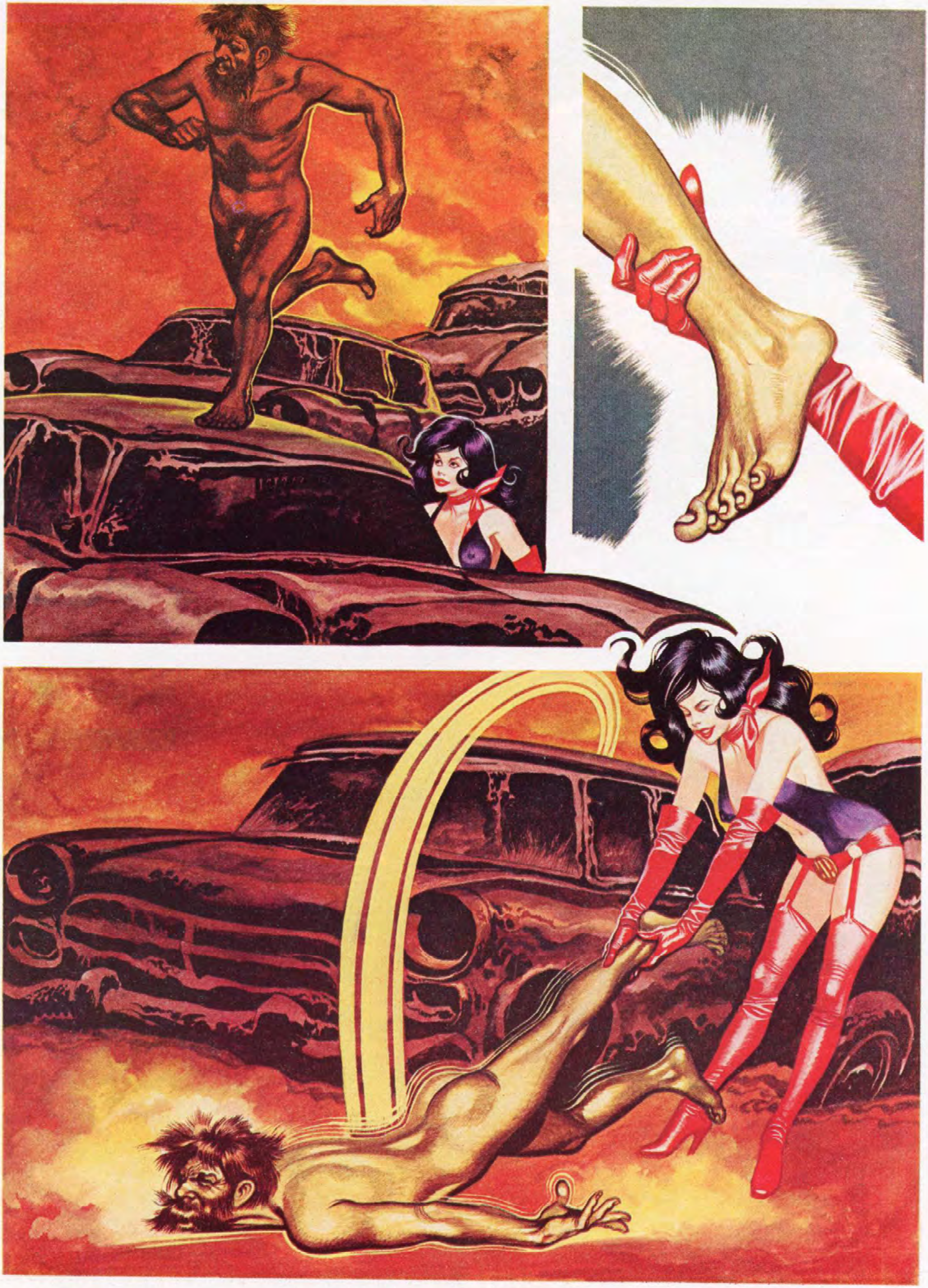
Photograph by Robert Kligge

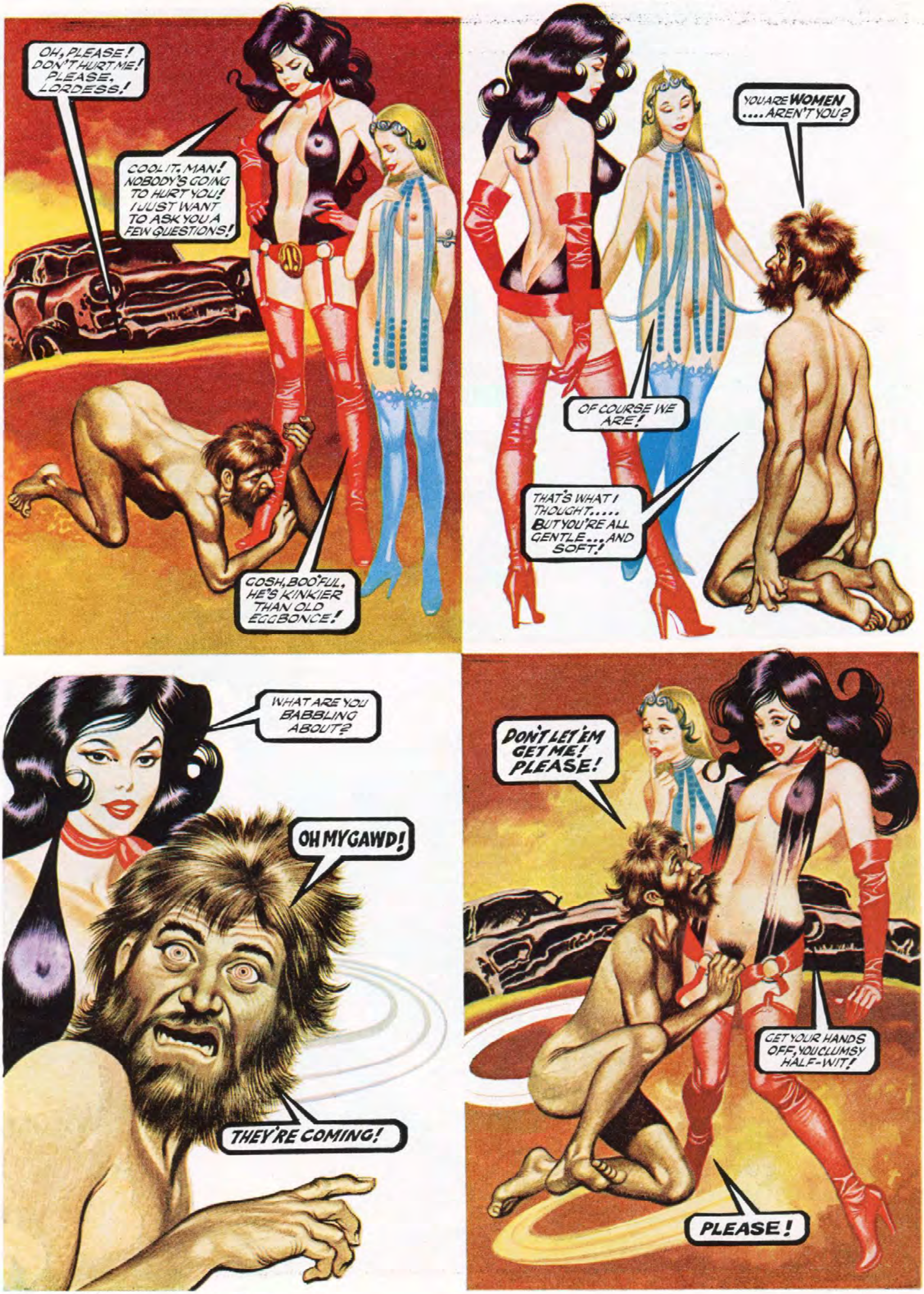
GUERLAIN
HABIT ROUGE
arden men
sandalwood
CHANEL
FOR MEN
MILLIONAIRE
COLOGNE
YVES SAINT LAURENT
YSL
Cellini
GUCCI
OSCAR DE LA RENTA POUR LUI
MUSK
Monsieur Houbigant
NINO CERRUTI
VICTOR
Van Cleef & Arpels Paris
4711
paco rabanne pour homme
120ml 4FL.OZ 90° PARIS
DENIM
CAPUCCI
POUR HOMME
PARIS
COLOGNE FOR MEN

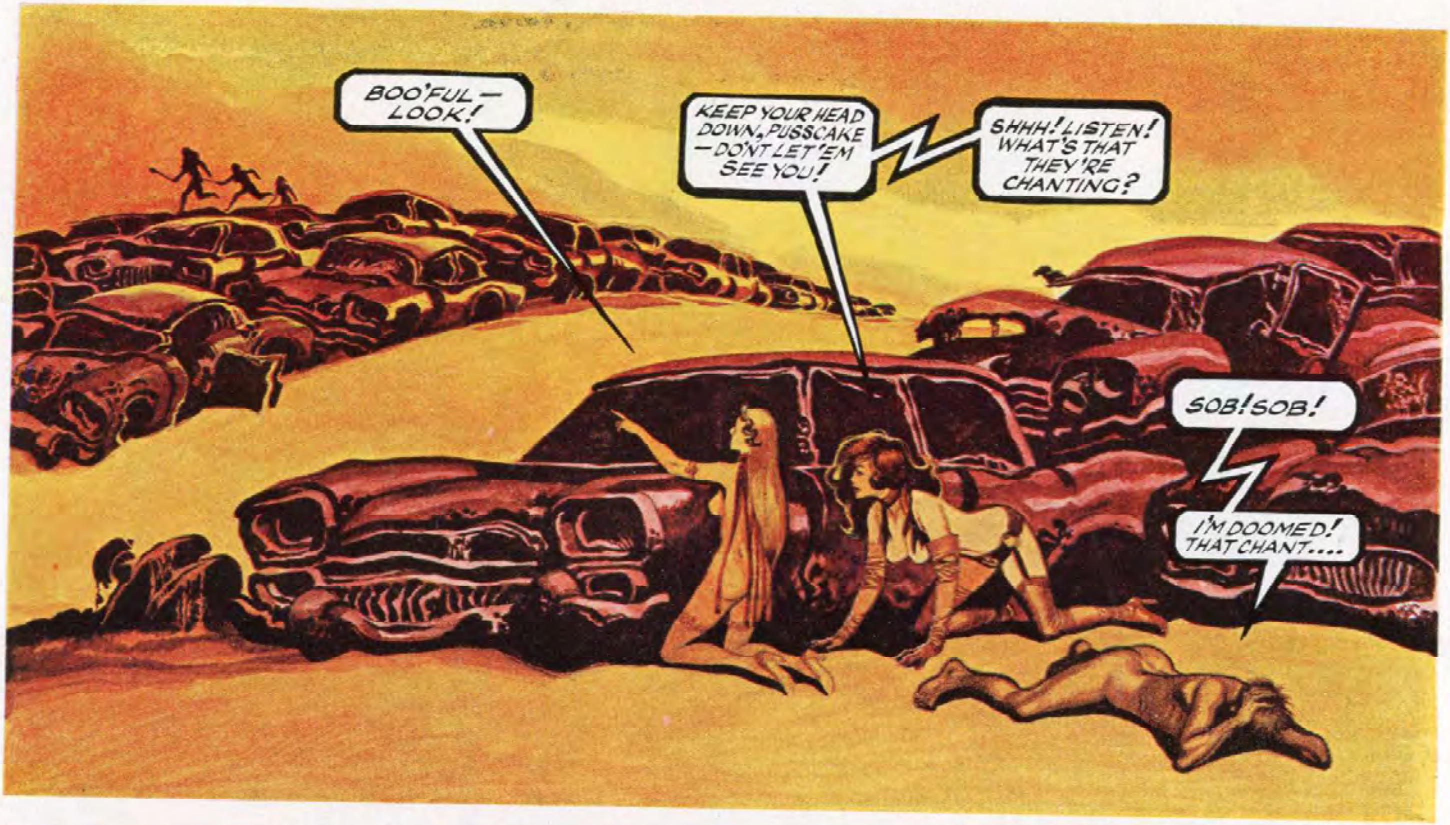
OH, WICKED WANDA!™

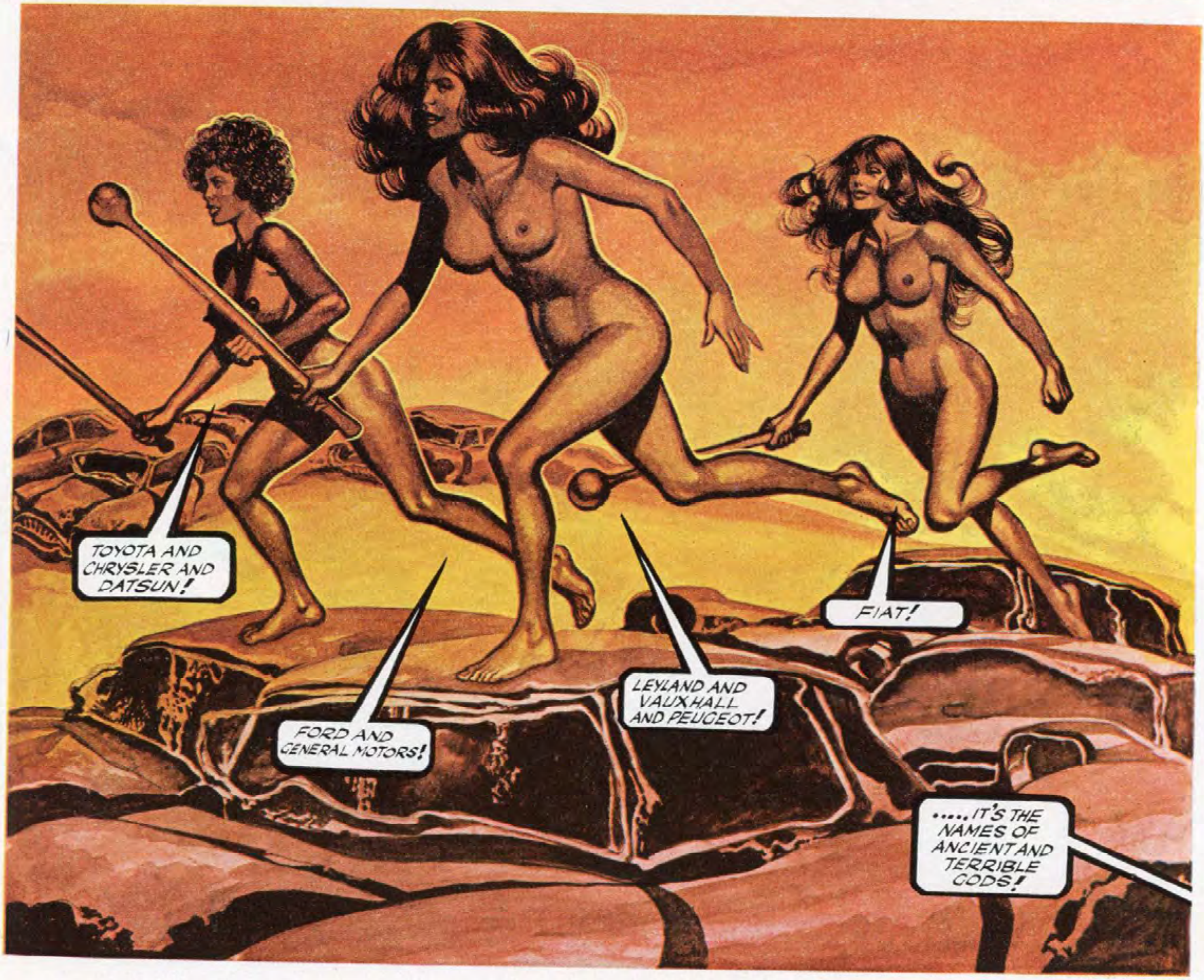
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

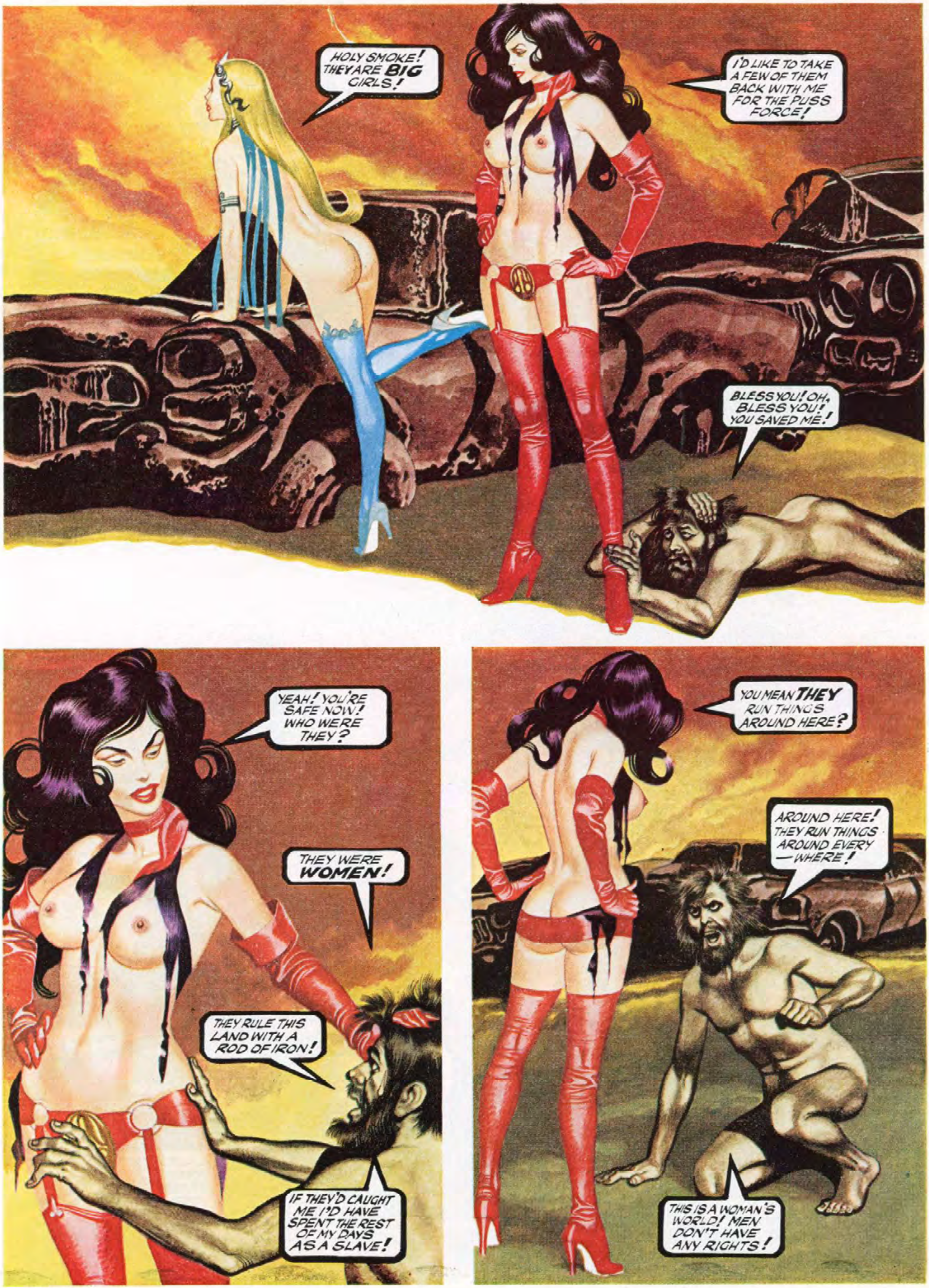

OUR TWO DELECTABLE HEROINES ARE TAKING A LOOK AT THE FUTURE. NOT WITH THE AID OF AN ASTROLOGICAL CHART OR THE LOCAL CLAIRVOYANT — BUT FOR REAL!
HOMER SAPIENS HAS USED THE TIME MACHINE TO PROJECT THEM INTO THE FUTURE — AND WHAT THEY HAVE DISCOVERED CONCERNS US ALL!
HE'S COMING THIS WAY, BOO'FUL!
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, PUSSCAKE — AND LEAVE THIS TO ME!
DON'T LEAVE ME, BOO'FUL! I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE!
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! I WANT A FEW ANSWERS!

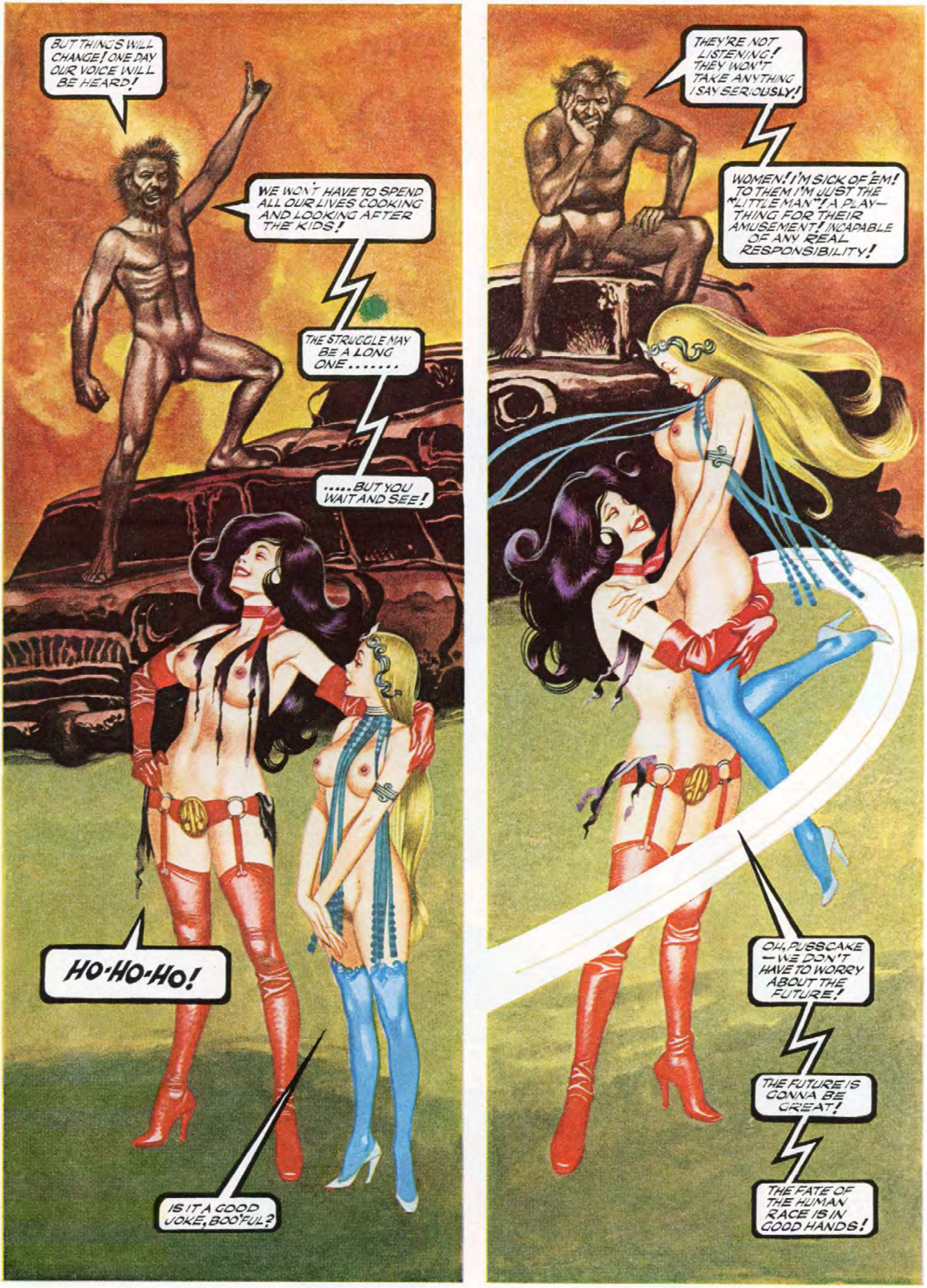


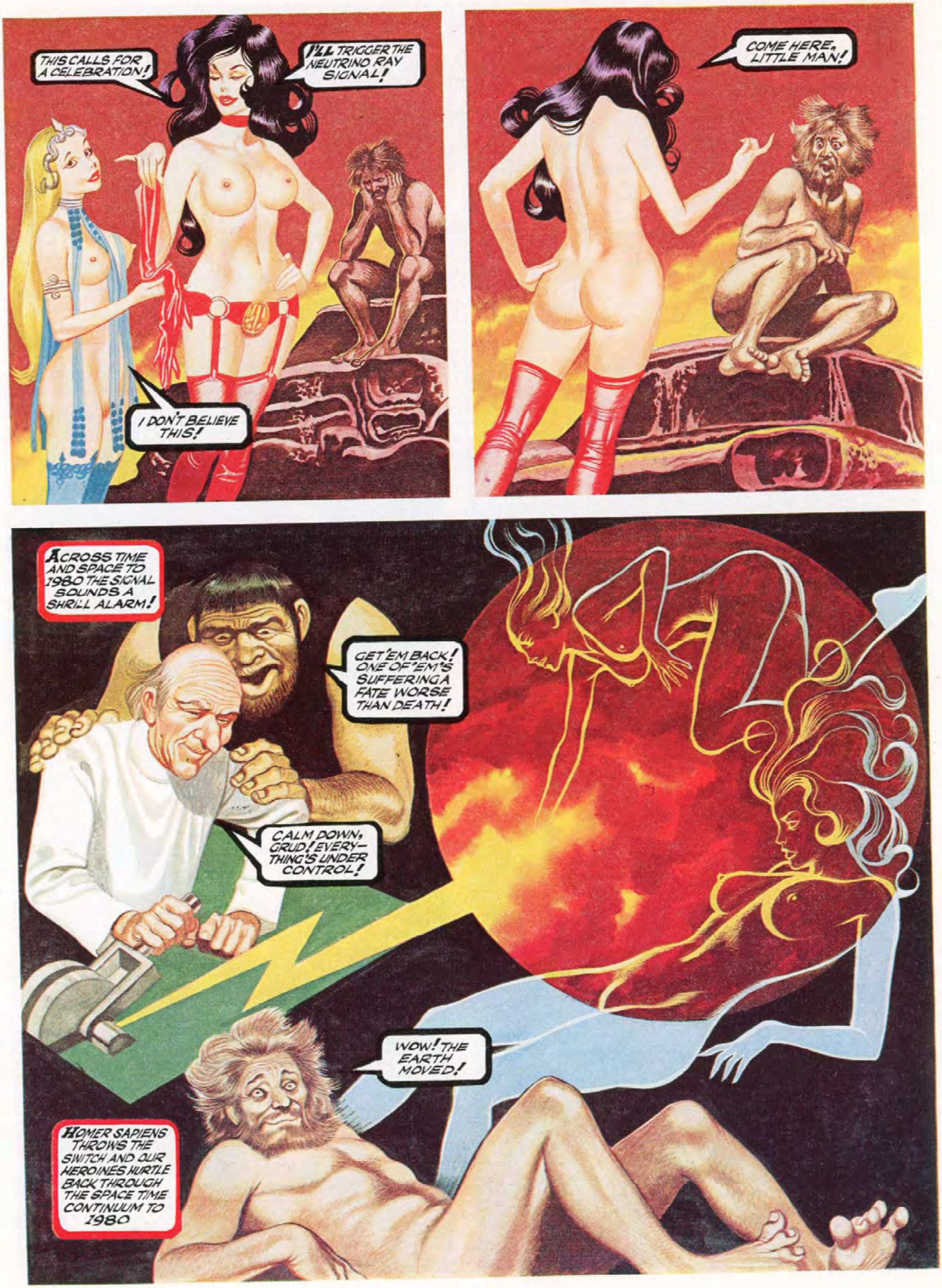

OH, PLEASE! DON'T HURT ME! PLEASE, LORDESS!
COOL IT, MAN! NOBODY'S GOING TO HURT YOU! I JUST WANT TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS!
GOSH, BOO'FUL, HE'S KINKIER THAN OLD EGGBONCE!
YOU ARE WOMEN .... AREN'T YOU?
OF COURSE WE ARE!
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT..... BUT YOU'RE ALL GENTLE... AND SOFT!
WHAT ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT?
OH MY GAWD!
THEY'RE COMING!
DON'T LET 'EM GET ME! PLEASE!
GET YOUR HANDS OFF, YOU CLUMSY HALF-WIT!
PLEASE!

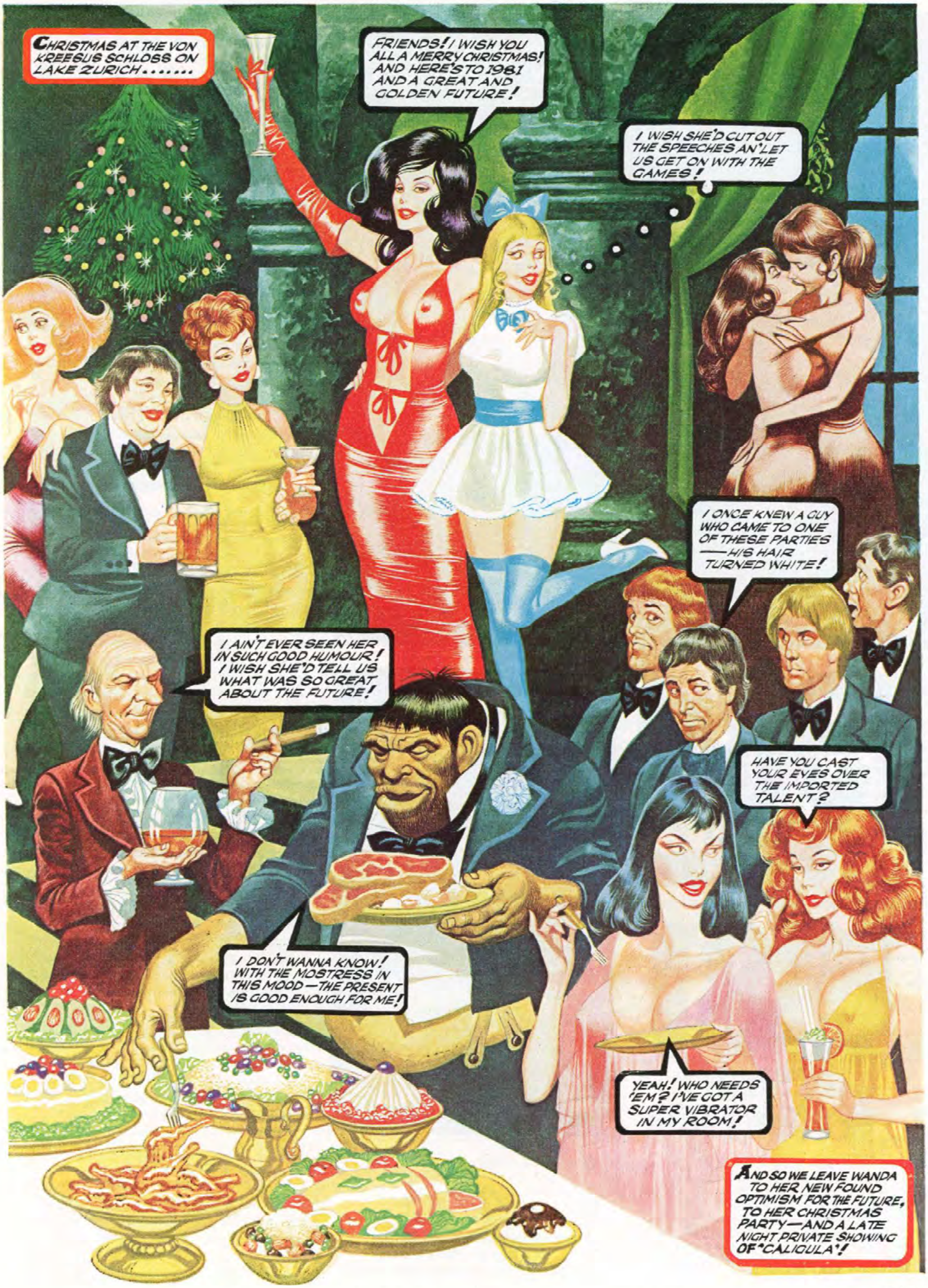

BOO'FUL— LOOK!
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, PUSSCAKE —DON'T LET 'EM SEE YOU!
SHHH! LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT THEY'RE CHANTING?
SOB! SOB!
I'M DOOMED! THAT CHANT....


TOYOTA AND CHRYSLER AND DATSUN!
FORD AND GENERAL MOTORS!
LEYLAND AND VAUXHALL AND PEUGEOT!
FIAT!
.....IT'S THE NAMES OF ANCIENT AND TERRIBLE GODS!

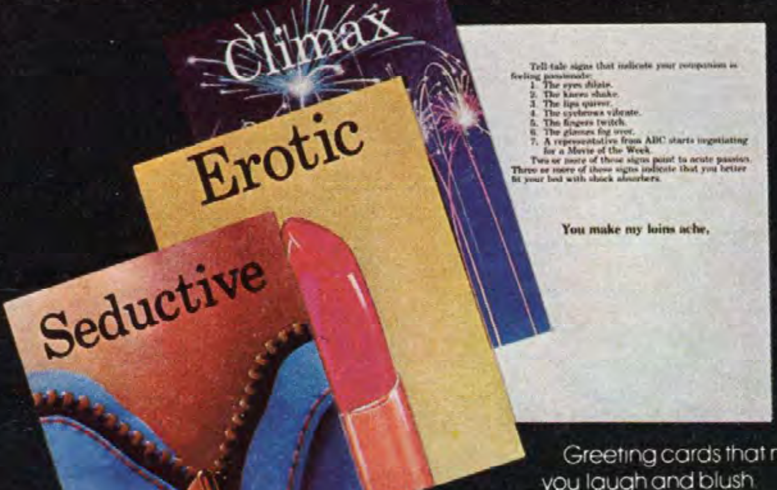

HOLY SMOKE! THEY ARE BIG GIRLS!
I'D LIKE TO TAKE A FEW OF THEM BACK WITH ME FOR THE PUSS FORCE!
BLESS YOU! OH, BLESS YOU! YOU SAVED ME!
YEAH! YOU'RE SAFE NOW! WHO WERE THEY?
THEY WERE WOMEN!
THEY RULE THIS LAND WITH A ROD OF IRON!
IF THEY'D CAUGHT ME I'D HAVE SPENT THE REST OF MY DAYS AS A SLAVE!
YOU MEAN THEY RUN THINGS AROUND HERE?
AROUND HERE! THEY RUN THINGS AROUND EVERY—WHERE!
THIS IS A WOMAN'S WORLD! MEN DON'T HAVE ANY RIGHTS!


BUT THINGS WILL CHANGE! ONE DAY OUR VOICE WILL BE HEARD!
WE WON'T HAVE TO SPEND ALL OUR LIVES COOKING AND LOOKING AFTER THE KIDS!
THE STRUGGLE MAY BE A LONG ONE.......
.....BUT YOU WAIT AND SEE!
HO-HO-HO!
IS IT A GOOD JOKE, BOO'FUL?
THEY'RE NOT LISTENING! THEY WON'T TAKE ANYTHING I SAY SERIOUSLY!
WOMEN! I'M SICK OF 'EM! TO THEM I'M JUST THE "LITTLE MAN"! A PLAYTHING FOR THEIR AMUSEMENT! INCAPABLE OF ANY REAL RESPONSIBILITY!
OH, PUSSCAKE—WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE FUTURE!
THE FUTURE IS GONNA BE GREAT!
THE FATE OF THE HUMAN RACE IS IN GOOD HANDS!


THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION!
I'LL TRIGGER THE NEUTRINO RAY SIGNAL!
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!
COME HERE, LITTLE MAN!
ACROSS TIME AND SPACE TO 1980 THE SIGNAL SOUNDS A SHRILL ALARM!
GET 'EM BACK! ONE OF 'EM'S SUFFERING A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!
CALM DOWN, GRUD! EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL!
WOW! THE EARTH MOVED!
HOMER SAPIENS THROWS THE SWITCH AND OUR HEROINES HURTLE BACK THROUGH THE SPACE TIME CONTINUUM TO 1980

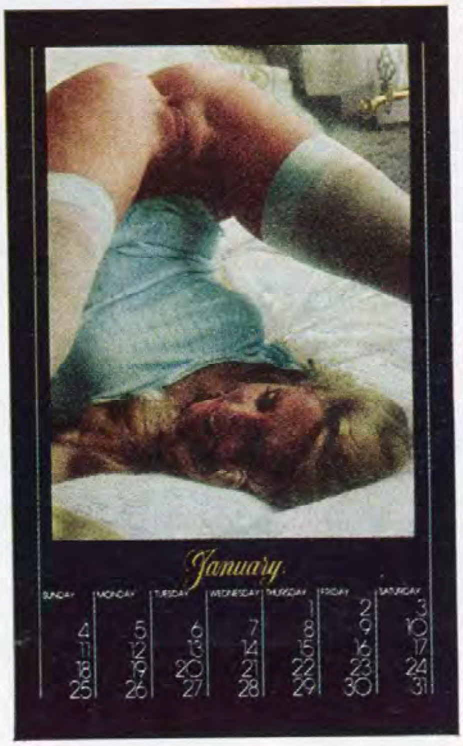

CHRISTMAS AT THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS ON LAKE ZURICH.......
FRIENDS! I WISH YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS! AND HERE'S TO 1981 AND A GREAT AND GOLDEN FUTURE!
I WISH SHE'D CUT OUT THE SPEECHES AN' LET US GET ON WITH THE GAMES!
I ONCE KNEW A GUY WHO CAME TO ONE OF THESE PARTIES —HIS HAIR TURNED WHITE!
I AIN'T EVER SEEN HER IN SUCH GOOD HUMOUR! I WISH SHE'D TELL US WHAT WAS SO GREAT ABOUT THE FUTURE!
HAVE YOU CAST YOUR EYES OVER THE IMPORTED TALENT?
I DON'T WANNA KNOW! WITH THE MOSTRESS IN THIS MOOD—THE PRESENT IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
YEAH! WHO NEEDS 'EM? I'VE GOT A SUPER VIBRATOR IN MY ROOM!
AND SO WE LEAVE WANDA TO HER NEW FOUND OPTIMISM FOR THE FUTURE, TO HER CHRISTMAS PARTY—AND A LATE NIGHT PRIVATE SHOWING OF "CALIGULA"!

GREETING CARDS YOU PROBABLY WOULDN'T SEND YOUR MOTHER.



Greeting cards that make you laugh and blush. Good almost clean fun. Set of 10 includes Seductive, Erotic, Climax, Voyeur, Lust, Cohabitation, Foreplay, Fondle, Passion, Sensuality.
$6.00 plus $1.50 p&h.
Send check or money order in U.S. funds to EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD., Dept. PRP10, P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

1980 THE START OF A NEW DECADE
1981 THE START OF A NEW ERA



in man's quest for keeping abreast with the times. The PENTHOUSE 1981 CALENDAR–12 nubile little numbers guaranteed to raise some people's eyebrows but most people's pulse rates!

This lavish, full color erotic wall calendar can be yours for $3.50 plus $1.50 postage and handling. That's 365 delectable dates for only 350 cents. You'd have to be off the wall not to own one.

If you thought '69 was good you should try '81. Order today, start the year off with a bang and you'll keep it up for at least 12 months! Send check or money order to:

PENTHOUSE 1981 CALENDAR
PENTHOUSE SPECIALS
P.O. Box 901, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737

THE GOD BIZ

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

Missionary Baptist Church in Chicago was convicted in 1979 of theft, fraud, and conspiracy. He reported his income was only $20 a week so that he could falsely collect $43,000 in welfare checks and food stamps—while he concealed that he had $46,000 in cash, several luxury automobiles, expensive furs, and three homes. He also engaged in insurance fraud, collecting $56,000 from 73 bogus insurance claims. He's serving two years in prison.

- Marjoe Gortner, an aging boy evangelist, confessed in 1972 that his exuberant revivals were a moneymaking fraud, carefully rehearsed and timed to suck big offerings from the yokels. He said his parents pocketed $3 million from his boyhood tours. To expose the racket, Gortner made a documentary movie of himself milking congregations and gleefully counting piles of money in motel rooms, whooping, "Thank you, Jesus!" Gortner went on to be an actor, and fundamentalism went on unfazed.

- At the start of the 1970s, America's top faith-healer was pugnacious A. A. Allen, who toured the land with his miracle tent. He displayed jars of small embalmed bodies he said were demons he had removed from the ill. Some observers said they were frogs. A California newspaper said that he should be prosecuted for running a racket. *Time* magazine said that he grossed $2.7 million a year plus personal "love offerings." Allen vanished during a tour, then rejoined it at Wheeling, W.Va., then vanished again. He was found dead in a San Francisco hotel room, with $2,300 in his pocket. Cause of death: acute alcoholism. (Gortner said that Allen once advised him how to know when a revival is finished and it's time to move to the next city: "When you can turn people on their head and shake them and no money falls out, then you know God's saying 'Move on, son.' ")

- The Reverend DeVernon LeGrand, who headed St. John's Pentecostal Church of Our Lord in Brooklyn, recruited many teenage "nuns" who solicited money for his church. In 1975 the pastor, age 50, was convicted of raping one of the 17-year-old nuns. In 1976 the bodies of two more of the girls were found in a pond at LeGrand's farm in the Catskills. He and a son were convicted of murdering them. In 1977 the pastor was found guilty of murdering his former wives, who died in 1963 and 1970. He's serving life in prison.

- Bishop Lucius Cartwright and Pastor Albert Hamrick of St. Phillip's Pentecostal Church in Washington, D.C., were sent to jail in 1976 for embezzling $250,000 while they were administering food stamp distribution. They used the money to buy a car, an ice cream parlor, and a bank building.

- A white revivalist, the Reverend

Share The Wealth This Christmas... Give Forum!

Share the wealth of stimulating ideas and provocative information this Christmas with a gift subscription to Forum.

Give your special friends a better understanding of their inner drives and secret dreams ... give them an exciting new appreciation of their own sexuality ... give them help in dealing with problems at the office and problems in bed. Give them advice on how to get used to a new lover and how to get rid of the old one. And open their eyes to challenging new lifestyles.

Give them Forum—The world's most influential journal of human relations.

And, if you act now, we'll send a year of Forum (12 insightful issues) to your special friends at the low rate of just $15—$12 for each additional gift.

Just fill out and return the coupon or attached form and we'll make sure each friend on your list receives a handsome gift announcement inscribed with your name in time for the holidays.

And why not add your own name to our Christmas list? Your new or renewal subscription qualifies for our low holiday rates too!

Mail today and delight your special friends this Christmas with Forum!

FORUM
Subscription Dept.
Box 930, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737

First subscription (your own or a gift)	$15.
Additional gifts	$12.

☐ Enter a one-year subscription in:

My name ______

Address ______

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

☐ Send a one-year subscription to:

Name ______

Address ______

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

Gift card to read from: ______

I enclose check|money order for $______

Print clearly please. Rates valid for U.S., APO and FPO addresses only. Canada and elsewhere, add $3.00 per subscription. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of first issue. An announcement card will be sent in time for Christmas. Offer void after June, 1981.

For additional gifts please write names and addresses on a separate sheet of paper and enclose with your remittance. Payment must be sent with order. PFD80

CREAMS & THINGS

Start using these sensuous creams, caps, pills & powders.
The finest array of scientifically specious sex aids.
HELP SOLVE YOUR SEX PROBLEMS NOW!

223—**Postiche Flavored Nymphomaniac Drops:** Just a few luscious drops where she needs it most will turn her into a raging inferno! Colored, flavored and priced so you can afford it. $5.95

226—**Postiche Flavored Spanish Fly Drops:** The legendary powers of Spanish Fly distilled into sensuously colored & flavored drops. She'll beg for more! $5.95

202—**Spurious Knockout Pills:** Put her in a trance! Recommended for tough cases only. To be swallowed or mixed in drink. $5.95

175—**Postiche Hard On Pills:** For the man who has everything . . . but. They will give you what you need most and keep it hard enough for the toughest jobs! $5.95

178—**Postiche Spanish Fly Sugar:** Tiny cubes packed with love power! This mystical blend has been impregnated in just the right dose to insure a night you will never forget! $5.95

193—**Spurious Sta-Harder Pills:** For the supreme erection! Effects last and last. Use dosage as indicated only. for her sake! $5.95

196—**Spurious Hypnotic Powder:** Just a little of this potent blend in a drink will produce a surprising willingness to submit! Have her at your command. $4.95

199—**Specious Nymphos Desire:** Powdered dynamite slipped in a drink! $4.95

181—**Seduce Her Postiche Caps:** An entire night of action in a single capsule! For you or her, it will make sensual delights grow to enormous proportions—increase your fun—insure hers! $4.95

184—**Maximus Erection Cream:** Rich and luxurious cream to get it up, and to keep it up. Light & fragrant, it will be there whenever you need it! $5.95

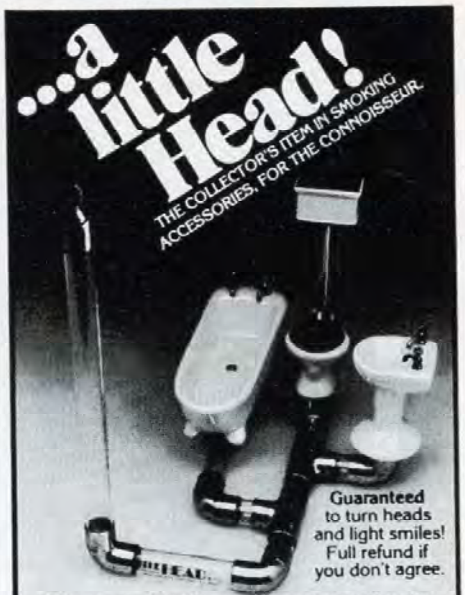
193
196
199
202

184
maximus

21st Century Labs Dept. CT156
P.O. Box 2541 Grand Central Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10017

Sirs: Rush the items numbered in boxes below. I have enclosed my check or M.O. plus $1 per item postage & handling (NY residents add sales tax) for a total of $________. (Void where prohibited)

Name ________________
Signature ________________
(I am over 18 years of age)
Address ________________
City ________ **State** ________ **Zip** ________


...a little Head!
THE COLLECTOR'S ITEM IN SMOKING ACCESSORIES, FOR THE CONNOISSEUR.
HEAD
Guaranteed to turn heads and light smiles! Full refund if you don't agree.

The classic **HEAD**™ waterpipe; pour your favorite coolant into the tub, while it drains down into the copper plumbing, raise the toilet seat and stuff your favorite "smoke" in the bowl! Swing the moveable arm up and puff away on beautiful doll house size furniture! Made of finely glazed ceramic, and solid polished copper and brass! The tub's drain is the carburetor, the sink has a stash box hidden underneath!

The incredible **HEAD**™ just **$29.95** plus **$2.50** shipping. Ca res. add 6%. Make check or money order to: **NEICO** 555 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach, CA 90254

name ________________
add. ________________
city ________ state ______ zip ______

James Eugene Ewing of Los Angeles, acquired thousands of black followers around the United States through an odd promise: If they sent him monthly donations, God would bless them with Cadillacs, color televisions, Mark IV Continentals, new homes, etc. "God's Gold Book Plan for Financial Blessings," it was called. Those who mailed their Gold Book pledges faithfully could expect "power to get wealth," Ewing said. His monthly newsletter was filled with photos of pledge-payers beaming over new Eldorados or stereos. Followers were also urged to buy "miracle billfolds" and "golden horn-of-plenty neck charms." (An architect friend of mine sent a fake name to Ewing and collected his mailings to pass around the office as funny-sad reading.) The *Los Angeles Times* said Ewing grossed $4 million a year. *Newsweek* said he spent only one percent of it on charitable work. Even so, his church filed bankruptcy in 1977, and he moved to Atlanta.

- The Children of God enlisted 5,000 teenagers to testify for Jesus in city streets. Members were required to give the sect all their income for life. New York Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz issued a report in 1974 accusing the group's leaders of fraud, tax evasion, and bizarre forced sex.
- Dr. Billy James Hargis was the king of the anti-Communist preachers after the McCarthy era. He denounced socialism, sex, and satanism—and drew millions from right-wing supporters. He lived in a $500,000 Tulsa mansion, had a farm in the Ozarks, and enjoyed the national spotlight. But he was ruined in 1976 when *Time* magazine revealed that he sodomized male and female students at his tiny fundamentalist college. (The truth leaked out after Hargis performed a wedding of two students and on their honeymoon each told the other of going to bed with their spiritual leader.)
- The Reverend Guido John Carcich was convicted in 1978 of embezzling $2.2 million from the Pallottine Fathers in Baltimore. The Catholic group collected $20 million in donations to help "the starving, sick, and naked," but only three percent of the money reached charitable work. Incoming contributions were handled at a secret warehouse, where Carcich told workers to throw away prayer-request letters unless they contained money. He was sentenced to a year of prison counseling work.
- Flamboyant "Reverend Ike" Eikerenkoetter of New York wears $1,000 suits. His fingers drip with diamonds, he has 16 Rolls-Royces, and he enjoys luxury homes on both coasts. From his palatial church, a converted Broadway theater, and over 85 radio stations, he tells a million black believers to "do what the rich do: start thinking big." He demands "silent offerings" of paper money and chides his adoring flock: "Be proud of the way I look, because you spend one thousand dollars a week to buy my clothes." His United Church and Science of Living Institute keeps its income secret, but it has been estimated at $6 to $15 million a year.

Ironically, victims of a gospel rip-off rarely realize that they're victims. They usually stay devoted to their preacher, no matter what, and view all accusations against him as tricks of the devil.

I learned that truth years ago as a cub reporter. A faith healer named Dr. Paul Collett came to Charleston, started a radio revival in an old movie theater, and proclaimed that cancers were dropping onto his stage. He said that he turned water into wine and might resurrect the dead if bodies weren't embalmed. I wrote a warning article about his multitudinous collections to "build the biggest tabernacle in West Virginia." But his followers weren't warned. Instead, 40 of them stormed the *Charleston Gazette* newsroom, looking for me. Luckily, I was out. Dr. Collett later moved away, leaving no tabernacle or residue of the collections. But his adherents didn't complain. They bickered over doctrines and eventually scattered to other churches.

I learned it again in 1973 when the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission and West Virginia Securities Division issued cease-and-desist orders on $12 million worth of gospel bonds sold by television evangelist Rex Humbard of Akron. The authorities warned that—despite his $4 million cathedral, $250,000 mansion, private jet, $10 million office tower, church-owned girdle factory, and other holdings—Humbard lacked enough assets to back up the bonds. I interviewed investors, and they said they'd gladly double the amount "because it's an investment in souls." Humbard begged emergency donations and reaped enough millions to lift the government freezes. (He also sold the unprofitable girdle factory because "panty hose killed us.") In June Humbard and his sons bought a $650,000 vacation home complex, in addition to their mansions in Akron.

I learned it in 1974 when the Reverend Marvin Horan led an army of Charleston fundamentalists in violent protest against "atheistic" school books. Horan got three years in prison for helping to bomb two elementary schools. Trial testimony said that he suggested wiring dynamite caps into the gas tanks of cars in which parents were taking their children to school during a boycott. The Ku Klux Klan held a rally for the convicted preacher on the state capitol steps. His followers stuck by him. He's out of prison now and running as a 1980 candidate for school board in Charleston.

While I mixed among crowds at the PTL Club in North Carolina last summer, I talked to supporters of evangelist LeRoy Jenkins, who had just gone to prison across the line in South Carolina. They said cryptically: "Satan attacked his ministry." (I don't know whether they meant that Satan had led Jenkins into sin, or that Satan falsified the arson charges against him.)

Over the years I've covered only one gospel news event in which believers turned against their leader. Radio preacher Charles Meadows testified before the state legislature in support of the death penalty and ran for the Charleston school board to fight "lewd-minded" sex education. After losing the election, he started his own fundamentalist school. But his flock was stunned when he dumped his wife and departed with a gospel teacher.

Because of my job, religious folks write me letters and phone me. Some recent samples: (1) Bobby Cremeans said she and her husband sent $1,000 to PTL and soon were blessed with an unexpected $710 tax refund and a large profit in a land sale. "We didn't expect anything when we gave the money to PTL—so I know PTL is of God." (2) Zella Jarrett told me her 28-year-old son was drawn into a Milwaukee Pentecostal sect that controlled his life and took his money. "He earned six dollars an hour making sink tops at Lippert Corporation, but they let him keep just enough to get to work. When we sent him checks, the group prayed and the answer always was for him to sign the money over to the church." She said her son "finally escaped" and lives in Virginia but wants

·XXX-RATED·XXX-RATED·
GREETING CARDS

A hilarious collection of 200 naughty, spicy adult greetings for Christmas, Birthdays, Anniversaries, Friendship and more . . .

Catalog $1.00 (refundable)

E. Specialties, Box 35, Dept. 20, Campbell, CA 95008

PICTURE BOOK!

All new! Ecstasy on Fire Island is a picture book of sexual adventures you'll never forget! An island fantasy for a man and two beautiful women, lavishly illustrated with over 100 explicit photos plus erotic descriptive text. Sex positions you've never seen before! Send just $2.95 to:
Adam & Eve Dept. PH-21
P.O. Box 900, Carrboro, NC 27510

SPECIAL CONDOMS!

SAMPLE PACK JUST $1.98

To introduce you to Adam & Eve's exciting, all-new line of "Pleasure Design" Condoms, we're offering a sampler of 6 condoms plus a 48 page catalog for $1.98! Try these samples and then choose from over 40 brands including DOUBLE PLAY with texturing inside and outside, textured SLIMS — 5% smaller! Plus Japanese imports, Trojans, Stimula, more! Send just $1.98 to:
Adam & Eve Dept. PH-18
P.O. Box 900, Carrboro, NC 27510

ADULTS ONLY

Catalog of nude posters, adult games, books, puzzles, massage kit and more. Send $1 for **R-Rated Catalog.** Must be 18.
AA SALES, INC. • P.O. BOX 39
Dept. H • SEATTLE, WA 98125

DO IT!
SEXUAL POSITIONS
Sheer
A
B
C
Zips Front to Back
D
Crotchless!
E For him!
Sheer pouch!
F Tear-away Tabs!
For him!
Rear view!
G
LIVE IT!

SEXUAL POSITIONS BOOK
Shows *sexual intercourse* in more different positions than ever! Over 200 new photographs in blazing color and black and white. Also includes text on foreplay, contraceptive methods, hygiene and much more!
#5–9248 *224 pages* $9.95

WITCHCRAFT
Bewitching culotte lavished in lace. Nylon tricot. Black. Small, Medium or Large.
A #3–4999 $18

NEARLY NAKED
Peek-a-boo jumpsuit. Zipper goes all the way under the crotch and around back. Shoulders *untie*. Sheer nylon tricot. Black or Red. Small, Medium or Large.
B #3–4631 $16

NATURAL NIPPLES
Underwired nylon lace half-cups *lift the breasts*, leave nipples uncovered. Ribbon trim on adjustable straps. White with Blue trim or Black with Red trim. 32-34-36 B, 34-36-38 C cups.
C #4–5150 $10.50

MIGHTY MITE
Brief, sheer, crotchless panty has high-cut legs, lots of lace. Package of 3 assorted colors. Nylon tricot. Sm., Med. or Lge.
D #3–4478 3 for $10.50

WHAT'S UP DOC?
Sheer nylon pouch! Opaque nylon knit sides and back. Black, White or Nude. Small, Medium, Large or X-Large.
E #10–0166 2 for $11; $6 each

RIP 'EM OFF
Tear away tab sides! Sheer nylon. Black, Nude or Red. Small, Medium, Large or X-Large.
F #10–0218 2 for $11; $6 each

NEXT TO NAKED . . .
Sheer, *s-e-n-s-u-a-l* lace bra and glamour-queen G-string. Adjustable straps. Nylon tricot. G-string. Black or Peach. One size fits all.
G #3–4350 *2-pcs.* $16

money back guarantee

fredericks® OF HOLLYWOOD

FREE* CATALOG
*with your order or send
$2 for 11 issues (one full year) or
$3 for a two-year subscription.

Frederick's of Hollywood giant fashion-filled catalog. Hundreds of all-girl dresses, wigs, sportswear, lingerie, foundations, shoes, more!
Subscriptions ONLY in U.S.A.

FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD Dept. 3712
6610 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood, California 90028
Please send the following styles (order by Style Number):

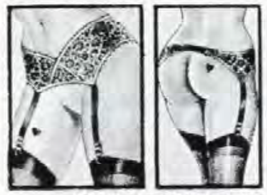
Style No.	Qty.	Size	1st Color	2nd Color	Price

I enclose $ ______ ☐ Check ☐ M.O.
Add $1.35 shipping charge first item.
Plus 85c each additional item. ©1980
Calif. residents add 6% tax. **SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s**

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

Not ordering right now—BUT RUSH ME YOUR CATALOG!
I enclose ☐ $2 (11 issues) ☐ $3 (two-year subscription)

LITTLE LIES (#104) can make big romances bloom when you're suddenly *buxom and sexy*. Life-like nipples and soft 'nude-look' rubber breast pads *feel natural* to the touch.
one size fits all **2 pr. $10.99/1pr. $5.99**



VENUS GARTER BELT (#106)
Lush Lace. Hooks easily in back and has *adjustable garters*. The open *Peek-A-Boo'* rear is dynamite. **$9.99 (2/$18.99)** in S-M-L. Pink, Lemon, Beige, Red, Black, White. XL size **$11.99 (2/$22.99)**

MICHAEL SALEM'S
EXOTICA BOUTIQUE

HOUSE OF INSTANT GRATIFICATION

TARZAN G-STRING (#214A) for men **$8.99 (2/$16.99). SHEER G-STRING** (#214B) in Black, Red, Hot Pink **$8.99 (2/$16.99)** (not shown)

OPEN BABY DOLL (#113) Open nipples and sensual surprise below, are a real turn-on. One size fits all. **$14.99** Complete Set, Red, Black, Purple. In sheer soft nylon

TREASURE CHEST (#108)
New improved strap-on treasure chest. Changes your entire appearance with a soft, pliable RealLatex' Torso. Easy to put on, light, comfortable and washable. Now you can have the figure you've always wanted Nude. One size fits all. **$69.95**

– SPECIALTY ITEMS –

OPEN CROTCH (#115) panty hose (not shown) **$6.99, (2/$12.99)** in Black, Beige. One size fits all. XL size for Men **$9.99 (2/$18.99).** Black, Navy, Brown.

SHEER OPAQUE (201) Sexy Thigh-High stockings, have soft elastic that stay-up without Garter Belts. Silver, Black, Brown, Navy. One size fits all **$8.50 (2/$15.99)**

OPERA HOSE (#117) approx. 42" long (not shown) in Black, Off Black, Beige **$5.00 (3/$14.00)** sizes 8½-13

SEAMED STOCKINGS (#122) not shown, for that ultra sexy look. Black, Beige, Taupe. Sized 8½-13 Long. **$7.50 (2/$13.99)**

Black Fish Net Stockings (110C) one size fits all **$8.99 pr./2 pr $16.99**

176 – SUNDOWN
Flaunt your charms in sheer peek-a-boo seduction. Perky ruffle edges teasing open front and lays softly across bosom. Black or Red. One Size Fits All. $17.99

ALL MAIL SENT DISCREETLY IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

MAIL TO: MICHAEL SALEM ENTERPRISES, INC.
PO Box 1781, Dept. P1280, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10150

Add $2.00 per item for SHIPPING Where applicable add TAX

I enclose payment in: ☐ **CASH** ☐ **CHECK** ☐ **MO**
TO Charge my order on: ☐ **BA** ☐ **MC** ☐ **AX** **CALL** (212) 371-6877

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ **State** ...... **Zip** ______

Check Catalog(s) Desired
☐ Exotica Boutique Catalog Subscription **$5.00** (deductible from first order)
☐ Sexual Aids Catalog **$6.00**
☐ Catalog of Restraints **$10.00**
☐ TV and Rubber Clothing Catalog **$10.00**

For information on New Wash. D.C. location and other local retail outlets call (212) 371-6877

For Rush Orders call (212)-371-6877 and use your credit card

LOVING BEARS

Your once in a lifetime chance to buy the sexiest conversation piece of the century.

An offer of $500.00 has been made to me for the original hand-carved Ivory Bolo tie clasp I myself wear.

NOW AVAILABLE, FACTORY DIRECT to you, in unbreakable white Lexon at only $29.95, choice of any two (other than belt buckle) for $50.00. Add $3.00 per order for Handling Charges.

Send order to: Polar Bear Industries
Box 490, Minot, ND 58701

Please check appropriate boxes:
☐ Bolo Tie Clasp ☐ Necklace
☐ Regular Tie Tac ☐ Money Clip
☐ Pin ☐ Belt Buckle ($35.00)

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
☐ Personal Check or Money Order Enclosed
☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa No. ______
Signature ______

his whereabouts kept secret because he fears reprisals. (3) Jim Young told me: "The money my wife and I send for the work of the Lord far exceeds our grocery bill each month, and I am thankful for every penny." He said he supports about ten television evangelists including Rex Humbard, "who got 554,000 people in Brazil and Chile to accept Jesus Christ. It's the only way we can obey the last commandment Jesus gave" to proselytize the world. (4) Rita Schott said she was "caught up for six years" in a tongue-talking church in which the preacher received such divine prophecies as "five members are going to give five thousand dollars each." She told me she felt "brainwashed, unreal," but finally broke loose from the group.

An Episcopal priest who does social work in Michigan said that poor families often tell him they send part of their welfare checks to evangelists. "We taxpayers are subsidizing it," he said. "In the old days people complained about the poor blowing their welfare money on whiskey—but now it's on evangelists."

Whistle blowers of the sort who denounced the Armstrongs in the Worldwide Church of God or Timothy Goodwin, who sued The Way, are rare. But a few exist. More consumer lawsuits by disgruntled believers have hit the courts recently.

Julie Titchbourne, 21, of Portland, Oreg., won a $2 million verdict against the Church of Scientology in 1979. Her suit said that the church's claim that it could raise her IQ was fraudulent. In February jazz guitarist Gabor Szabo of Los Angeles sued the church, saying leaders had embezzled $15,000 from him, kidnapped him, and forced him to undergo a $12,000 "life repair course." Scientology is a controversial religion started by science-fiction writer L. Ron Hubbard, who netted millions from members around the world. He was convicted of fraud by a French court in 1978 but remains at liberty on his oceangoing yacht. His wife and eight of his followers were sentenced to prison last December for conspiring to steal U.S. documents in Washington. A grand jury at Riverside, Calif., is investigating reports that Scientologists obtained millions through fraudulent bank loans. (When I wrote about a West Virginia coal millionaire who gave $110,000 and a farm headquarters to Scientology, the church sent my newspaper a bound, indexed, 52-page "falsehood correction.")

Also, Douglas and Rita Swann of Detroit sued the Christian Science Church last February, saying that two church healers allowed their baby son to die. Their suit doesn't claim malpractice (three other malpractice suits against the Christian Science Church have been lost in recent years) but accuses the two healers of failing to follow proper miracle cure procedures.

Redneck religion has always been part of America—since the Scopes "monkey trial" in Tennessee, since Carry Nation smashed the saloons, since Aimee Semple McPherson was buried with a live telephone in her ornate coffin in case God resurrected her. The United States always had a fringe of scripture literalists obsessed with sin, of one-preacher denominations, of Pentecostals who spout "the tongues," of faith healers who grab the lame, of hillbilly congregations that pick up rattlesnakes, of Adventists who periodically announce the end of the world, of sex-haters who burn books and rock albums, of tabernacle-goers who "dance in the spirit" and writhe on the floor, of Bible prophecy fans who think that the Lost Tribes of Israel moved to England and became American settlers.

Why did they cease being a fringe and seize the foreground with such numbers and money? What—besides changes in the national mood—caused the billion-dollar gospel boom? Much of it was created by three electronic marvels: (1) superslick videotape production that gives a "class" look to television shows, (2) fixed-orbit satellites that relay broadcasts all over America for pickup by stations and cable systems, (3) computerized fund-raising centers able to receive millions of letters bearing $10 and $20 checks and to mail back machine-written responses selected by coding and disguised to appear personal.

As television's drawing power grew apparent, a crowd of celebrity preachers took to the air, competing for listener-donors. Today more than 1,000 different gospel shows are bounced off the satellites or distributed by radio tape and videotape to stations and cables. It's a bonanza for the broadcast industry. A typical clear-channel radio station, WWVA of Wheeling, sells $1 million worth of evening half-hours to revivalists annually. Billy Graham pays up to $25,000 per television station per hour for his prime-time crusades.

Listeners foot the bill. Most shows work like this: Watchers are invited to write for a free gift, such as a four-cent "Jesus First" lapel pin. Once a viewer's name and address go into the computer, he gets letters urging him to beome a "faith partner" and send monthly donations. The computer keeps track of big givers and little givers—and ejects names that don't produce after three mailings. (Some evangelists raise extra money by selling their donor lists to others.) Computers also dispatch monthly newsletters and sometimes choose prewritten replies to viewers who write about spiritual or personal problems.

The more magnetic a revivalist is, the more watcher-supporters he draws, which allows him to buy time on more stations, which draws more donors, which buys more air time, which draws more donors, etc. His operation also can expand by sale of books, records, magazines, gospel novelties, and tape cassettes. A big entrepreneur usually starts his own gospel college and creates an overseas mission. So far, the top evangelists, their shows, and the best estimates of their yearly grosses have ranked like this:

Garner Ted Armstrong (The World Tomorrow)	$75 million
Oral Roberts Evangelistic Association	$60 million
Pat Robertson (700 Club and Christian Network)	$58 million
Jim Bakker (PTL Club and Network)	$51 million
Jerry Falwell (Old-Time Gospel Hour)	$46 million
Billy Graham Evangelistic Association	$40 million
Rex Humbard (Cathedral of Tomorrow)	$25 million
Jimmy Swaggart (Camp Meeting Hour)	$20 million
Robert Schuller (Hour of Power)	$16 million
James Robison (Man with a Message)	$15 million
"Rev. Ike" Eikerenkoetter (United Church)	$6 – 15 million
Ernest Angley (Grace Cathedral)	(secret)

Established, mainstream denominations worry that one-man television sects are siphoning off members and money that would otherwise go to hometown churches. Dr. Martin Marty, a Lutheran scholar, says the "ruffle-shirted, pink-tuxedoed pitchmen" are formidable rivals, and "the loser is the local church." *Presbyterian Survey* magazine sneers at "show-biz religion" and "TV salvation for sale" and "the hucksterism of big-time religious broadcasting." Everett Parker, communications chief of the United Church of Christ, says, "They are on television to make money so they can expand their television exposure and make more money."

Paul Stevens, retiring communications director of the Southern Baptist Church, announced last year that he plans to start a committee to force financial disclosure by wealthy "glamour boys of religious broadcasting." Stevens said many Christians feel "a mass revulsion against these charlatans. . . . Something has to be done. Morally and spiritually, these people are doing wrong . . . . A man who collects, as one did, seventy-one million dollars in a year and, as far as we can tell, bought only ten million dollars' worth of [broadcast] time, leaves sixty-one million dollars unaccounted for." Later Stevens told me he had to postpone his retirement and creation of his committee.

Dr. William Fore, assistant general sec-

FEMALE FIGHTING DIRECTORY

If meeting, competing against, corresponding with, reading about, or viewing "amateur" **FEMALE WRESTLERS, BOXERS, SAVAGE CATFIGHTERS, STRONG MUSCULAR BODYBUILDERS, SEXY APARTMENT WRESTLERS, MUD WRESTLERS,** or **MALE vs FEMALE MATCHES** excites you too — then the "INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY OF AMATEUR FEMALE FIGHTING" is for you! This world-renowned reference book, the only one of its kind, gives you **over 1,000 active listings** of **PERSONALS (all** contacts direct), **MEMBERSHIP CLUBS, FILM OUTLETS,** and **PUBLICATIONS** — PLUS A **FREE** PERSONAL LISTING! Orders filled by return, 1st class mail! Only $15 ($18 outside U.S. & Can.) AM-FEM CO., Box 93, Cooper Sta. (H), NYC 10276.

YOUR KEY TO THE FEMALE FIGHTING SCENE!!

His & Her Condoms. 6 for $1.

Enjoy the best of both worlds. The condom with ribs more than double the height of any other leading condom. And one of the thinnest condoms available in the U.S.A.

NUDA
ULTRA-THIN
CONDOMS

STIMULA
VIBRA-RIBBED
CONDOMS

Nuda® Ultra-Thin

What every man wants from a condom is super sensitivity. Nuda is one of the thinnest condoms you can buy. Significantly thinner than most leading condoms and it's lubricated with natural action SK-70.® Everything he needs in a condom. And less.

Stimula® Vibra™-Ribbed

What many women really want from a condom is increased sensation. Stimula has ribs that are more than twice as high as other leading ribbed condoms. And it's lubricated with SK-70.® Stimula. A lot more than a contraceptive.

Special Stimula & Nuda Sample Offer:

Send $1.00 (cash, check or money order) to receive your sampler package of 3 Nuda® Ultra-Thin and 3 Stimula® Vibra™-Ribbed condoms to: Akwell Industries Inc., P.O. Box 647, Dept. P-01, Harrison, New York 10528. Be sure to print clearly your name, address and zip code for prompt return. Limit of one offer per household. Shipped in discreet packages. This offer void where prohibited by law.

© Akwell Industries Inc., America's Largest Manufacturer of Condoms.

X-RATED FILM CLASSICS!

WARNING! The extremely explicit nature of these films forces us to warn potential customers that if viewing totally uninhibited sexual acts in vivid detail could offend you, please don't order!

Europe's erotic classics—
Full Color Video and 8mm!

Kenyon Video, Inc. Dept. MT-139, P.O. Box 1254, Danbury, CT. 06810
Please send me the films checked below. I have enclosed my check or money order for the amount indicated, adding $1.75 postage and handling for each film ordered. (CT residents add sales tax.)

EROTIC CLASSICS	APPROX. LENGTH	REG. 8mm	SUPER 8mm	SUPER 8 SOUND	2-FILM CASSETTE	
					BETA II	VHS
MUDDY MAULERS—When these two get at each other, the slipping and sliding really shows you what a pair of young beauties can make with hot mud!	100′	☐ 147R $19.95	☐ 147S $19.95			
FIGHTING BITCHES—Greatest Fights of the Century has nothing on the wonderful action these two pretty pugilists provide when they hit the canvas!	100′	☐ 148R $19.95	☐ 148S $19.95			
COME INSIDE—Take two beautiful young women and add a lusty man that offer impressive credentials and you have a truly earth-shaking encounter!	200′	☐ 149R $29.95	☐ 149S $29.95	☐ 149SS $39.95	☐ 149B $49.95	☐ 149V $49.95
CHEERLEADERS—If you ever wondered how the sweet young thing gets her man away from the town tramp, watch what a sweet young virgin resorts to here!	200′	☐ 150R $29.95	☐ 150S $29.95	☐ 150SS $39.95		
FOAMING FANNIES—You've never seen the sexy side of hospital life like this. After the Nurse shaves the patient, the Doctor goes to work!	200′	☐ 151R $29.95	☐ 151S $29.95	☐ 151SS $39.95	☐ 151B $49.95	☐ 151V $49.95
NYMPHO NURSES—The Nurse "preps" our young man for surgery, only to discover that the Ward Sister really knows how to get him ready for "operating"!	200′	☐ 152R $29.95	☐ 152S $29.95	☐ 152SS $39.95		

Name__________
Signature__________ (I am over 18 yrs.)
Address__________
City______ State______ Zip______

☐ BankAmericard (Visa) ☐ Master Charge
Interbank No.______ Exp. Date Mo.____ Year____

Coming On Strong!

Get a little extra spice with the exciting flavors of Europe. Exotic nightwear and lingerie, new to N. America. For a beautiful full color catalogue send $2. Refundable on your first purchase.

NIGHTCLUB DEPT. PH-01
In the U.S.A.: Box 1446, Blaine, Washington 98230
In Canada: Box 91190, West Vancouver, B.C. V7V 3N6

retary of the National Council of Churches, told me that he doesn't think all radio-television evangelists are swindlers—only some of them. He sent me a paper in which he wrote that most broadcast preachers are dedicated, but "some are in the lunatic fringe. . . . Some are con artists and manipulators. And a few are just plain crooks and frauds." He said television religion is "great show business, a great audience-grabber, a great moneymaker. . . . But it's lousy religion."

Even Billy Graham remarked on a national telecast: "Because of the great evangelical awakening in America. . . . There are some charlatans coming along, and the public ought to be informed about them and warned against them." Jimmy Swaggart, an unschooled but shrewd tongue-talker from the Louisiana backwoods, wrote in his autobiography that he "detested the trickery" of "radio evangelists who specialized in selling so-called miracle billfolds, prayer cloths, and anointing oil over the airwaves." Today Swaggart sells $30 "Jesus Saves" pen-and-pencil sets on his show.

The suspicions, the talk of charlatans, arise partly from the fact that U.S. evangelists are allowed to keep their finances as secret as they wish. Under federal law, anything that calls itself a church is exempt from taxes and disclosures. (Even a saint might be tempted if he handled secret money every day. A revivalist always begs, "Give to God," but he knows God's name isn't on the bank account; he knows who gets to spend the money.) Michigan has passed a state law requiring churches that solicit from the public to file financial disclosures, as charities do. The Michigan law already has been challenged in court as a violation of freedom of religion. *Reader's Digest* published an appeal last November for a U.S. law to force disclosure of all church money. It wouldn't harm reputable denominations, the *Digest* said, but actually "would help them by exposing the spiritual con artists who cast shadows on all religious fund-raising."

Such a disclosure bill was introduced in 1977 by born-again Congressman Mark Hatfield and others, but it failed. In 1979 Billy Graham and three dozen other revivalists launched a voluntary disclosure plan. They created the Evangelical Council for Financial Accountability, which will require members to issue public audits. Revivalists who refuse to join presumably will be stigmatized—if their followers notice.

The Better Business Bureau, which protects consumers from rip-offs, is doing its bit by citing evangelists who won't open their books. The BBB lists 50 ministries as failing to meet BBB's ethical standards. The toughest crackdown lately, however, has been by the Federal Communications Commission, the watchdog of the airwaves. The FCC holds that it's against the U.S. fraud-by-wire law for a broadcaster to beg money for one purpose and then spend it for another. This legal basis is being used in attempts to revoke licenses of some church-owned stations. FCC Chairman Charles Ferris remarked last year:

"They are public trustees. They use a public resource, the airways, and they have an obligation to stay within the perimeters of the law, with respect to the use of these airways, and to serve the public. Where there is fraud with respect to deceit, or improper use of those airways—you know, for fraudulent purposes—it's our obligation to investigate that and make recommendations as to who the proper licensee should be."

The FCC recently busted the Reverend Eugene Scott of California, who grosses $4 million a year by marathon preaching over three television stations owned by his Faith Center. In 1977 when the license of one station was up for renewal, the FCC asked to see Scott's financial records. He refused, saying the government can't pry inside a church. In 1978 the FCC cited Scott for: (1) refusal to open his books, (2) possible fraud in fund-raising, and (3) failure to serve the public interest. On March 17, FCC administrative judge Edward Luton ruled that Scott's continued refusal to show records had forfeited his right to the television license. An appeal is pending. Also, California Attorney General George Deukmejian demanded Faith Center's records for an investigation of possible fund misuse. Deukmejian is moving against a few California churches under a state law that requires him to protect donors to charity.

Scott calls the bureaucrats "monkeys" and says that he'll never open his books. "I'm either going to beat the hell out of the FCC or beat them into hell," he declared. His attorney, Andrew Zanger, said the attorney general "isn't even going to get to see a voucher for toilet paper."

In 1973 the FCC defrocked a radio station operated by anti-Communist preacher Carl McIntire on grounds that his programs against American "subversives" were political "hate clubs" that violated the fairness doctrine. The aging McIntire, head of multi-million-dollar fundamentalist centers in New Jersey and Florida, was sued in 1979 by a Virginia Beach widow who says that he took $100,000 from her. After the Russians invaded Afghanistan, McIntire mailed appeals this year, saying his anti-Red career had been "vindicated." He asked for donations of "$100,000, $25,000—I am asking you to answer this letter with as large a gift as possible." He included prewritten wills for supporters to sign, bequeathing their estates to his ministry. (I got one because I'm on McIntire's mailing list, but I didn't will him my assets.) New Jersey officials said that the "mail-a-will" plan probably isn't legal.

Another federal watchdog, the IRS, tries to monitor 800,000 tax-free churches, charities, schools, foundations, hospitals, etc. By law, money of a tax-exempt organization cannot "inure to the benefit of" any leader.

Ministers are limited to reasonable salaries, parsonages, and legitimate expenses, according to IRS spokesman Larry Batdorf. I asked him, therefore, how Reverend Ike Eikerenkoetter can enjoy 16 Rolls-Royces, $1,000 suits, two mansions, diamonds, and such luxuries. Batdorf replied that the IRS can't discuss publicly any person's income. "But I'm sure there are abuses," he added.

The IRS sometimes revokes the exemption of a ministry that becomes more profit than prophet. It axed the Reverend Ralph Baney of Kansas City after he spent funds of the Holy Land Christian Approach Mission for a 236-acre luxury estate, a stable of Tennessee walking horses, and a yacht in Florida. However, at the National Information Bureau in New York, a charity data center, director M. C. VanDeWorkeen told me that the mission had reformed under new leadership and now operates reputably.

So far, all the turmoil hasn't fazed America's gospel boom. The evangelical bandwagon continues to roll, spanning all the way from born-again President Carter to Manson cult killers Tex Watson and Susan Atkins, now saved and selling paperbacks about it. And the gospel gold mine continues to produce billion-dollar revenues, with no end in sight.

BEELINE DOUBLE NOVEL
Submissive Sheila
Tough-Lovin' Tiffany
Sweet Young Thing
Insatiable Sally
Never-Ending Ecstasy
Pleasure For Everyone
Passions Of The Night
Nurse's Affairs
Her Tender Lovin' Care
Family Orgy
In Lust We Trust
The Bedside Companion

Turn yourselves on with these...

EROTIC BESTSELLERS!

New releases, Unexpurgated, Not one word cut!

If you're the kind of person who likes to mark the sexy parts of a book, you'll have to turn the corner of every page of these sex-packed action Bestsellers! All new from the biggest publisher of erotica in America, these Beeline Double Novels are X-Rated action at its best. What's more, because you get **two full novels** in every book, you're getting a $5.00 value for just $2.95!

If these books don't turn you both on to trying something new and different, you'd better have your pulse taken!

JUST RELEASED—Beeline Double Novels

CODE 009 CODE 017 CODE 025 CODE 032

CODE 041 CODE 951 CODE 969 CODE 977

CODE 985 CODE 993

EACH DOUBLE NOVEL A $5.00 VALUE FOR ONLY $2.95 EACH
(plus 50¢ postage & handling)

SAVE MONEY!

ORDER ALL 10 TITLES FOR JUST $19.95 CODE 058
(plus $2.00 postage & handling)

A $12.55 SAVINGS!

Valentine Products, Inc. Dept. EN 145
P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022

I have enclosed my check or money order for $______ and circled my selections below (REMEMBER: If you buy all 10 titles you save $12.55.) If these Erotic Bestsellers aren't everything you say they are I may return them in 14 days for a prompt refund. No questions asked! CIRCLE YOUR CHOICES:

CODE 058
CODE 009 CODE 017 CODE 025 CODE 032 CODE 041
CODE 951 CODE 969 CODE 977 CODE 985 CODE 993

NAME ______

SIGNATURE ______
(I am over 18 years of age. Please sign as on credit card.)

ADDRESS ______

CITY ______ STATE ______ ZIP ______

CHARGE MY ☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA Exp. Date Mo.___ Yr.___

Acct. No. ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ Interbank No. ☐☐☐☐☐

FREE GIFT! IF YOU ORDER NOW, WE'LL INCLUDE, ABSOLUTELY FREE, A FULL-COLOR CATALOG OF THE LATEST AND MOST UNUSUAL SEXUAL AIDS YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

Canadian residents send order to Valentine Products, Inc., P.O. Box 4077, Station "A" Toronto M5W 2A6

If coupon has been removed, write Valentine Products, Inc., 175 Fulton Ave., Hempstead, N.Y. 11550

A condom so thin...
it could only be named
"Bareback."
It's almost like using nothing at all

Bareback
condoms
using nothing at all

Finally, a condom so super-thin that its very name . . . Bareback™ . . . spells out the sexual pleasure you're able to achieve.

A safety tested condom this thin and sensitive, took years of development. Its modern lubricant, silky smooth SK-70® feels different. It eliminates messy wetness.

Bareback. A super-sensitive condom. It's what you've always wanted . . . And less.

FOR THE TIMES A WOMAN DOESN'T WANT TO BE TREATED GENTLY

Rough Rider™ condom is covered from head to shaft with 468 raised studs. Creates sensations far more stimulating than regular textured condoms. Lubricated with SK-70. Try Rough Rider too.

©1980 Over 700,000 satisfied customers

Stamford Hygienic Dept. PH-90, 114 Manhattan St.
Stamford, CT 06902

FREE PERSONAL SEXUAL HOROSCOPE IF YOU ORDER NOW!

☐ 12 Bareback Condoms $5
☐ 12 Rough Rider Condoms $5
☐ 15 Assorted Condoms $5
☐ 40 Deluxe Assortment $10
☐ 100 Super Deluxe Assort. $20
Assortments include Bareback, Rough Rider, Stimula, Hugger, SuperStud, Nuda, etc.

☐ New 40 page "For Lovers Only"™ color catalog $2 (Free with order)

☐ FREE SEXUAL HOROSCOPE with order only
Birthdate: ____ ☐ Hers ☐ His

☐ MasterCharge ☐ VISA ($10 Min. on charges)
Acct. # ____ Expires ____
Signature ____
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
Money back guarantee. Shipped in discreet package.

EROTIC GIFTS FOR SUPER SEX

ORAL SEX
TECHNIQUE

INTIMATE GUIDE
Jam packed with new ideas for erotic lovemaking. Discover the delight of lips and tongue caresses. Master basic techniques plus variations. Particular attention paid to the most sensitive areas. Increase the intensity of orgasm. Look at oral-genital sex in ways never previously examined. Fully illustrated in complete detail. 115 extra large pages. Over 200 photos. Only $7.95.

SEX COMIC CLASSIC
A huge collection of porno comics with over 850 hilarious illustrations. Pure, unadulterated fantasy! See your favorite cartoon characters Casper, Dagwood & Blondie, Katzenjammers, Frankenstein, Lone Ranger & Tonto (and more!) perform some of the wildest and funniest sex capers imaginable. This oversized volume of over 325 pages retails for $14.95. You pay only $9.95. You must be delighted or your money will be refunded in full.

A FANTASTIC TREASURY OF
PORNO
FUNNIES
850

SEXUAL
FANTASIES

SEXUAL FANTASIES
Have you ever fantasized about two beautiful women crawling all over your body? Or perhaps you've dreamed of being bound? Is your fantasy maiden endowed with a 42" bust and a sexual libido to match? Whatever your fantasy, now you can see it spread before your eyes in extra large photos. Only $7.95.
Free Offer: One year subscription to a beautiful full-color catalog of sex aids, books, condoms, men's and women's sensuous clothing & more. FREE WITH EVERY ORDER.

MALE ENLARGEMENT TECHNIQUES
Straight talk on male and female sexual fantasies about penis size. Learn whether a big penis matters to women. Achieve sexual fulfillment by using your penis to maximum advantage. Amaze her with your staying power and vitality with new performance device. Sexual Dimensions packet includes $9.95 book plus $13.95 performance aid; You pay only $17.95 for both.

Black Magic
Cast a magic spell. Elegant three-piece ensemble with plunging V-neck and soft, delicate lace. Extremely flattering to every figure. Filmy see-through 100% nylon peignoir—doesn't hide a thing. Matching panties. Sexy black. Sizes: S-M-L. Only $16.95.

RUSH Liquid Incense

EXPLORE NEW HIGHS with RUSH, the world's most popular liquid incense. Sensations are more intense. Increases and eroticizes your sexual response, too! Only $5.95.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND
Over 200,000 happy customers
☐ Oral Sex Technique, $7.95
☐ Sexual Fantasies, $7.95
☐ Porno Funnies $9.95
☐ RUSH Incense $5.95
☐ Sexual Dimensions Book + Performance Aid, $17.95
☐ Sheer & sexy Black Magic. Indicate size, $16.95
☐ Catalog subscription FREE with order. Catalog alone, $2.00 (the $2 will be applied in full to your first order)
Please add $1.50 for Fast First Class delivery

Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____

Mail order & payment to: ROMEO™, Dept. PH65
North Graham St., P.O. Box 200, Chapel Hill, NC 27514
FREE SEXUAL AID GIFT WITH ALL ORDERS OVER $15

PAST LIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

they either had fallen asleep or felt nothing.

Finally, as the room grew dark, Wambach had everyone lie down, she began her countdown again. "Let the muscles of your face relax. And now the relaxation moves," the leaden voice intoned. She would regress them twice more, leading them to another earlier life and then letting them relive their birth; after each episode they would fill in questionnaires.

The world was black when the workshop concluded. Most of the participants seemed satisfied with the results. And the three nonparticipants were stoic about their lack of experiences; it was just as well; the guru of past lives doesn't give refunds.

"Reincarnation?" Dr. Ernest Hilgard smiles indulgently. "There's nothing to it," he says. "Oh, we all like Peter Pan, you know, and Mr. O'Malley—it's kind of fun, and I don't like to spoil anyone's fun, but I don't want to get it into my science."

Hilgard, professor emeritus of psychology at Stanford University and director of its Hypnosis Research laboratory, has studied hypnosis for 20 years; he is eminently skeptical of past-lives phenomena. "You can do so many marvelous things under hypnosis," he explains, "such as seeing things that aren't there. You can gaze into a crystal ball and see yourself as a child at a birthday party.

"You can assign a previous life. You can have a person in a covered wagon train heading west, and he'll give the most vivid description of drawing the wagons into a circle to protect himself from Indians or of caulking the wagons to cross a flooded stream; then the same person can be given a life lived in England or one in Rome at the time of Michelangelo . . .

"I have people flying around on magic carpets under hypnosis . . . But there's a big difference between really doing something and just having some fun."

Past-life experiences, he notes, may seem quite genuine but generally consist of fantasy and information known to the conscious or unconscious minds. Separating the fiction from fact and then identifying the source of the latter are at best difficult tasks. Hilgard recalls a young man who, when regressed, demonstrated an impressive knowledge of Queen Victoria's family. "By questioning him under hypnosis, we eventually discovered that when he was in junior high, he'd made a thorough study of the British royal family; he'd forgotten all about it, but that was where the material had come from," the professor explains.

Most past-lives enthusiasts make no such attempt to segregate the real and unreal; as a result, their research often reads like fantasy. Dr. Ian Stevenson, Carlson Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Virginia and a highly regarded investigator of cases "suggestive of reincarnation," is also skeptical of data derived under hypnosis. "The 'personalities' usually evoked . . . seem to comprise a mixture of several ingredients," he writes. "These may include the subject's current personality, his expectations of what he thinks the hypnotist wants, his fantasies of what he thinks his previous life ought to have been, and also perhaps elements derived paranormally."

Information might be obtained via psychic ability, ESP, or DNA (some researchers believe that we may inherit ancestral memories as well as physical traits).

Even Wambach entertains alternative explanations. "It could be that when we're in an altered state of consciousness, we can tune into Jung's collective unconscious and pull out impressions, memories, and feelings that were experienced by someone else," she observes. "Maybe all of the radio programs ever broadcast are still waving about in the quantum universe, and maybe all of the emotions and lives experienced are waving around, too."

The simple truth of the matter is that

no one knows what past lives is all about. All that can be said with certainty is that the phenomenon may be entertaining, dramatic, even physically and emotionally overwhelming; it may also, at times, be psychologically useful.

Past-lives therapists believe that traumas suffered in earlier lives may cause problems in this one: a woman raped in one life is now frigid; a man shot in the head suffers migraine headaches; a man reincarnated as a woman is a transsexual. Like Freudian psychoanalysts, they feel that by remembering and dealing with the traumatic episode, they can neutralize its effect and eliminate the problem. *Voilà*—the lady thaws, the headaches leave, the sexual confusion disappears!

More traditional psychologists believe that past lives, like dreams, are symbolic clues to one's inner well-being. Even Hilgard concedes the possible therapeutic values. "So many things are therapeutic," he says, "bongo drums, bathing together, walking around rubbing each other. . . ."

But whatever past lives is—it is real.

Five years ago Edith Fiore was a typical seventies psychologist: a bright, chic woman with a model practice and orthodox techniques, a skeptic about the here-and-now, an agnostic regarding the hereafter. Now she is a convert to reincarnation and specializes in past-lives therapy.

She is still bright and chic, an attractive and intellectually demanding woman with dark hair and striking blue eyes. On this particular afternoon she sat in her office in Saratoga, outside San Jose, and explained how the metamorphosis had occurred.

"A man came to me with problems of impotence," she recalled in a soft, even voice. "At our second session I hypnotized him and told him to go back to the event that was responsible for his problem, expecting that he'd find himself being caught masturbating or something of the sort . . .

"Instead, he said, 'I'm a priest—we're not allowed to have sex.' He said that his name was Mario and told about his family, his training . . . But he was a young man who felt sexual urges; so occasionally he would masturbate . . . and it humiliated him; finally, he vowed he would never do it again. Then he just started eating like crazy . . . and he died of a coronary at the age of fifty-four.

"I was sure that it was a fantasy, but, at the same time, I was struck by its coherence and logic," Fiore noted. "Then, two weeks later, he came back to report that his symptoms were gone; the evening of that second session, he had been able to perform beautifully in bed."

When other patients slipped into past lives with similarly dramatic results, Fiore began to suspect that something more than fantasy was involved. "One of the

e-z wider
1¼ SIZE
1½ SIZE
double width rolling paper

Wider than what? And why.

Have you ever wondered, "What's e-z wider wider than?

That's e-z. All e-z wider is wider than the old single-width cigarette rolling paper.

The e-z wider 1¼ size is slightly wider, to make your rolling e-z when you want your cigarette *thin*.

Middle-wide e-z wider 1½ size is a bit wider than that; it's the ideal size for rolling the average size cigarette.

And double-wide e-z wider is just right for e-z rolling when you want a slightly fuller, rounder cigarette.

But what's most important about e-z wider isn't how *wide*. It's how *good*.

In every size, e-z wider is as fine a paper as you can buy. Every leaf is extra thin and light, perfectly uniform, slow and even burning, and sealed with a thin edge of pure, natural gum arabic.

If your local retailer doesn't offer e-z wider in the sizes you'd like, use this coupon to order direct. The e-z way.

Now, how do you find the right size for e-z rolling?

©1980 RBA/RIZLA, NY, NY 10017

It's e-z when you know how.

MAIL TO:

RBA/RIZLA, 133 CENTER STREET, EL SEGUNDO, CA 90245

☐ I certify that I am at least 18 years old.

Please send me the following boxes of e-z wider cigarette rolling papers:

___Boxes, 24 bklts 1¼ size . . . . . @ $ 9.60
___Boxes, 24 bklts 1½ size . . . . . @ $ 9.60
___Boxes, 25 bklts double wide . . . . . @ $10.60
(Calif. residents add 6% tax) Total $_____

☐ Money Order ☐ VISA/BankAmer #_____ Exp._____
☐ Check ☐ Master Charge #_____ Exp._____

SIGNATURE_____

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Take your Fantasies to the limit

Now ANYTHING Can Happen With the Deluxe Pleasure Package! Yes, now you can fulfill your most secret desires . . . with the COMPLETE Prelude 3® Massager System. Together, you and your lover will discover and explore a thrilling new world of lovemaking.

• Nationally acclaimed "the critic's choice . . . the state-of-the-art massager." With Prelude 3 you'll discover pleasures you've *heard* about, *dreamt* about . . . and longed to experience.

The Prelude 3 System relaxes, stimulates . . . then helps you achieve ultimate satisfaction!

A $49.45 VALUE . . . ONLY $39.95

If coupon is missing, write: Sensory Q.V. Corp., 150 E. 58th St., NY, NY 10155.

30 DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

This offer void where prohibited by law.

The Deluxe Pleasure Package Contains:

- The NEW dual-intensity massager...noiseless, hygienic, UL approved. Uses standard outlet.
- The unique STIMULATOR™, available only with the Prelude System, for intense stimulation. Nothing to insert.
- 4 sensuous massage attachments to ease and excite *both* of you.
- Instruction Booklet.
- INNER MAGIC—Five additional inches of tingling sensation . . . when you add it to the Special Stimulator.
- INNER DYNAMO—A Sensory exclusive! For utmost sensations, this five-inch attachment adds 10 rows of pliable, pleasure points.

FREE if you order now: MASTURBATION: A WOMAN'S HANDBOOK—The book only another woman could write! Regularly $4.50.

Save $9.50 if you act now! Order your complete, deluxe Pleasure Package!

Sensory Q.V. Dept. PH12
150 E. 58th St., NY, NY 10155

I want to take my fantasies to the limit! Rush ______ Deluxe Pleasure Package(s) (a regular $49.45 value) for only $39.95 ea., ppd.

I enclose ☐ Check ☐ Money order for $______
☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge
Exp. Date ______
Account No. ______
Name ______
Address ______ Apt. ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

☐ I enclose $1 for catalog only (sent free with all orders). In N.Y. add applicable sales tax.

© Sensory Q.V. 1980

MASSAGER
NEW
VIBRA
MASSAGER
Multi-Speed
SALE
$12.95

All you could desire in a massager. Soft, pliable rubber that bends and caresses. Soothes you from head to toe with deep, penetrating vibrations. Prominent texturing sends tingles up and down your spine.

Scientifically designed to follow natural body contours for over-all body exploration or on the spot massage. Virtually noiseless, it purrs with constant, reliable vibrations. You'll be ready for anything after a stimulating massage. It's sheer ecstasy!

Thousands sold at $19.95. Now specially priced at $12.95. You must be delighted with this popular massager or we will refund your money with no questions asked. All products are shipped in unmarked packages to protect your privacy. Your order is treated in the strictest confidence.

SWEEPSTAKES GIVEAWAY

Send this ad with your name and address to enter the FREE Sweepstakes Giveaway. Caribbean Cruise for two plus hundreds of free prizes - all guaranteed to be awarded. No purchase required.

FREE OFFER: One year subscription to a beautiful full-color catalog of sex aids, books, condoms, men's and women's sensuous clothing & more. FREE WITH EVERY ORDER.

☐ Deluxe Massager + Catalog subscription, $12.95
☐ Catalog subscription alone, $1.00.
Please add $1.50 for fast first class delivery.

Send your order to: **ROMEO**, Dept. PH66
P.O. Box 200, Chapel Hill, NC 27514
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND

things that convinced me," she explained, "was the total immersion—the total involvement—of some patients. One woman would flinch and jerk away from things; another had her throat slit here one day and let out a bloodcurdling scream. . . . Now these people would have to be consummate actors if they didn't believe the experience was real.

"But what convinced me even more than their behavior was the relief from clinical symptoms; patients would leave my office free of symptoms that they may have had for thirty years."

Now Fiore concentrates on past-lives therapy; she sees 35 patients each week and has a waiting list of 250. This afternoon she would work with Joan, a middle-aged divorcée who had already overcome lifelong migraine headaches and was now battling the symptoms of multiple sclerosis.

A tall, stocky woman with dark hair and thick features, Joan lay in a recliner, her eyes shut, as a tape re-created the sounds of a tropical rain forest. Fiore sat, alert and attentive, a few feet away. As the sounds of the rain forest faded, Fiore began. "You want to go deep—deeper than you ever have before," her gentle voice instructed. As Joan sank down into the unconscious, the flesh of her face softened, relaxed; beneath the eyelids her eyes began to move.

"What's your name?" Fiore asked.

There was silence and then, after a minute, a slow, sleepwalker's response. "Corrinne . . . Corrinne McClary."

"How old are you, Corrinne?"

". . . Twenty-six."

"And what year is it?"

". . . 1726."

For the next hour, Joan, a 38-year-old social worker from California, became Corrinne McClary, a young schoolteacher in the New World. She described her home, a cabin in the woods, explained how the townspeople distrusted her solitary ways, and told how, finally, one evening, they had attacked her.

"I'm in the schoolhouse," she said, her voice trembling. "There're a bunch of people outside; they've got torches. They're angry. They think I'm a terrible person." The muscles of her face tightened with fear. "They're yelling and screaming. They say I'm hateful . . . 'cause I live alone, and they think it's terrible. They're trying to break in the door." Her hands snapped down toward the sides of her chair. "They're throwing rocks through the windows.

"They want to kill me!" Joan cried.

"Jonathan is coming now. He's taking me out; we climb out through a window. The schoolhouse is on fire . . . He puts me on his horse and swats it—Jonathan has been a good friend."

The townspeople believed that Corrinne had died in the fire, she explained,

Statement of ownership, management and circulation (Act of August 12, 1970, section 3685, Title 39, United States Code). 1. Title of Publication: PENTHOUSE. 2. Date of Filing: September 12, 1980. 3. Frequency of issue: Published monthly. 4. Location of known office of publication: 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York, 10022. 5. Location of headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York, 10022. 6. Names, addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher and Editor, R. C. Guccione, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York, 10022; Managing Editor, Heidi Handman, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York, 10022. 7. Owner: The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock: Penthouse International Limited, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York, 10022; R. C. Guccione, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York, 10022; A Trust for the Benefit of the R. C. Guccione Family, Georgetown, Grand Cayman. 8. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: NONE. Average number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total number of copies printed, 5,908,399. B. Paid Circulation: (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales, 4,262,913. Main subscriptions, 244,915. C. Total paid circulation, 4,507,828. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, (1) Samples, Complimentary and other free copies, 6,271. (2) Copies distributed to news agents, but not sold, 1,386,056. E. Total distribution, 4,514,099. F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing, 8,244. G. Total: 5,908,399. Actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date. A. Total number of copies printed, 5,936,211. B. Paid circulation: (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales, 4,425,179. Mail subscriptions, 243,653. C. Total paid circulation, 4,668,832. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, (1) Samples, Complimentary, and other free copies, 6,700. (2) Copies distributed to news agents, but not sold, 1,254,297. E. Total distribution, 4,675,532. F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing, 6,382. G. Total: 5,936,211. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete: Irwin E. Billman, Executive Vice President and Business Manager.

but she had fled to her home and never returned to town again.

"But I got even with them," Corrinne smiled. "I made a list of their names. Then I would burn a candle, and when the candle got low, I would cross out a name and burn it; it brought tragedy to their lives . . . One, their crops died, and they had to leave. One became severely ill, became crippled. One of them, her child died . . . but I didn't mean for that to happen." Her mood switched from glib smugness to grief; tears ran down her cheeks, and her fingers fused into painfully tightened fists.

"Beth was such a cute little girl," she sobbed.

Fiore asked whether the numbness in her arms, a symptom of multiple sclerosis, was related to the experience.

"If I hadn't been revengeful, she wouldn't have died," Corrinne cried. "I needed their love and acceptance, but my hands blocked it out—by making that list."

Later, when the tears had dried, and the session was, gratefully, over, Fiore asked Joan whether her arms were still numb.

"Just in the fingertips," she replied, flashing a weary smile.

It had been a dramatic and compelling demonstration—rich in detail . . . emotionally devastating: one was tempted to conclude, without further consideration, that reincarnation was a fact.

But later a cursory check revealed that if it was a fact—if Corrinne McClary was real—the truth was well concealed. The town that she had named did not exist in 1726; it was not then even a glimmer in some pioneer's eye. And the town's earliest records, if they had ever contained a reference to Corrinne, have long since been destroyed.

Joan had indicated that she had no conscious memory of the people or events that she'd described: neither, apparently, did history. As with Bridey Murphy and a long line of other past-lives personalities, the evidence was tantalizing but, finally, unconvincing.

After having studied reincarnation for more than 25 years, Ian Stevenson has concluded that, "there is nothing intrinsically more illogical in a theory of multiple rebirths than in the notion of a single birth and death. . . . But as to how it might be done, and how it might be transmitted, all these questions remain unanswered, and I must say that I do not expect them to be answered in my lifetime or, for that matter, for a long time afterward."

Today more people are asking the questions than ever before, but until they are finally answered, the believers and nonbelievers will remain locked in bitter debate. Skeptics such as Hilgard will continue to assert that "the mystery is life, not death. . . ." While the believers insist that the mystery is neither life nor death . . . but rather *lives.*

Desiree Cousteau is **RANDY,**

The Electric Lady

"Randy, The Electric Lady," 'shatters precedent as the first hard-core feature selected for showing by the San Francisco Film Festival 1980. Voluptuous Desiree Cousteau in the title role turns out to be a . . . sexual wonder woman!"
—Bruce Williamson
PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

"This sci-fi slapstick thriller is the slickest sensual comedy ever made."
Doug Klearview,
SPECTATOR MAGAZINE

$99.

now on
VIDEOCASSETTE

"Randy, the Electric Lady," is a brilliant new erotic film. Astronics unconditionally guarantees this videocassette.

Order toll free: **800 227-3248**
California: **(415) 673-4320**

ASTRONICS TELE-CINE
90 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, CA 94102

Exclusive videotape duplicators of all Alex deRenzy films

Sexual Aids: How to order them without embarrassment. How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be used for additional mailings or solicitations. Nor will it be sold or given to any other company. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction–or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PH-01
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase.

Name
Address
City
State Zip

Our catalogue and products are sent only to adults over the age of 21. Your age and signature are needed below.

I am years old.
Signed

Xandria, 1245 16th Street, San Francisco
Void where prohibited by law

For VD protection AFTER exposure get Sanitube® now!

When used within an hour after sexual contact, prevention of VD is almost certain.

The original U.S. Navy prophylactic aid for men. Works against syphilis and gonorrhea. Easy to use medication kills germs on contact.

Play safe! Get SANITUBE at your druggist, $1.60 per packet. Or send check or money order and we'll rush a supply by first class mail in plain wrapper.

The Sanitube Co., Radio Circle, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 10549

Please rush:
☐ 6 SANITUBE packets, $ 9.60
☐ 12 SANITUBE packets, $19.00

- Plus $1.00 per order for mailing and packing (Foreign orders: $2.00 for airmail)

Name __________
Address __________
__________ Zip ______

Guarantee: Use one SANITUBE packet as directed. If not satisfied, return unopened packets for full refund

FOOT FETISH?

A publisher who shares your fetish has completed the first in a series of foot fetish magazines. If pretty girls and pretty feet turn you on, send $5.95, check or money order to:

LES FEET PUBLICATIONS
(DEPT. 101) P. O. BOX 2697, RESEDA, CA 91335

1981 CATALOG!

Adam & Eve's all new 1980-81 catalog is yours for the asking! Over 48 pages bursting with sex aids, sexy lingerie, erotic books with explicit photos to turn you on, plus the world's most exciting selection of male contraceptives (with "pleasure probes", texture dots, more!) Send just $1.00 to:

Adam & Eve, Dept. **PH-19**
P.O. Box 900, Carrboro, NC 27510

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

her sides, her back and thighs taut, with our genitals uppermost. Chicken would later say she looked like an airplane that had crash-landed and skidded to a stop on its nose or an ostrich being raped while trying to hide.

Either way, she was delirious with joy, sweating, sobbing, begging to have it harder. Just when I thought I'd have to recruit Chicken to help satisfy her, she went rigid, stopped moving, and collapsed. I continued to impale her as if she were a rag doll until I came. There followed uncounted episodes of sleep, sex, and watching each other. We never did trade women, but we were too satisfied to feel deprived.

The next day I refereed the women's tournament final, with Sandy on one team and Joan on the other. They say rugby players eat their dead, but we just eat each other.—*Name and address withheld*

Not "just another summer"

For years I have waited for an experience similar to the ones you print. I am now a firm believer that your "Forum" articles are indeed true. I am a 19-year-old male college student now at home for the summer, and up till now my sex life has been average, nothing to write home about.

This summer I started working at one of the small food-chain stores in New England. I met a girl named Shelly, whose looks are comparable to those of your voluptuous Pets. We became friends soon enough, and I asked her out. This would be a most unusual first date.

After a few bars and bowls of hash we were both feeling pretty good. Shelly suggested that we go swimming. When we arrived at my favorite swimming hole, Shelly threw off her clothes and dove in. After one look at her unbelievable body I knew I would never be satisfied till I had it. I dove in and grabbed her. I started sucking on her beautiful nipples, which were as hard as little rocks. After a little foreplay I suggested that we go back to my house.

When we arrived, we ripped each other's clothes off. Shelly started kissing, licking, and sucking all over my entire body. These sensations were driving me wild. She then engulfed my shaft and proceeded to give me the best blowjob of my life. I shot what seemed to be a gallon of jism into her mouth, and she swallowed every drop. We then explored sexual techniques I had never experienced before and must have fucked for hours.

Now Shelly comes over and makes me breakfast naked, and we will have unbelievable sex during the day (we both work at nights). We both read your magazine and will try almost anything you print. Although I thought this summer would be "just another summer," it will be a summer never to forget.—*Name and address withheld*

The best of both worlds

I am a junior at a large New York university. Like most of your readers, I spend a lot of time getting off on your "Forum" column. I've always been lucky enough to have an active and satisfying sex life, but recently I had an experience that changed my life. I just had to share it with my fellow "Forum" readers.

My girl friend and I threw a surprise party for my best friend and roommate, Richard. Like most of the parties Rick and I throw, this party turned into a wild fucking session for all. At about 1:00 we all had been pretty stoned and eventually took our dates to respective corners and rooms and began balling. My girl friend, Meg, and I headed for my room. I immediately started tearing off her clothes, exposing the most beautiful body you can imagine. I went straight for her firm and full tits, sucking each nipple intensely. I then laid her back on the bed, spread her legs, and buried my face in her dripping honey pot.

After about ten minutes, Meg came, flooding my face with her sweet love juices. She then got up and started tearing off my clothes in the same manner in which I stripped her. She passionately kissed me and nibbled playfully on my ears. Meanwhile, I was giving her a double fingerjob, inserting two fingers up her pussy and two fingers up her ass. This made her come again.

After all of this foreplay, I could wait no longer. I laid her back on the bed again, spread her legs as far as they would open, and proceeded to stab her waiting cunt with my throbbing nine-inch dagger. Her tight pussy made entry hard, but I had my full shaft inside her in no time.

I pumped her slowly at first, making circular motions with my thighs that had us both writhing with pleasure. I then began to pick up speed, humping her like a dog in heat. I pulled out and came all over her. She then licked the remaining come off my prick ravenously. After fondling each other for a while, we found ourselves fucking each other again, even more fiercely than we had before.

At about 3:00 the party had died down. Meg asked me to take her home, as she was expecting her relatives the next day. When I returned home, I found Rich in the living room—nude and jerking off. He said that though he had gotten laid only a couple of hours ago, he was still horny as hell. We started looking through back issues of *Penthouse*. I found myself beginning to get hard, so I stripped and began jerking off also. Though we have seen each other nude before, we've never done anything like this before.

All of a sudden, Rich took my cock into his hand and began stroking it. This excited me. Without thinking, I took hold of his cock and did the same. After realizing what was happening, we stopped. Rich said that he has always wanted to try fucking a man. I admitted to feeling the same urge a couple of times. So we decided to give it a try.

Rich started off by kissing my neck and licking my chest and nipples. I meanwhile was massaging his balls. He slowly worked his way down to my erect rod. He sucked my cock hard, so hard that I felt as though my dick was caught in a vacuum cleaner. He would release my dick, occasionally by sucking as though he were sucking on a straw, while pulling away, letting his teeth scratch my sensitive stiffness. This sent me into a frenzy. I moaned with delight as I came in gobs on his face and even onto myself. Rich licked the come off my balls, occasionally biting softly on them, making me let out screams of ecstasy. I felt as though he were going to suck me to death—which was fine with me.

He then lay back on the sofa with his fully erect flagpole, waiting for me to help him raise his flag. I started slowly, licking lightly, teasing him by softly licking the tip of the head of his dick with the tip of my tongue. I then engulfed his meaty head into my mouth. All of this teasing was too much for Rich. He took my head and softly pushed his full seven-inch rod in my mouth. I was surprised by the way a cock so comfortably fit into my mouth. I began to suck him rapidly, rubbing my tongue along the bottom of this thick stalk.

the all-American girl
MARILYN CHAMBERS
Behind the Green Door
Video: **$69** *8mm: **$44**

Marilyn Chambers
From 'Behind the Green Door' to the Performance of her Career!
RESURRECTION OF EVE
Resurrection of Eve
Video: **$69** *8mm: **$44**

Inside Marilyn Chambers
Video: **$69** *8mm: **$44**

Sodom and Gomorrah
the last seven days
Sodom and Gomorrah
Video: **$69** *8mm: **$44**

JEAN JENNINGS
JOHNNY HOLMES
The Autobiography of a Flea
Autobiography of a Flea
Video: **$69** *8mm: **$44**

C.B. MAMAS
Starring LESLIE BOVEE
ADULTS ONLY
CB Mamas
Video: **$69** *8mm: **$44**

JOHN C. "THE WADD" HOLMES & TONY "THE HOOK" PEREZ
SWEET PUN'KIN
Sweet Pun'kin
Video: **$99** *8mm: **$29.95**

ANYONE BUT MY HUSBAND
ADULTS ONLY COLOR
Anyone But My Husband
Video: **$99** *8mm: **$29.95**

HER NAME WAS Lisa
VANESSA DEL RIO · SAMANTHA FOX
Her Name Was Lisa
Video: **$99** *8mm: **$29.95**

"The Opening of Misty Beethoven"
Misty Beethoven
Video: **$99** *8mm: **$29.95**

"Everything an audience would ask for—this fare works for both sexes."
A film in four courses
"BARBARA BROADCAST"
Henry Paris
Barbara Broadcast
Video: **$99** *8mm: **$29.95**

DON'T MISS IT!
"The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann"
Pamela Mann
Video: **$99** *8mm: **$29.95**

Marilyn Chambers in "Never a Tender Moment"
Never a Tender Moment
Video: **$69**

MARILYN CHAMBERS
Beyond de Sade
Beyond de Sade
Video: **$69**

Joy of Letting Go
Joy of Letting Go
Video: **$69**

Wholesome Hardcore
Sip the Wine
Sip the Wine
Video: **$69**

MITCHELL BROTHERS'

TAPES & EIGHTS

"ALL THE TITLES ON EARTH"

The Mitchell Brothers' huge collection of videotapes and 8mm film gives you a choice from virtually every tape on earth, featuring the finest in adult films and all the best Hollywood has to offer!

OTHER TITLES:
Babyface 8mm: **$29.95**
Pretty Peaches 8mm: **$29.95**
Femmes deSade 8mm: **$29.95**
Chinese Fortune Cookies 8mm: **$29.95**
Long Jeanne Silver 8mm: **$29.95**
Pleasure Masters 8mm: **$29.95**
Fantasy Girls 8mm: **$29.95**
Midnight Express Video: **$59.95**
Emanuelle Video: **$69.95**

ALSO AVAILABLE: Swedish Erotica Series #20-357 **$22** ea. (silent, 11 min.)

Special Sound "Green Door," **$66** (22 min. super 8mm only). **4 Reel** "Green Door," **$75** (44 min., silent).

NOTE: 8mm films that are listed for **$44** are 22 minutes long and silent. Films listed for **$29.95** are 140 ft./11 min. and silent.

Prices good through December 31, 1980.

TO ORDER: Send your check or money order to **Mitchell Brothers' Film Group** • 895 O'Farrell Street • San Francisco, CA 94109

Mitchell Brothers' 48 page picture catalogue at $1.00. Refunded with 1st purchase.

FILM ______ PRICE ______ California residents add 6% sales tax
FILM ______ PRICE ______ Postage handling and insurance 3.00
FILM ______ PRICE ______
Subtotal ______ TOTAL $ ______

Format: VHS Beta I Beta II Reg 8mm Sup 8mm Sound Sup 8mm

NAME ______
(please print)
ADDRESS ______
CITY/STATE/ZIP ______
Enclosed is my __ check __ money order (cash not accepted) __ VISA __ MC
VISA/MC No ______ Exp. Date ______

FOR FAST SERVICE ON MASTER CHARGE/VISA ORDERS
CALL (800) 227-3400 In California (415) 441-1930

You must be 18 to order this product. Please allow 6 weeks for delivery.

FILM COLLECTORS ASSOCIATION PRESENTS
DIRTY MOVIES
VIDEO TAPES BETA & VHS
ALSO AVAILABLE IN SUPER 8
ONLY $39 EA. 3 FOR $99 ALL 6 $169
HALF HOUR TAPES FILM LENGTH 400 APPROX TIME 27 MIN AT 18 FPS

☐ DM 4201 **Roller Skating**
Two cuties meet Mr. Right and have a threesome. They make it together and everyone gets satisfied.

☐ DM 4204 **Sporting Record**
Two couples are with each other until they satisfy all their desires in a hot orgy of sex.

☐ DM 4202 **The Good Life**
A pretty maid entertains her mistress. Her husband joins them as they satiate their every lust.

☐ DM 4205 **Winning Threesome**
Ann and Sheila satisfy each other. Ann's man joins them and gives them everything he's got; in every way they can take it.

☐ DM 4203 **Cold Turkey**
Bobbi is discovered alone by her husband and his girlfriend. They join her in every position possible until they are all exhausted.

☐ DM 4206 **Mort Takes A Dive**
Mort dives into Sherri until her friend arrives and makes it a threesome.

SPECIFY BETA ☐ VHS ☐ SUPER 8 ☐
$1 POSTAGE & HANDLING PER FILM
☐ FULL COLOR 32 PAGE CATALOG. 90 FILMS REG 8 & SUPER 8. SEND $1
ORDER TODAY
FILM COLLECTORS ASSOCIATION PH1280
BOX H134 INGLEWOOD, CA. 90306
I hereby certify that I am 21 years of age and authorize you to mail me such materials and/or circulars which you in your sole discretion feel I may have an interest in
Sign Name ______
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Total Enclosed ______
Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O. ☐ COD $5 Deposit ☐
USE ENTIRE AD AS ORDER FORM

EROTIC BESTSELLERS!

COLLECTOR'S EROTIC TRIO
This illustrated trio features explicit, sensuous photos and a truly tantalizing and bizarre text! Formerly $14.85 NOW JUST $9.95

SEXUAL POSITIONS
224 photo-packed pages of beautiful people in revealing positions! Includes Group Sex, Lesbian Sex and more. 56 pages in full-color plus Flip-Corner "Movie" of couple in action! Just $10.95

MASTURBATION
A voyeur's delight! A lavishly and explicitly illustrated 190 page book shows you everything that beautiful people can do to bring themselves to new peaks of ecstasy. Mind-opening turn-On! Just $9.95

VALENTINE PRODUCTS, Inc. Dept. BK143
P.O. Box 5200
FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022
Please send me the books circled below. I have added $1.50 postage and handling for each book and included sales tax if a resident of CT.

EROTIC TRIO	SEXUAL POSITIONS	MASTURBATION
(506) $9.95	(944) $10.95	(852) $9.95

Name ______
Signature ______ (I am over 18 years old)
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

He came in my mouth; I tried to swallow all of it, but there was so much that it was dripping out of the corners of my mouth. I licked him dry. But he wasn't finished yet. He told me to keep sucking. Within minutes he was hard again. This time, after I'd blown him for a few minutes, he began to buck under me. The movements he made sent him into seventh heaven. I couldn't believe that I was actually getting mouth-fucked by my best friend. When he came again, I was able to swallow every drop this time.

After I licked him dry again, we lit a cigarette and talked about what had just happened. We finished our cigarettes and moved to the bathtub to continue our sex spree. We soaped each other up and proceeded to try penetrating each other. I lay down in the tub on my stomach. Rich straddled me with his huge cock and slowly tried to insert it. It was painful at first but soon became very enjoyable. Rich pumped me so hard I thought I was going to split in two. The pumping was so hard that my cock was banging against the bottom of the tub. When he came, I felt as though he had come right through me.

I then tried the same. I lay on my back and he lowered himself onto my red-hot tush. His ass was tighter than any pussy I've ever had. When I came inside him, the sensations were so strong that I screamed. Since then we've made love at least three times a week! Neither of us has any plans to give up women. We feel that we are getting the best of both worlds. Now when I walk down the street, I notice not only those gorgeous tits but also those oh-so-tasty cocks!—*Name and address withheld*

Better luck next time?

I am an occasional reader of *Penthouse* and enjoy particularly the "Forum" section. However, some of the stories are very hard to believe and seem more like dream fantasies than true happenings. Anyway, I'd like to tell you about an extraordinary experience of mine that happened to me recently.

I'm a 23-year-old male with dark, wavy hair and a short but muscular build. I've had success with women in the past but certainly nothing to brag about. Anyway, I was driving home from work one afternoon when suddenly my attention was drawn to this blonde chick hitchhiking along the road. I slowed down and pulled closer, getting a better look. She had shoulder-length blonde hair and was wearing a pair of tight jeans and a clingy T-shirt, which clearly displayed a pair of firm, braless tits. I motioned for her to get in and quickly sped off. She told me her name was Kate and she needed a ride to the bus station. I thought she was just some prostitute taking advantage of a free ride and kind of jokingly said to myself, "Maybe better luck next time." After a few more minutes of driving, however, she asked me whether I knew of a place where she could spend the night. Wriggling in my seat, trying to conceal my stiffening prick, I casually mentioned that my apartment was free. She parted her luscious lips and gave me a seductive smile, saying that it sounded great to her. For the rest of the trip I noticed that Kate glanced a number of times at the protruding bulge in my formfitting pants.

That night we ate out and visited a local disco, where we worked up a sweat and had a great time. By the time we returned to my apartment, it was almost midnight. I poured us some drinks while we reclined on the couch, listening to the stereo. I felt Kate's hand begin to massage my thigh as I moved closer to her, wrapping my arm around her waist. Our lips met in a deep French kiss as our tongues probed deep into each other's mouth. After several intense minutes of kissing and hugging, I began peeling off Kate's T-shirt as she laid herself back down on the couch. I got my first sight of her incredible mounds. My hands were giving Kate's gorgeous tits a good rubdown while I slowly ran my moist tongue down her neck and began circling her heaving breasts, occasionally flicking at one of her erect nipples to Kate's moaning delight.

I continued licking down her stomach and around her navel while Kate feverishly began pulling off her jeans. One of my hands slid underneath her now soaked panties and started to teasingly, gently, pull the hairs of her bush surrounding her steaming cunt. By now she began bucking her ass upward toward my face, screaming for me to eat her. I knew I was driving Kate crazy, and I loved it. Her hands clenched my hair and drove my face into her pussy as I lowered her panties down to her knees. My tongue shot deep into Kate's love canal, sending her into panting screams of delight as she climaxed, drenching my face and tongue with warm, sweet love juices.

While Kate lay back, catching her breath, I stood up and quickly pulled off my pants and underwear, letting my rock-hard, six-inch cock make its appearance for the first time. As soon as Kate caught a glimpse of my throbbing rod, she quickly sprang to life. Kneeling in front of me, she began massaging my aching balls with one hand while she gripped the base of my shaft with the other. Moving her hand closer, she opened her mouth, wrapping her smooth, wet tongue around the tip of my pulsating cock. Kate then began running that luscious tongue up and down the length of my rod, pausing at the base to give each ball a tender nibble and suck. I could feel my legs beginning to tremble and the tension building up inside my cock. Kate withdrew her mouth to take a breath and then pounced on my prick once more, taking the entire length into her mouth and throat as she began sucking harder and harder. I clenched her tits as I started swaying back and forth. Suddenly I felt my ass tighten and my hips thrust forward as I spurted out my load of warm semen into Kate's moaning mouth. She looked up at me and smiled while lapping up the remaining jism on her lips with her eager tongue. I fell into her waiting arms, and we continued our lovemaking for the rest of the night.

That night I sucked, fucked, and even ass-fucked that precious beauty till I collapsed from exhaustion. I'll never forget it!—*Name and address withheld*

Over-the-counter penetration

I am a well-endowed 18-year-old male, and my story is one to show that by listening to the right clues, you can get just about anything. It started one hot August day after a lengthy football practice. I went up to one of the local grocery stores to buy a drink. The person behind the counter was a hot-looking chick about 18 or 19 years old. I put my soda on the counter and asked her how she was doing. She said she was in a great mood and gave me my change. I asked her for a straw, and she gave me a reply that would stun any man. "I like to suck on long things, too!" I was *very tired* and not too horny, so I left things at that. Somehow I knew I'd be back. I think she knew, too.

The next week I cut one practice so I wouldn't be tired. I went to the store, horny as ever, and there she was again. When she saw me, I could see those lucious nipples start to get hard and peek through her shirt. They were two out of three things getting hard at that moment. I totally forgot about buying a drink and curiously looked at the magazines until the other customers had left. I walked over and said "hi" again, and we struck up a conversation. After things had cooled down a bit and I had broken the ice, I made my move. "Do you ever read any of those dirty magazines back there?" I asked. "No," she said. "I don't read that stuff." I immediately walked around the counter and picked up the August *Penthouse*. I sat on the floor, and she sat on my lap. We both had our legs up, and she put the magazine at her knees. I turned to the "Forum" section and told her to read. I gently lifted her shirt and placed my right hand on her stomach. Slowly I made small circles with my hand until she was just about to beg me to feel her tits. I cautiously moved my hand up toward her breast but didn't touch it, then moved around back and undid her bra. I now had both hands on her, and I moved to her breasts. She moaned with pleasure as I caressed her breasts and tweaked her half-inch nipples.

She kept reading away.

Every couple of minutes I would glance down at her crotch. She was wearing orange shorts, so it was easy to tell just how

NICOLE
Tightly fitting camisole top and g-string panty are beautifully made of white eyelet 100% cotton. Camisole is designed to round each breast perfectly and ties at the cleavage with a soft satin bow. Sizes: S-M-L-XL. $13.50.

MOON SHADOW — This beautiful navy baby doll features contrasting pink piping and an adjustable tie front. Comes with skimpy bikini panties. In machine washable nylon tricot. Sizes S-M-L. $11.95.

FREE TRIAL OFFER!
You may try any or all of these items in your own home at our risk! When you order from Adam & Eve, you may take 10 days after your order arrives to be absolutely sure you are satisfied. If not you may return any unsatisfactory items for replacement or full refund, no questions asked.

VIBRA-MASSAGE!!
Achieve the ultimate satisfaction with Vibra-Massage! Discover a whole new world of lovemaking pleasure with this deluxe massager . . . five interchangeable attachments for deep penetrating sensations. You and your lover owe it to yourselves to experience the exciting pleasures of Vibra-Massage. The most complete system available, each Vibra-Massage set is guaranteed for a lifetime. Complete Vibra-Massage set: $24.95. Money-back guarantee.

FIFTEEN FEMALE FANTASIES
Fifteen Fantasies are just the beginning of this extraordinary erotic volume in which dozens of women write Gina Kirkendall their innermost sexual desires and fantasy secrets. That's just the warmup! Next come fantasy pictorials of "Wish You Were Here," a fantasy in black stockings and garter, interlude pictorials of Loretta and Dani, and then fifteen more detailed female fantasies. Just $5.95.

JOYS of ORAL LOVE
Discover the many ways of giving pleasure by using the mouth to express love. Explore openly and freely with your partner. There is no limit to the joy and beauty possible in human sexual relations. Dialogues, techniques and explicit lith photos show you *new* techniques for oral love. Over 200 pages. Just $6.95 with money-back guarantee.

APHRODITE
The exquisite lace accents on the lovely bra-cut bodice and down the sides gives this babydoll its beautifully feminine charm. Made of machine washable blue nylon and comes with matching bikini panties. Sizes S-M-L. $10.95.

SUGAR PLUM
Temptingly sheer lace and shimmering nylon tricot in a new fashion color — plum! Bra-cut bodice is gathered under the bust and is accented by spaghetti straps. The skirt is slit on both sides to reveal a matching pair of bikini panties. Machine washable. Sizes S-M-L. $14.95.

BANNED!
The exclusive new **Illustrated Kama Sutra** is a picture book of sexual positions you will never forget! The erotic work of the ages — banned for over 70 years, now in a new explicit illustrated edition. One of the most important works of erotic literature. Dozens of explicit photographs. Just $1.95 (money-back guarantee).

SEXUAL POSITIONS
Would you believe 12 variations of the Missionary Position alone? This incredible turn-on of a book is just bursting with the most imaginative sexual positions ever, with new photographs never before published anywhere! 224 action packed pages in color and black and white — plus a special feature, flip-corner "movies" of a couple in action. Treat you and your lover to an unforgettable experience! "New Sale Price" $7.95. Your money refunded in full if you are not completely satisfied.

FREE GIFT!! Free with any order from this ad, the all-new Ecstasy On Fire Island. Dozens of NEW, explicit photos plus exciting text . . . a $4.99 value yours free if you order right away!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON ALL ITEMS

Adam & Eve **Box 900, Dept. PH-17, Carrboro, NC 27510**

Please rush in plain package:
☐ #672W Nicole $13.50
☐ #638W Moonshadow $11.95
☐ #657V Vibra-Massage $24.95
☐ #901B Sexual Positions .... $ 7.95
☐ #983B All 4 Books $19.99
☐ #619W Aphrodite $10.95
☐ #651W Sugarplum $14.95
☐ #933B 15 Female Fantasies .... $ 5.95
☐ #663B Joys of Oral Love .... $ 6.95
☐ #621B Kama Sutra .... $ 1.98

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

OVER 600,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

excited she was getting. At first there was nothing there. Then, very slowly, a wet spot appeared. It gradually got bigger until it looked almost as if she had pissed in her pants. Her thick fragrant aroma was filling the air, and I was feeling like I was about to burst open.

Her breathing quickened, and I was kissing her neck and biting her ear while those tits of hers filled my hands. I moved my left hand to her right breast, and my left arm was feeling her left tit. I moved my right hand down to her shorts and slipped my fingers in between her shorts and panties. Slowly my fingers rubbed her mound. She was getting so worked up I could feel the juices coming out. Her breathing suddenly turned into short gasps as she started to writhe in ecstasy. Finally I put my hand down her panties and slid my forefinger up her slit. My palm was sweating from the heat being generated. I slipped one, then two fingers into her vagina, and her whole body shook. I found her clitoris and gently pinched it between my thumb and forefinger. She started to grind her ass into my crotch, and then in one swift movement she threw her head back, arched her back, and slid her ass to the floor. She let out a scream, and she put her finger in her mouth. Her cunt pulsated wildly and then started to pour out her come. Then, before I knew what was happening, she suddenly came again, and after that she fainted.

I managed to wake her up after a couple of minutes, and she opened my pants. She pulled out my seven-and-a-half inch penis and started to lick the base of my head. I came immediately—the most I had ever come in my life. It covered her forehead, each eye, and most of her face. I was still rock hard, and she started where she left off. She licked my cock up and down the shaft and sucked on my balls. Then she took the bulbous head in her mouth and started to blow me. I came again, and she swallowed every bit of jism. Then we got into a delicious 69 position. She sucked me off while I licked the juices from her legs and then sucked at her cunt. She came two more times, and I came again, thrusting down her throat. After this, we both rested and cleaned up. The whole store reeked of passion and love, but neither of us cared.

I wrote my phone number on a napkin and slipped it into her back pocket as I was about to kiss her. Just then, an old lady walked into the store and picked up a gallon of milk. As we looked at her, we had our hands around each other. The lady put her milk on the counter and said, "Now kids, no kissing in the store!" So who's kissing?—*Name and address withheld.*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine,** P.O. Box 903, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737.

COMING IN THE JANUARY PENTHOUSE

Motown Records

MARVIN GAYE

The Bettmann Archive, Inc.

MOONSHINERS

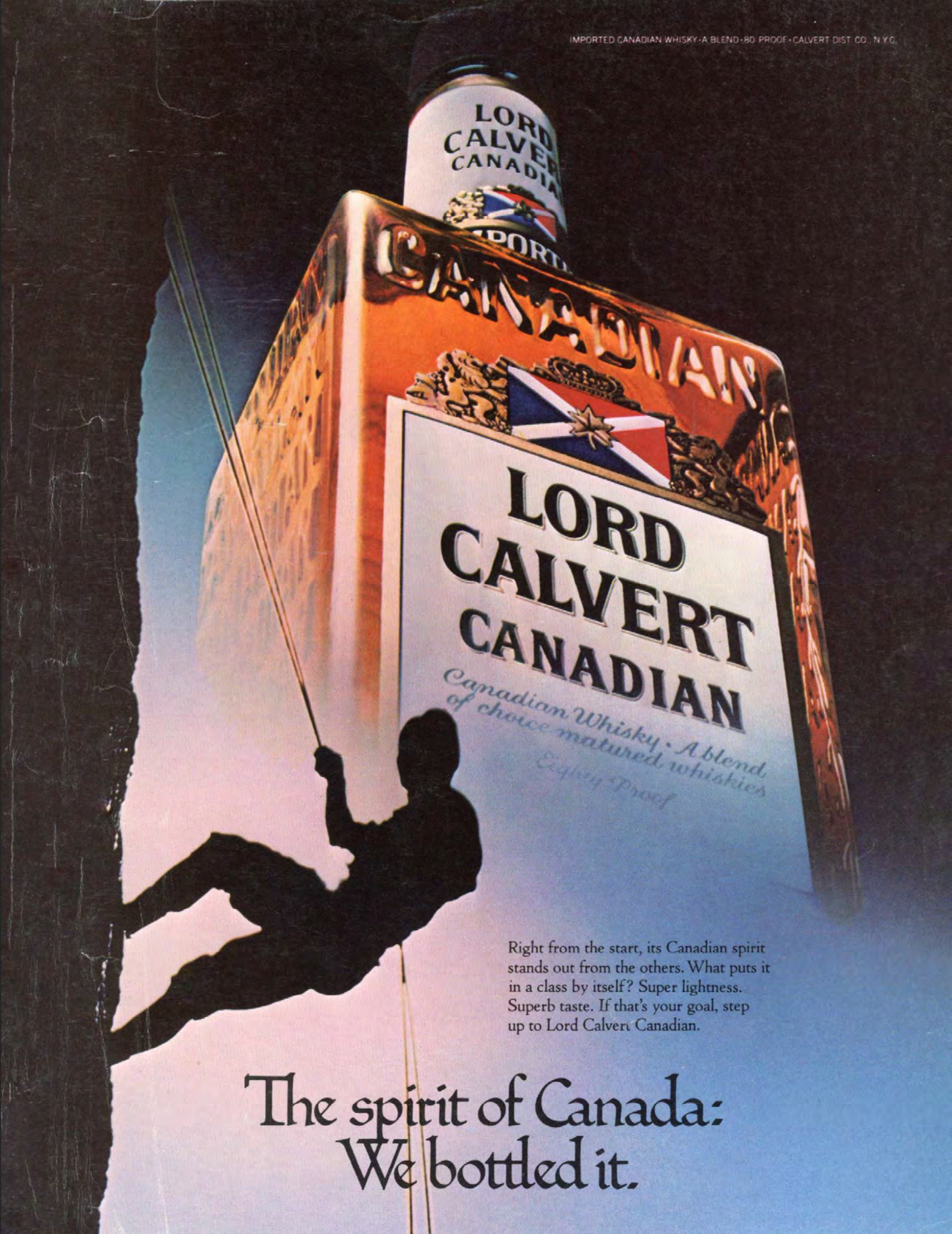
Taking Inventory—There's one issue this year that Republicans, Democrats, Independents, Libertarians—everyone—agree on: government is much too big and too expensive and should be cut back. The problem is, no matter who is president in 1981, government and bureaucracy will continue to grow. That's been the pattern since the Civil War. At that time we had about one bureaucrat for each 31,000 Americans. Today the ratio is one bureaucrat for each 73 citizens. Robert Sherrill, prize-winning Washington journalist, explains, in an open letter to the next president, where all the waste occurs and how the number of government employees could be cut from 3 million to just 44,000—and how government would work better that way. Sherrill, the author of textbooks on government, knows that it's unlikely that any president will listen to such sensible advice and finally proposes a solution that American citizens can adopt—if they are really serious about cutting the incredible costs of government.

Moonshiners—Summer, 1980: a souped-up Chevy loaded with white lightning is outrunning the Feds on a dark two-lane highway outside of Roanoke, Virginia. It's hard times, and the market for cheap bootleg liquor has resurfaced. Not only is it less expensive, but some mountain folks simply like it better than the store-bought stuff. "Why do homemade biscuits taste better than ones out of a cardboard tube?" asks an old-timer with one eye on the still and one on the IRS, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, and the Alcoholic Beverage Control. Contributing Editor William Neely gives us the history of moonshining, the real origins of stock car racing, and the present-day shoot-out between the shiners and the Feds.

Marvin Gaye—Scratch an eighties rocker and you'll discover the pervasive influence of Motown rhymes and rhythms. And among the most prolific and popular musicians from that legendary era is Marvin Gaye, whose explosive talent and traumatic personal life have kept him in the public eye since the sixties. As his fans anxiously await his troublesome and long-overdue album, *Marvin Gaye, Love Man,* music reviewer John Milward profiles the man, his music, and the Motown mystique.

The Case Against Sex Education—"Many thoughtful and well-meaning persons endorse sex education (especially in public schools) as a good thing," writes psychiatrist Thomas Szasz. "They should, instead, oppose it." In what is certain to be one of *Penthouse*'s most controversial articles, Dr. Szasz explains why, in allowing sex education to be taught to our children, we are not giving them information but rather allowing the state to brainwash them with the social-worker ideology of "healthy sex as mental hygiene." "In a world where we are increasingly controlled by the state," writes Szasz, author of the important new book *Sex by Prescription*, "the last thing we need is to have the state program our sex lives for us, too."

IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY · A BLEND · 80 PROOF · CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.


LORD CALVERT CANADIAN
IMPORTED
CANADIAN
LORD CALVERT CANADIAN
Canadian Whisky · A blend of choice matured whiskies
Eighty Proof

Right from the start, its Canadian spirit stands out from the others. What puts it in a class by itself? Super lightness. Superb taste. If that's your goal, step up to Lord Calvert Canadian.

The spirit of Canada: We bottled it.

KENT
MERIT
Marlboro
Winston Lights
VANTAGE
BENSON & HEDGES

KENTS DON'T HAVE IT!

MERITS DON'T HAVE IT!

MARLBORO LIGHTS DON'T HAVE IT!

WINSTON LIGHTS DON'T HAVE IT!

VANTAGE DOESN'T HAVE IT!

BENSON & HEDGES LIGHTS DON'T HAVE IT!

Only Tareyton has the best filter!

For a taste too good to be 5.

Why the best? Because Tareyton's unique charcoal filter means taste that's smooth. It means flavor that's distinctive. It means that no other cigarette is quite like Tareyton.

"We'd rather light than fight!"

TAREYTON LIGHTS

Activated Charcoal Filter
A
20 CIGARETTES
Tareyton lights
5 mg tar
Tareyton lights

5 mg. tar
0.4 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

MISS AVA MONET/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH